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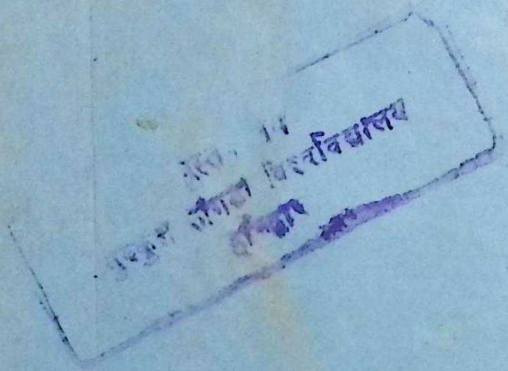

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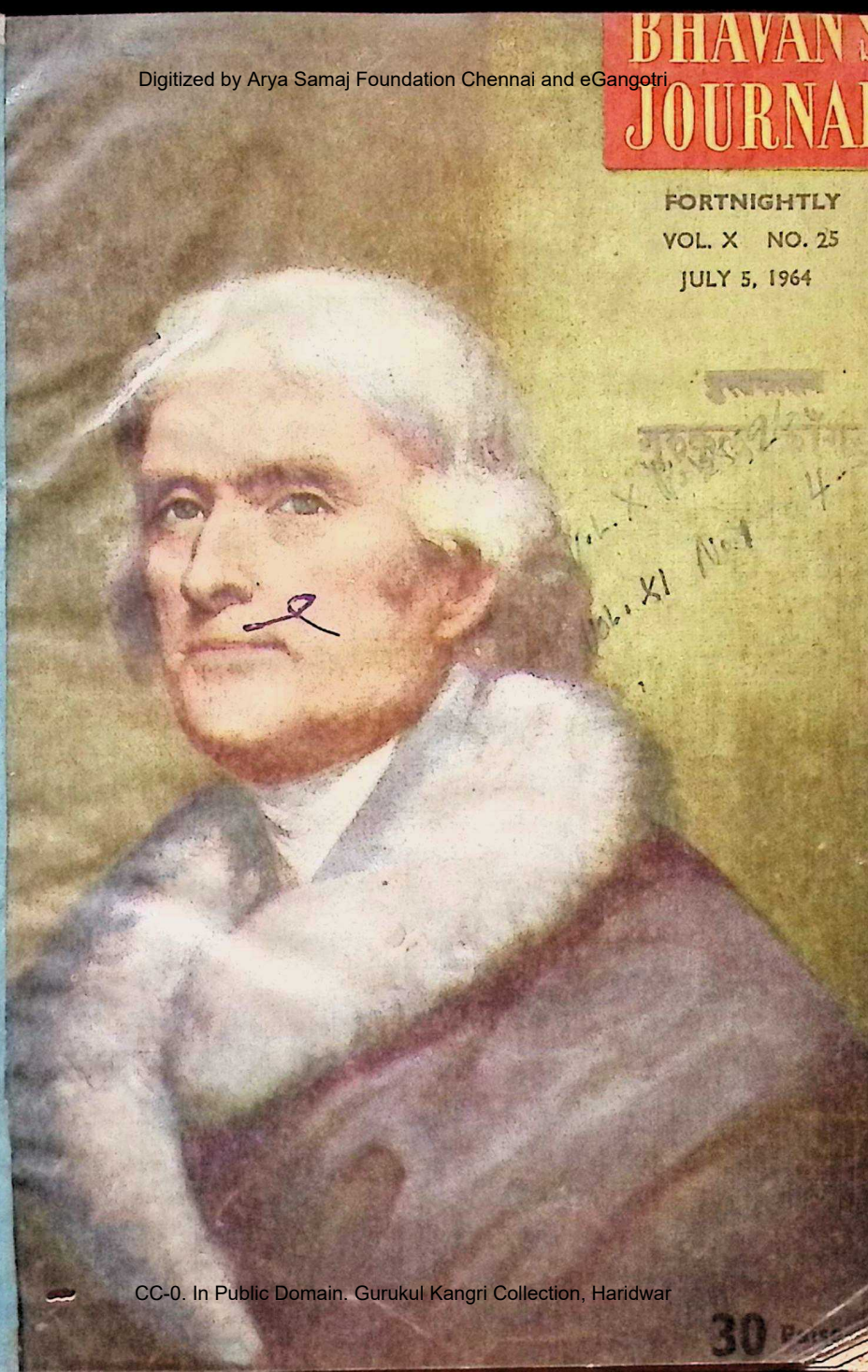
BHAVAN'S JOURNAL

FORTNIGHTLY
VOL. X NO. 25
JULY 5, 1964



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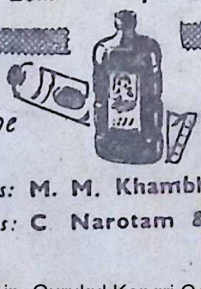

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FORTNIGHTLY

Devoted to Life, Literature and Culture

ontents

	Page
Life of Freedom (Vedic Prayer) ..	5
Kulapati's Letter No. 313: The End of Nehru Era—New Traditions in the Making	6
Freedom and God —Swami Vivekananda	9
The Heaven of Freedom —Dr. Rabindranath Tagore ..	11
Jafferson's Inaugural Address ..	13
Thoughts from Jawaharlal Nehru: The Ganga	17
The Declaration of Independence —Thomas Jefferson	18
The Immortal Gettysburg Address (A facsimile)—Abraham Lincoln	20
A Garland of Sayings on Liberty ..	22
Four Essential Freedoms—Franklin D. Roosevelt	25
* India and America —Sri V. A. Sundaram	26
* Krishnavatara (Part III): Epilogue 1 —Reactions: Dronaacharya— Sri K. M. Munshi	28
* Dakshin Bharat Yatra (A Travel Diary)—A Yatrik	37
* Question Box	50
* Nelson Mandela (Profile)	53
* Biological Clocks—Prof. G. P. Wells	58
* Prithvi Vallabh: Mrinalvati —Sri K. M. Munshi	65
* Notes & News	71
* Our Bookshelf	77

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—Swami Vivekananda

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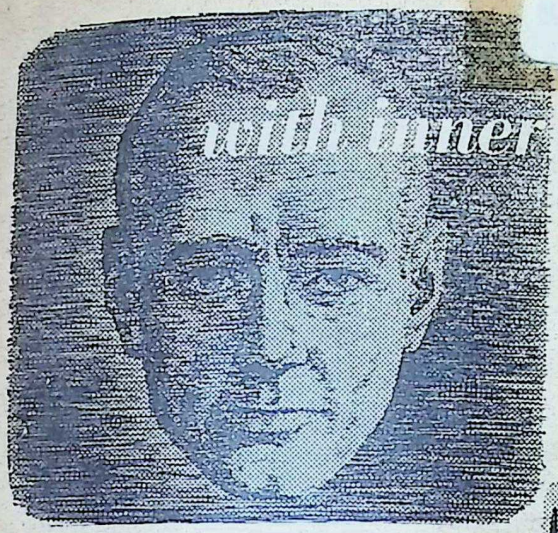

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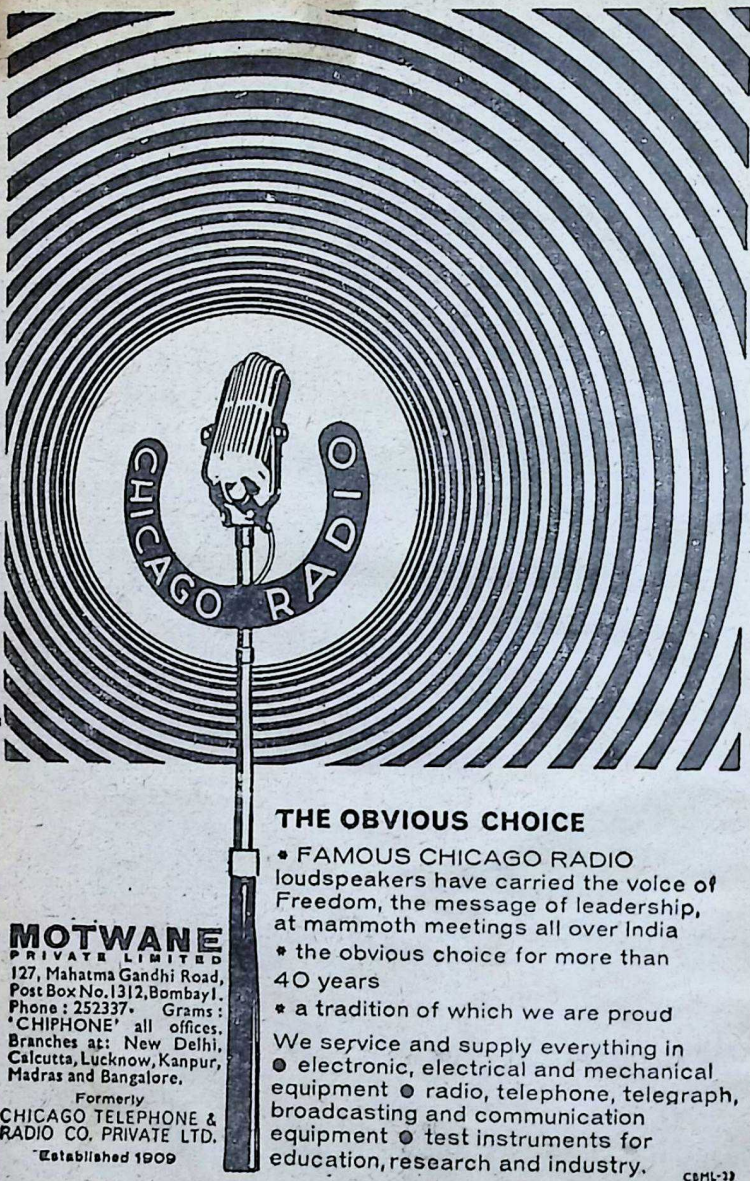

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आ नो भद्राः क्रतवो यन्तु विश्वतः

Let noble thoughts come to us from every side

—Rigveda, I-89-i

BHAVAN'S JOURNAL

FORTNIGHTLY

Life of Freedom

उरु णस्तन्वे तन
उरु क्षयाय नस्कृधि ।
उरु णो यन्धि जीवसे ॥

Give freedom for our bodies,
Give freedom for our dwelling,
Give freedom for our life.

—*Rigveda* 8-68-12

Vol. X, No. 25

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No. 313

KULAPATI'S LETTER
on Life, Literature & Culture

☆ THE END OF NEHRU ERA ☆ NEW TRADITIONS IN THE MAKING

BHARATIYA VIDYA BHAVAN,
BOMBAY.
JULY 5, 1964.

MY YOUNG FRIEND,

THE tidal wave of grief and affection which swept over the country on the death of Panditji has been a stride forward in our march to complete national integration.

The devotion to a national leader of Jawaharlal's stature was an element in our developing national consciousness.

National heroes are unifying agents in their life as well as in their death. Joan of Arc and Napoleon have been great integrating factors in French nationalism. So have been the memories of Nelson in Great Britain, and Washington and Abraham Lincoln in U.S.A.

In life Jawaharlal had to fight against disintegration. In death, he has become a powerful integrating agency.

The tumultuous emotion which seized the mind of the people after 27th May 1964, for the time being purified the dross of separatism from our minds. I hope and pray that it will make a permanent impact, imparting a high degree of vitality to our national consciousness.

When China invaded India, there was all but universal reaction—humiliation at the NEFA debacle; anger at the foreign invader; resentment against the architects of the policies responsible for our ghastly failure. It required Jawaharlal's great hypnotising power and diplomatic skill to dull the edge of national exasperation.

Except for the pro-Chinese section of the Communist Party of India, the

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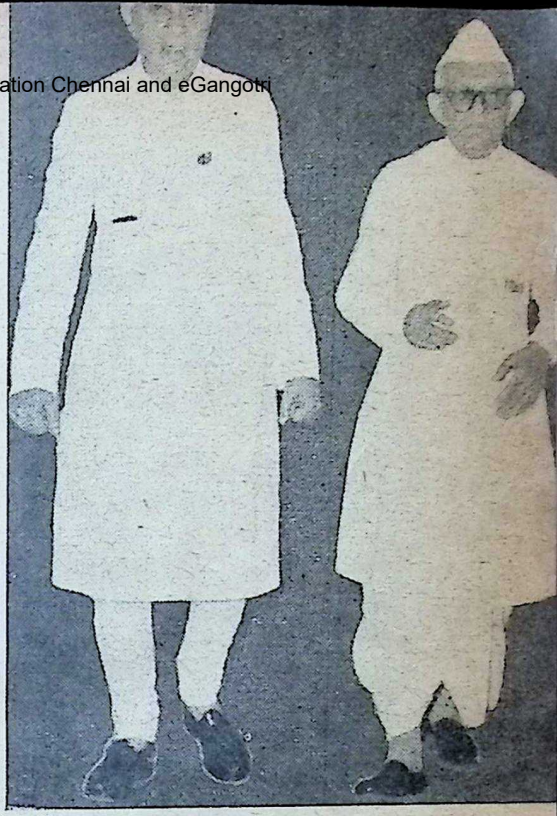
whole country was united in its resolve to build up military strength to meet the Chinese expansionism. Jawaharlal's death marked a further stage in this national upsurge. A common sense of grief was expressed in unity of mind and heart. For the moment, all controversies were hushed and differences forgotten. All memories of his failures and drawbacks were obliterated.

This universal upsurge was reflected in the behaviour of the Congress leaders. Carried away by the emotion of the moment, they forgot their mutual rivalries. An easy transition was effected from the personal regime of Jawaharlal into the collective leadership under Kamaraj and Lal Bahadur Shastri.

For the last few years, political meteorologists had prophesied a conflict, a rift, even chaos, on the disappearance of Nehru from the political scene.

The world, therefore, was naturally wonderstruck at the miracle that all these prophecies had been belied. Lal Bahadur Shastri was selected to succeed Panditji without the world knowing how and why.

We in India are likely to emphasise the stresses and strains which had to be overcome to install the new Prime Minister. But we must not lose a sense of perspective. There were differences of opinion, no doubt; they are bound to arise where intelligent men meet to come to fateful decisions. There were rivalries, as they are bound to be when an incumbent for the second highest post in the country has to be selected. If there were not more contenders than one for the post, it would show that the public life in the country had become stale and unattractive, or too regimented for a democracy. This would be disastrous for the country.



Jawaharlal Nehru with Kulapati Munshi when the former inaugurated Bhavan's Sardar Patel College of Engineering in 1962.

To Kamaraj goes the credit of importing the "consensus" method and applying it to success, in the place of open canvassing and consequent bitterness. To a world waiting for our collapse, the Congress gave a swift and clear answer.

It has created a new tradition, the result of political maturity among the politicians in the country. The new Prime Minister emerges with a confidence which he would never have ac-

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quired had he fought and won in an open election.

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This political maturity will ensure a triumph for democracy. The new Prime Minister, sailing on almost universal goodwill, will soon be called upon to face internal and external storms. He will have to meet them democratically, that is, carrying the bulk of the Congress leadership and the public opinion with him. The A.I.C.C. will be more vocal in voicing differences. Parliamentary Opposition will have to be respected.

Nehru could keep back the knowledge of the Chinese incursions from the Parliament for a long time. He could, on occasions, even defy public opinion, relying upon his immense popularity. But the new leadership will have to keep its ears on the ground to assess the trend of public opinion in the country on important questions. At the same time it will have to be strong enough to command the respect of the people. The country will never tolerate any credulity or wobbling in the leadership.

At times Panditji was moved by personal confidence or affection to throw the mantle of protection over erring politicians he favoured. No leader's mantle will now be broad enough to continue to shield such politicians. The present leadership can only survive if it upholds the highest traditions of political probity.

The Kairon case will be an acid test for the new government. Upon the manner in which it is disposed of, in the light of the Das Commission's unequivocal findings, will depend the confidence of the public in the new regime.

In short, in the new regime, Parliament and public opinion will have a much more decisive voice on government policies. At all times, therefore, the decisions of the government will have to be taken after frequent consultations with leading men in Parliament and leaders of public opinion. The ways of democratic centralism which were open to the late regime, will not now be open to the present one.

In fact, the age of political tutelage of Gandhiji or Sardar or Nehru has ended. Politics will now assume a normal shape as in other democratic countries where the tallest can only survive by stooping to conquer.

In this way, the death of Panditji has ushered in a new era which will bring in a tradition both for the leadership as well as political parties.

Yours sincerely,

K. M. Munshi

Freedom means the supremacy of human rights everywhere.
—Franklin Roosevelt

Free government is the expression of a deeply felt religious faith ....you simply cannot explain free government in any other terms than religious....The religious faith teaches us that our ideals of democracy and freedom are much more than sentimental moods, much more than romantic notions. They are not tender inventions of poets. They are eternal laws of the human spirit. —Eisenhower

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freedom and god

Swami Vivekananda

THE soul cries over, "Freedom, O Freedom!" With the conception of God as a perfectly free Being, man cannot rest eternally in this bondage. Higher he must go, and unless the struggle were for himself, he would think it too severe. Man says to himself: "I am a born slave, I am bound; nevertheless, there is a Being who is not bound by nature. He is free and Master of nature."

The conception of God, therefore, is as essential and as fundamental a part of mind as is the idea of bondage. Both are the outcome of the idea of freedom. There cannot be life, even in the plant, without the idea of freedom. In the plant or in the worm, life has to rise to the individual concept. It is there, unconsciously working, the plant living its life to preserve the variety, principle, or form, not nature. The idea of nature controlling every step onward overrules the idea of freedom. Onward goes the idea of the material world, onward moves the idea of freedom.

The embodiment of freedom, the Master of nature, is what we call God. You cannot deny Him. No, because you cannot move or live without the idea of freedom. Would you come here if you did not believe you were free?

Bondage and liberty, light and shadow, good and evil, must be there. But the very fact of the bondage shows also this freedom hidden there. If one is a fact, the other is equally a fact. There must be this idea of freedom. While now we cannot see that this idea of bondage, in uncultivated man, is his struggle for freedom, yet the idea of freedom is there. The bondage of sin and impurity in the uncultivated savage is to his con-

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ON FREEDOM

"Do you feel a sense of freedom in your communion with God?"

I do. I do not feel cramped as I would on a boat full of passengers. Although I know that my freedom is less than that of a passenger, I appreciate that freedom as I have imbibed through and through the central teaching of the Gita that man is the maker of his own destiny in the sense that he has freedom of choice as to the manner in which he uses that freedom. But he is no controller of results. The moment he thinks he is, he comes to grief.

—Mahatma Gandhi.

sciousness very small, for his nature is only a little higher than the animal. What he struggles against is the bondage of physical nature, the lack of physical gratification, but out of this lower consciousness grows and broadens the higher conception of a mental or moral bondage and a longing for spiritual freedom. Here we see the divine dimly shining through the veil of ignorance. The veil is very dense at first and the light may be almost obscured, but it is there, ever pure and undimmed—the radiant fire of freedom and perfection. Man personifies this as the Ruler of the Universe, the One Free Being. He does not yet know that the universe is all one, that the difference is only in degree, in the concept.

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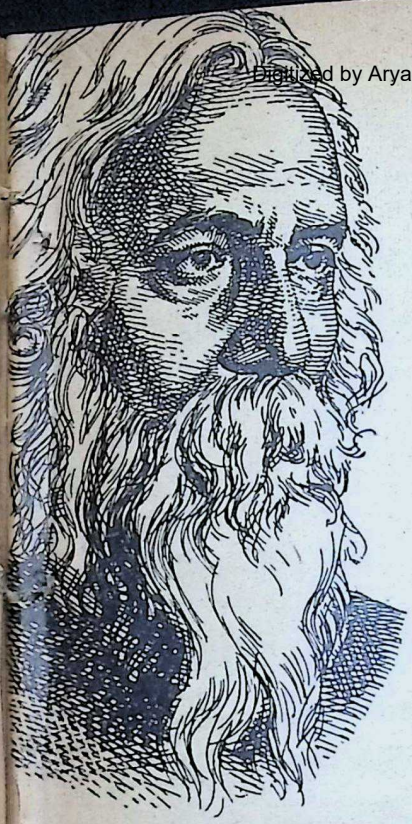

THE HEAVEN OF FREEDOM

Rabindranath Tagore

Where the mind is without fear and the head is held high;

Where knowledge is free;

Where the world has not been broken up into fragments by narrow domestic walls;

Where words come out from the depth of truth;

Where tireless striving stretches its arms towards perfection;

Where the clear stream of reason has not lost its way into the dreary desert sand of dead habit;

Where the mind is led forward by thee into ever-widening thought and action—

Into that heaven of freedom, my Father, let my country awake.

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Thomas Jefferson, author of the Declaration of Independence and one of the great Presidents of the U. S. A., was elected to the Presidency in 1800. *The most eloquent of all American spokesmen of the democratic faith, Jefferson combined a soaring idealism with immense practicality: he was at once scholar, scientist, architect, lawyer, founder of the Democratic party, and practical statesman. His First Inaugural Address is a classic exposition of the democratic philosophy, memorable alike for its philosophy and for its literary beauty. He was born on April* 13, 1743, *and died on July* 4, 1826—50 *years after the Declaration of Independence was signed.*

JEFFERSON'S

Inaugural Address

March 4, 1801

DURING the contest of opinion through which we have passed, the animation of discussions and of exertions has sometimes worn an aspect which might impose on strangers unused to think freely and to speak and to write what they think; but this being now decided by the voice of the nation, announced according to the rules of the Constitution, all will, of course, arrange themselves under the will of the law, and unite in common efforts for the common good. All, too, will bear in mind this sacred principle, that though the will of the majority is in all cases to prevail, that will to be rightful must be reasonable; that the minority possess their equal rights, which equal law must protect, and to violate would be oppression.

Let us, then, unite with one heart and one mind. Let us restore to social intercourse that harmony and affection without which liberty and even life itself are but dreary things. And let us reflect that, having banished from our land that religious intolerance under which mankind so long bled and suffered, we have yet gained little if we countenance a political intolerance as despotic, as wicked, and capable of as bitter and bloody persecutions.

During the throes and convulsions of the ancient world, during

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the agonizing spasms of infuriated man, seeking through blood and slaughter his long-lost liberty, it was not wonderful that the agitation of the billows should reach even this distant and peaceful shore; that this should be more felt and feared by some and less by others, and should divide opinions as to measures of safety. But every difference of opinion is not a difference of principle. We have called by different names brethren of the same principle. We are all Republicans, we are all Federalists. If there be any among us who would wish to dissolve this Union or to change its republican form, let them stand undisturbed as monuments of the safety with which error of opinion may be tolerated where reason is left free to combat it.

I know, indeed, that some honest men fear that a republican government cannot be strong, that this government is not strong enough; but would the honest patriot, in the full tide of successful experiment, abandon a government which has so far kept us free and firm on the theoretic and visionary fear that this government, the world's best hope, may by possibility want energy to preserve itself? I trust not. I believe this, on the contrary, the strongest government on earth. I believe it the only one where every man, at the call of the law, would fly to the standard of the law, and would meet invasions of the public order as his own personal concern. Sometimes it is said that man cannot be trusted with the government of himself. Can he, then, be trusted with the government of others? Or have we found angels in the forms of kings to govern him? Let history answer this question.

Let us, then, with courage and confidence pursue our own Federal and Republican principles, our attachment to union and representative government. Kindly separated by nature and a wide ocean from the exterminating havoc of one quarter of the globe; too high-minded to endure the degradations of the others; possessing a chosen country, with room enough for our descendants to the thousandth and thousandth generation; entertaining a due sense of our equal right to the use of our own faculties, to the acquisitions of our own industry, to honour and confidence from our fellow-citizens, resulting not from birth, but from our actions and their sense of them; enlightened by a benign religion, professed, indeed, and practised in various forms, yet all of them inculcating honesty, truth, temperance, gratitude, and the love of man; acknowledging and adoring an overruling Providence, which by all its dispensations proves that it delights in the happiness of man here and his greater happiness hereafter—with all these blessings, what more is necessary to make us a happy and a prosperous people? Still one thing more, fellow-citizens—a wise and frugal government, which shall restrain men from injuring one another, shall leave them otherwise free to regulate their own pursuits of industry and improvement, and shall not take from the mouth of labour the bread it has earned. This is the sum of good government, and

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this is necessary to close the circle of our felicities.

About to enter, fellow-citizens, on the exercise of duties which comprehend everything dear and valuable to you, it is proper you should understand what I deem the essential principles of our Government, and consequently those which ought to shape its Administration. I will compress them within the narrowest compass they will bear, stating the general principle, but not all its limitations. Equal and exact justice to all men, of whatever state or persuasion, religious or political; peace, commerce, and honest friendship with all nations, entangling alliances with none; the support of the State governments in all their rights, as the most competent administrations for our domestic concerns and the surest bulwarks against anti-republican tendencies; the preservation of the General Government in its whole constitutional vigour, as the sheet-anchor of our peace at home and safety abroad; a jealous care of the right of election by the people—a mild and safe corrective of abuses which are lopped by the sword of revolution where peaceable remedies are unprovided; absolute acquiescence in the decisions of the majority, the vital principle of republics, from which is no appeal but to force, the vital principle and immediate parent of despotism; a well-disciplined militia, our best reliance in peace and for the first moments of war, till regulars may relieve them; the supremacy of the civil over the military authority; economy in the public expense, that labour may be lightly burthened; the honest payment of our debts and sacred preservation of the public faith; encouragement of agriculture, and of commerce as its handmaid; the diffusion of information and arraignment of all abuses at the bar of the public reason; freedom of religion; freedom of the press, and freedom of person under the protection of the *habeas corpus*, and trial by juries impartially selected. These principles form the bright constellation which has gone before us and guided our steps through an age of revolution and reformation.

The wisdom of our sages and blood of our heroes have been devoted to their attainment. They should be the creed of our political faith, the text of civic instruction, the touchstone by which to try the services of those we trust; and should we wander from them in moments of error or of alarm, let us hasten to retrace our steps and to regain the road which alone leads to peace, liberty, and safety.

I repair, then, fellow-citizens, to the post you have assigned me. With experience enough in subordinate offices to have seen the difficulties of this the greatest of all, I have learnt to expect that it will rarely fall to the lot of imperfect man to retire from this station with the reputation and the favour which bring him into it. Without pretensions to that high confidence you reposed in our first and greatest revolutionary character, whose pre-eminent services had entitled him to the first place in his country's love and destined for him

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faithful history, I ask so much confidence only as may give firmness and effect to the legal administration of your affairs. I shall often go wrong through defect of judgement. When right, I shall often be thought wrong by those whose positions will not command a view of the whole ground. I ask your indulgence for my own errors, which will never be intentional, and your support against the errors of others, who may condemn what they would not if seen in all its parts. The approbation implied by your suffrage is a great consolation to me for the past, and my future solicitude will be to retain the good opinion of those who have bestowed it in advance, to conciliate that of others by doing them all the good in my power, and to be instrumental to the happiness and freedom of all.

Relying, then, on the patronage of your good will, I advance with obedience to the work, ready to retire from it whenever you become sensible how much better choice it is in your power to make. And may that Infinite Power which rules the destinies of the universe lead our councils to what is best, and give them a favourable issue for your peace and prosperity.

We shall pay any price, bear any burden, meet any hardship, support any friend, oppose any foe to assure the survival and success of liberty.

—John F. Kennedy

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Thoughts from
Jawaharlal Nehru—2

THE GANGA

I have been attached to the Ganga and the Jumna rivers in Allahabad ever since my childhood and, as I have grown older, this attachment has also grown. I have watched their varying moods as the seasons changed, and have often thought of the history and myth and tradition and song and story that have become attached to them through the long ages.

The Ganga, especially, is the river of India, beloved of her people, round which are intertwined her racial memories, her hopes and fears, her songs of triumph, her victories and her defeats. She has been a symbol of India's age-long culture and civilisation, ever-changing, ever-flowing, and yet ever the same Ganga. She reminds me of the snow-covered peaks and the deep valleys of the Himalayas, which I have loved so much, and of the rich and vast plains below, where my life and work have been cast.

Smiling and dancing in the morning sunlight, and dark and gloomy and full of mystery as the evening shadows fall, a narrow, slow and graceful stream in winter, and a vast roaring thing during the monsoon, broad-bosomed almost as the sea, and with something of the sea's power to destroy, the Ganga has been to me a symbol and a memory of the past of India, running into the present, and flowing on to the great ocean of the future.

I am proud of that great inheritance that has been, and is, ours, and I am conscious that I too, like all of us, am a link in that unbroken chain which goes back to the dawn of history in the immemorial past of India.

That chain I would not break, for I treasure it and seek inspiration from it. And as witness of this desire of mine and as my last homage to India's cultural inheritance, I am making this request that a handful of my ashes be thrown into the Ganga at Allahabad to be carried to the great ocean that washes India's shore.

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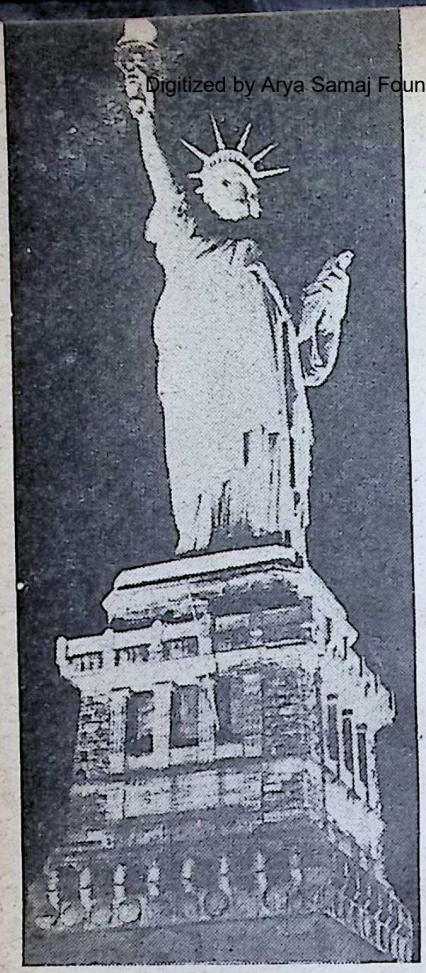

the declaration of independence

THOMAS JEFFERSON

As the war between Great Britain and her American colonies, which had begun in 1775, continued, the prospects for reconciliation faded, and complete independence became the goal of the colonies. On June 7, 1776, at a meeting of the Continental Congress, Richard Henry Lee, of Virginia, introduced a resolution stating that the "colonies are, and of right ought to be, free and independent States." On June 10, a committee was appointed to prepare an independence proclamation. The actual writing was assigned to Thomas Jefferson. What he produced is one of the most significant documents of human history. This Declaration of Independence was signed on July 4, 1776.

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WHEN in the course of human events, it becomes necessary for one people to dissolve the political bands which have connected them with another, and to assume among the Powers of the earth, the separate and equal station to which the Laws of Nature and of Nature's God entitle them, a decent respect to the opinions of mankind requires that they should declare the causes which impel them to the separation.

We hold these truths to be self-evident, that all men are created equal, that they are endowed by their Creator with certain unalienable Rights, that among these are Life, Liberty and the pursuit of Happiness. That to secure these rights, Governments are instituted among men, deriving their just powers from the consent of the governed.—That whenever any Form of Government becomes destructive of these ends, it is the Right of the People to alter or to abolish it, and to institute new Government, laying its foundation on such principles, and organizing its powers in such form, as to them shall seem most likely to effect their Safety and Happiness. Prudence, indeed, will dictate that Governments long established should not be changed for light and transient causes; and accordingly all experience hath shown, that mankind are more disposed to suffer, while evils are sufferable, than to right themselves by abolishing the forms to which they are accustomed. But when a long train of abuses and usurpations, pursuing invariably the same Object evinces a design to reduce them under absolute Despotism, it is their right, it is their duty, to throw off such Government, and to provide new Guards for their future security.—Such has been the patient sufferance of these Colonies; and such is now the necessity which constrains them to alter their former Systems of Government. The history of the present King of Great Britain is a history of repeated injuries and usurpations, all having in direct object the establishment of an absolute Tyranny over these States....(Note: At this point, the document lists some 25 grievances against the British King.)

We, therefore, the Representatives of the United States of America, in General Congress, Assembled, appealing to the Supreme Judge of the world for the rectitude of our intentions, do, in the Name and by the Authority of the good People of these Colonies, solemnly publish and declare, That these United Colonies are, and of Right ought to be Free and Independent States; that they are, Absolved from all Allegiance to the British Crown, and that all political connection between them and the State of Great Britain, is and ought to be totally dissolved; and that as Free and Independent States, they have full Power to levy War, conclude Peace, contract Alliances, establish Commerce, and to do all other Acts and Things which Independent States may of right do.

And for the support of this Declaration, with a firm reliance on the protection of divine Providence, we mutually pledge to each other our Lives, our Fortunes, and our sacred Honor.

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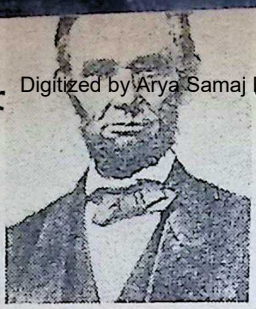

THE IMMORTAL GETTYSBURG ADDRESS

(A facsimile)

Four score and seven years ago our fathers brought forth on this continent, a new nation, conceived in Liberty, and dedicated to the proposition that all men are created equal.

Now we are engaged in a great civil war, testing whether that nation, or any nation so conceived and so dedicated, can long endure. We are met on a great battle-field of that war. We have come to dedicate a portion of that field, as a final resting place for those who here gave their lives that that nation might live. It is altogether fitting and proper that we should do this.

But, in a larger sense, we can not dedicate — we can not consecrate — we can not hallow — this ground. The brave men, liv-

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ing and dead, who struggled here, have consecrated it, far above our poor power to add or detract. The world will little note, nor long remember what we say here, but it can never forget what they did here. It is for us the living, rather, to be dedicated here to the unfinished work which they who fought here have thus far so nobly advanced. It is rather for us to be here dedicated to the great task remaining before us — that from these honored dead we take increased devotion to that cause for which they gave the last full measure of devotion — that we here highly resolve that these dead shall not have died in vain — that this nation, under God, shall have a new birth of freedom — and that government of the people, by the people, for the people, shall not perish from the ea

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A GARLAND OF

Where the Spirit of the Lord is, there is liberty.

—New Testament

Proclaim liberty throughout all the land unto all the inhabitants thereof.

—Old Testament

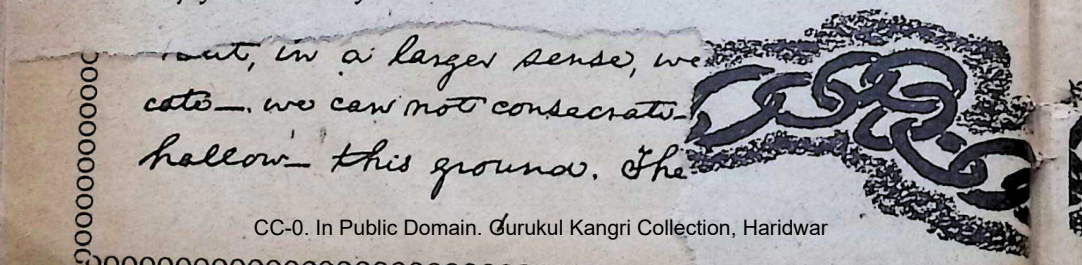
You are the Children of God, the sharers of immortal bliss, holy and perfect beings....Come up, O lions, and shake off the delusion that you are sheep; you are souls immortal, spirits free, blest and eternal; ye are not matter, ye are not bodies; matter is your servant, not you the servant of matter. —Swami Vivekananda

I have sworn on the altar of God eternal hostility to every form of tyranny over the mind of man. —Thomas Jefferson

I disapprove of what you say; but I will defend to the death your right to say it. —Voltaire

Stone walls do not a prison make
Nor iron bars a cage;
Minds innocent and quiet take
That for an hermitage;
If I have freedom in my love,
And in my soul am free,
Angels alone that soar above
Enjoy such liberty.

—Lovelace



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SAYINGS ON LIBERTY

Oh liberty, Heaven's choice prerogative!
True bond of law, thou social soul of poverty,
Thou breath of reason, life of life itself!
For thee the valiant bleed, O sacred liberty....! —Brooke

Is life so dear or peace so sweet as to be purchased at the price of chains and slavery? Forbid it, Almighty God! I know not what others may take; but as for me, give me liberty or give me death!
—Patrick Henry

Give me liberty to know, to think, to believe, and to utter freely, according to conscience, above all other liberties. —Milton

Among a people generally corrupt, liberty cannot long exist.
—Edmund Burke

He does not die who falls in battle,
Fighting for freedom. Everything mourns him,
Both earth and heaven, wild beast and nature,
And of him minstrels sing their songs. —Hirsto Botev

God makes no man a slave, no doubter free;
Abiding faith alone wins liberty.—James Roche

Oh! remember, life can be
No charm for him who lives not
free.—Thomas Moore

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True Freedom is to share
All the chains our brothers wear,
And, with heart and hand, to be
Earnest to make others free!
They are slaves who fear to speak
For the fallen and the weak;
They are slaves who will not choose
Hatred, scoffing, and abuse,
Rather than in silence shrink
From the truth they needs must think;
They are slaves who dare not be
In the right with two or three. —Lowell

A day, an hour of virtuous liberty,
Is worth a whole eternity in bondage. Addison

O! ye that love mankind!
Ye that dare oppose not only the tyranny
But the tyrant, Stand forth! —Thomas Paine

Restraint from ill is freedom to wise. —Daniel Defoe

There will be no true freedom without virtue, no true science without religion, no true industry without the fear of God and love to your fellow citizens. —Charles Kingsley

He that roars for liberty
Faster binds a tyrant's power,
And the tyrant's cruel glee
Forces on the freer hour. —Tennyson

In the beauty of the lilies
Christ was born across the sea,
With a glory in his bosom,
That transfigures you and me;
As he died to make men holy,
Let us die to make men free,
While God is marching on. —Julia Howe

If all mankind minus one were of one opinion, and only one person were of the contrary opinion, mankind would be no more justified in silencing that one person, than he, if he had the power, would be justified in silencing mankind. —John Stuart Mill

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THERE is nothing mysterious about the foundations of a healthy and strong democracy. The basic things expected by our people of their political and economic systems are simple. They are:

Equality of opportunity for youth and for others; jobs for those who can work; security for those who need it; the ending of special privilege for the few; the preservation of civil liberties for all; the enjoyment of the fruits of scientific progress in a wider and constantly rising standard of living.

These are the simple and basic things that must never be lost sight of in the turmoil and unbelievable complexity of our modern world. The inner and abiding strength of our economic and political systems is dependent upon the degree to which they fulfil these expectations.

In the future days, which we seek to make secure, we look forward to a world founded upon four essential human freedoms.

The first is freedom of speech and expression—everywhere in the world.

The second is freedom of every person to worship God in his own way—everywhere in the world.

The third is freedom from want—which, translated into world terms, means economic understanding which will secure to every nation a healthy peace time life for its inhabitants everywhere in the world.

The fourth is freedom from fear—which, translated into world terms, means a worldwide reduction of armaments to such a point and in such a thorough fashion that no nation will be in a position to commit an act of physical aggression against any neighbour — anywhere in the world.

That is no vision of a distant millennium. It is a definite basis for a kind of world attainable in our own time and generation.

— Franklin D. Roosevelt

4 essential freedoms

In his 1941 Message to the American Congress, President Franklin D. Roosevelt enunciated four "essential human freedoms". This has come to be accepted as the most succinct statement of the principles for which the freedom-loving people everywhere are prepared to fight and to sacrifice. Here is given the significant extract from his Message.—Ed.

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India & America

V. A. Sundaram

oooooooooooooooooooooooooooo

FIVE weeks ago, the distinguished American Secretary of State flew non-stop from Washington to New Delhi to represent his great country at Prime Minister Jawaharlal's funeral.

The heart of India was touched, when several noble representatives from foreign countries were present at the ceremony. There was something significant when India's Defence Minister who happened to be in America, accompanied Mr. Dean Rusk.

If America and India could but unite to combat against the evils of poverty, illiteracy and indolence, how beneficial and good would it be for the blossoming of a new humanity!

This generation would have to perform great and mighty deeds and do something big. America, England, Russia, Germany and Japan would have to go all-out to help India with an army of engineers, technologists and scientists.

India has to be transformed into a new country. She is ready and eager to go forward.

America is a land of dollar. She is rolling in riches. India is still a land of "paise" and is struggling in poverty and illiteracy. The difference between India and America is hundreds of times in respect of wealth. But this enormous difference is nothing. This ancient nation of 450 millions could be drilled into work and orderly activity.

It was lying prostrate so long but India is now a land of free people. It is awake and is growing strong and mighty.

America's financial help is sorely needed for India's all-round development. "An avalanche of engineers and technologists and innumerable M.I.T. Institutes are required," in the words of the President of the Harvard University, in a conversation with the late Dr. M. Visveswarayya.

With the help of England, Germany, Japan, Russia and the United States of America, India has made an encouraging debut in the course of the past 17 years since the advent of freedom. There are at present 20 engineering institutes. But 2000 technological colleges are necessary to train a million engineers. A million engineers should be the target.

This stream of activity should flow faster than the Ganga. The river itself must be trained to flow from Hardwar to the Indian Ocean, fertilising the whole country and the thought of the people.

It may cost several thousand crores of rupees and the labour of hundred million men and women. But it is worth embarking on such a grand and stupendous project. Every state would co-operate and every man and woman would help in the fulfilment of this dream.

Who would not welcome and salute the holy Ganga? Man-power is in plenty. India is rich in minerals. Iron, copper, coal and gold are buried in the bowels of her earth. The country has to be explored more and more by an army of geologists.

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There is wealth in the Himalayan valleys; there is an abundance of riches beneath the Indian ocean; what is urgently needed is the know-how and deep knowledge of science, geology and oceanography, soil-science, electronics, high mathematics, hydro-dynamics, automation, chemistry, medicines, surgery, biology, fuel-technology and geophysics. Spirituality and science must go together.

There are a hundred-thousand shrines in India. Ours is a land of temples from Martand in Kashmir to Kanyakumari in Cape Comorin. The *ojas* (spiritual force) of centuries is stored up in these temples. Each of these temples should give birth to a Viswakarma Mandir and each should become a living god.

A new *shakti* will have to come out from India's ancient temples and India's myriads should be told that their own bodies are the temples, where the immortal spirit lives.

Another big revolutionary plan must be formulated for the prosperity of the nation. It must fire the imagination of the common man and he must be made to work willingly for the success of the colossal undertaking.

If a plan for the betterment of the people is presented before the wealthier nations of the world, the U.S.A., U.S.S.R., U.K. and other nations should not hesitate to come forward with an investment of a trillion dollars. In 30 years time our motherland should be converted into a workshop for our people. Poverty should go. Idleness should go. Illiteracy should go. The golden lamp of work, wealth and knowledge should be lit in every home in India and for this, each town in our country shoud become a centre of engineering and technology, patriotism and piety, combined with the spirituality of India and the sciences of the West.

The secret of these mechanical sciences is found in the *Atharva Veda*. Our ancient Vedas contain hidden secrets which are worth years of research.

America is the nation with a big heart. It will help India to rehabilitate itself. In less than 100 years, America has grown into a gigantic power. Its watchword is "Liberty"— Liberty not only for herself but Liberty for all nations. "One World" is its ideal. She is approaching it in a manly way and perhaps would achieve it during this generation.

Two things did inspire me during my last visit to the U.S.A. One was the Statue of Liberty in New York and the other was the statue of Abraham Lincoln in Washington D.C. He was the embodiment of freedom and the incarnation of the idea of democracy. India should draw inspiration from Lincoln, from Gandhi and from Nehru, the torch-bearers of the modern world.

May the two great democracies help each other for the betterment of the world, for the good of mankind and for the glory of God whose name is Peace.

The God who gave us life, gave us liberty at the same time.

—Thomas Jefferson

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KRISHNAVATARA

(The Five Brothers)

EPILOGUE

1. REACTIONS : DRONAACHARYA

DRONAACHARYA, the great military leader of the Kurus, woke up with a start. The sound of two or three chariots coming to a grinding halt at the gates of the *yuddha shala,* came to his ears. In the pallid light of the late moon, he could see the shadows of the chariots. He heard a familiar voice speaking to the watchman. It was the voice of Shikhandin, son of King Drupad, his disciple who was no longer a woman.

He was surprised. Shikhandin back to Hastinapur, so soon after the *swayamvara!* Something important must have happened at the *swayamvara* to bring him within a few days to Hastinapur in the dead of night.

Drona awoke his disciple Shankh, who, as usual, was sleeping a little farther away from him, and asked him to go and bring whoever had arrived. Shankh went, got the gates opened and a few minutes later, brought a pale and exhausted Shikhandin into the presence of the Acharya.

With feeble steps, Shikhandin approached the Acharya as he sat on his bed and prostrated himself before him, taking the dust off his feet and applying it to his eyes.

'Shikhandin, what is the matter? Why have you come back so soon?' asked the Acharya.

Shikhandin's eyes turned filmy. It appeared as if he would faint. Sthunaakarna, the Yaksha, who had followed him, helped him to sit down in front of the Acharya.

Shikhandin, his voice choking with breathlessness, said: 'The Five Brothers are alive. They have married my sister.' Then, gasping for breath, he became unconscious.

Sthunaakarna laid him on a bed. Kripadevi immediately went to his side, laid a pillow under his head and forced some water into his mouth.

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She also began to bathe his forehead and temples with water.

Dronaacharya could not believe his ears. The Five Brothers alive and all of them married to Drupad's daughter! He turned to the Yaksha and asked him: 'Is it true?' The Yaksha nodded assent.

'How can that be? They are all dead.'

Sthunaakarna, who was under a vow to speak only twenty words in a day, pointed at Shikhandin to say that the Acharya should ask him. By a gesture, he further conveyed that the number of words that he could speak before sunrise had already been spoken and he would speak only after sunrise the next day.

Dronaacharya helped Kripadevi to tend Shikhandin. After a little while, Shikhandin opened his eyes, and seeing the Acharya, sat up, feebly trying to stand up out of respect for his Guru.

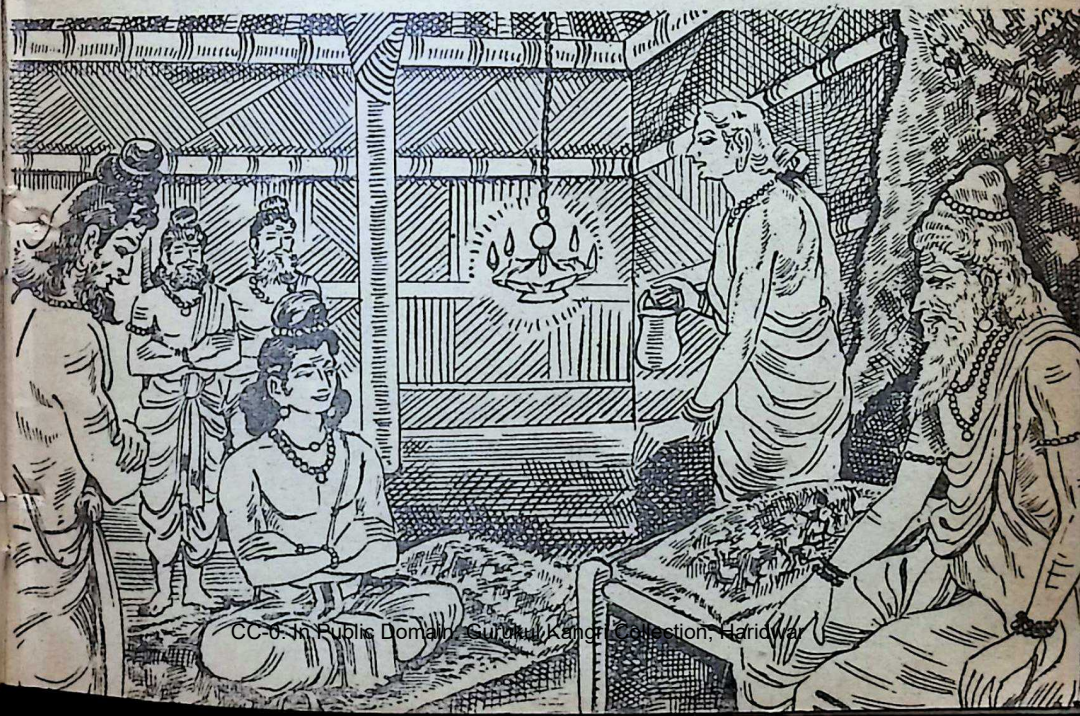
'Don't try to stand, my boy. You are tired and should go to sleep. You may tell me everything in the morning,' said the Acharya.

'No, Acharyadeva,' Shikhandin spoke in a feeble voice after some effort. 'You must know it before anyone does.' He drank the water given to him by Kripadevi and steadied his mind with an effort.

'How did the Five Brothers come to life?'

'Uddhava, who has come with me,

"...How can an Arya princess have more than one husband?..."



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but gone to Vidura's house, knows all about the details. But this I know, that there was a miracle at the *swayamvara*. Arjuna, disguised as a Brahman, won the contest.'

'What happened to Duryodhana?'

'Duryodhana could not even string the bow. He came back, broken-hearted. Aswatthaama could not lift it. Karna lifted it, but my sister refused to allow the charioteer's son to enter the contest. Other kings equally failed, while Arjuna, at the very first attempt, hit the whirling fish and brought it down to the pool of water.'

'But when was he recognised as one of the Five Brothers?'

'Not in the beginning. Everybody thought that he was a Brahman. But when Draupadi, my sister, placed a garland on his neck in token of acceptance, some princes rushed towards King Drupad saying that he had insulted them by giving his daughter to a Brahman. Then his giant brother Bheema, with an uprooted tree in his hands, opposed them single-handed.'

'So, Bheema was there too?' asked Dronaacharya.

'Yes, he was there,' replied Shikhandin. 'It appears that the other three brothers were parted from them in the rush of the crowd and returned to the potter's house where they were living.'

'But when was Arjuna recognised?'

'Only when Krishna V*aa*sudeva embraced him and prostrated himself before Bheema, his elder cousin.'

'Oh, I see. It is Krishna V*aa*sudeva again who is at the bottom of all this,' said Dronaacharya. 'And who sent you here to inform me?'

A faint smile lit up the pale face of Shikhandin. 'Krishna V*aa*sudeva. The Five Brothers also said that you, as the Guru, should be the first to receive the news that they are alive. My father was equally keen that you should bless Draupadi.'

Dronaacharya was puzzled. 'But you said just now that the Five Brothers were all married to Draupadi. How can that be?'

'Oh, it was a terrible thing in the beginning. It shocked everybody,' said Shikhandin.

'But how did it come to pass? How can an Arya princess have more than one husband? It is *adharma*,' said Dronaacharya.

'Strange things happened, Gurudeva. Arjuna, accompanied by my brother Dhristadyumna, took my sister to the potter's house where all the brothers, with their mother, were living. Before entering the house, Arjuna, in a jocular tone, called out Mother Kunti, saying that he had brought home a valuable *bhiksha* (alms). From inside the house, the mother replied: "My dear son, share your *bhiksha* equally with your brothers." When she found that the *bhiksha* was my sister, she felt very miserable, for her sons had never broken the pledge to fulfil whatever wish she expressed.'

'But, that is no reason why the Five Brothers should marry Draupadi,' said the Acharya.

'It is all so puzzling, Gurudeva,' said Shikhandin. 'Arjuna would not marry my sister before his elder brothers were married. Yudhishthira declined, saying that Arjuna had won

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her by the strength of his arms and he would not marry her. Bheema would not marry her till the eldest brother was married. They were all in a difficult situation. Then Yudhishthira suggested that all the brothers should marry her'.

'Yudhishthira said that! Impossible!' exclaimed Drona. 'He is the most righteous man alive. How can he be so foolish? What did your father say?'

'Father was shocked. He said the suggestion was against *dharma*. The noble Vaasudeva said that it was a difficult matter; either way it would be a calamity. Yudhishthira said that in ancient days Arya women were known to have married several brothers.'

'How did the matter ultimately end?' asked Drona.

'Next day, the Best of Sages, Veda Vyas, came with Dhaumya Rishi, the preceptor of the Five Brothers. He was consulted. A long discussion followed,' said Shikhandin.

'What did the Master say?'

'He said that Mother Kunti's wish, though expressed without giving it a thought, had a deeper significance,' said Shikhandin. 'If Draupadi married Arjuna alone, the brothers were likely to be estranged from each other. Things would be very difficult for them, for they would have to fight for their heritage with Duryodhana and his brothers, perhaps with the whole might of the Kuru Empire.'

'What did the Master say about the propriety of such a marriage?' asked the Acharya.

'He said that in the days gone by, under extraordinary circumstances, several brothers had married one wife. Among certain Arya tribes, he said, several brothers do the same. Some of the marriages, he knew to have proved successful.'

'I never thought that the Master would have approved of such a marriage,' said the Acharya.

'The Master ultimately decided that the matter should be left to Draupadi and explained to her the ways she could possibly take. She could marry Arjuna and face the consequences of estrangement between him and his brothers. She could go back on the *swayamvara* and make everyone ridiculous. Or she could accept the suggestion of Yudhishthira and face the possibility of being called unchaste. At first, my sister was unhappy. But then she accepted the suggestion of Yudhishthira. The marriage was thereupon fixed for the next day. I left immediately. Duryodhana would be coming within three or four days. I was sent here to inform you in advance,' said Shikhandin.

Then Shikhandin told Dronaacharya all that happened to him since he left Kampilya with the Yaksha, Sthunaakarna. He told him how his father got angry because he thought that his change of sex was a gift from his enemy; how Krishna saw his sister Draupadi and prevailed upon her to induce their father to accept him, Shikhandin; how Shakuni and Aswatthaama gave a pledge to his father that even at the cost of his life, the latter would see that the Acharya would not leave Hastinapur; how they all decided to risk a war with the Kurus rather than let Duryodhana marry his sister.

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As Shikhandin told the story, Dronaacharya understood Duryodhana and Shakuni as he never had understood them before. He was lost in admiration of the miraculous resourcefulness of Krishna Vaasudeva. As he thought over the matter, he felt his life-long bitterness against Drupad ebbing away. He, however, disliked the action of his obstinate son in giving the pledge—a son whom he loved above everything else; it created a difficult situation.

When the dawn broke, he went to have his morning bath in the river and to perform the *sandhyas* and offer worship to God Surya (Sun) with sacred *mantras*. Suldenly he found out a solution. Yes, that was the only thing to do: to divide the empire,

[*To be continued*]

A NOTE ON POLYANDRY AMONG THE PRESENT-DAY KHASA COMMUNITY OF JAUNSAR-BAWAR (DEHRA DUN DIST.)

IN most of the areas of Jaunsar-Bawar (Dehra Dun Dist.) apart from Mahasu, the favourite deities are the Pandava brothers, the heroes of the *Mahabharata*. Time seems to have stood still in these parts of the Himalayas after the Pandavas climbed to Heaven by Satopantha, a snow-peak near Mana, the last village on the Indo-Tibetan border.

Many important spots in these areas have associations with one or the other of the five sons of Pandu. Some of the Khasa villages have temples dedicated to the Pandavas, called *Pandavon-ki-chauri*, and the courtyards of most of the temples are called *Pandavon-ka-Angan*.

Bhima is the most popular of the Pandava deities of this region, all of whom are very much admired by the people. They take offence at the slightest lapse or misdeed.

The main feature of the social and religious festivals of these areas is the Pandava Dance, in which most of the people in the villages join. The persons who act as the five Pandavas are held in high esteem, and the Bajgis, the musician, play a very important part on such occasions.

Bhima, as the hero of the festivals, has to perform prodigies of dance heroics on such occasions. The man who impersonates him is selected with great care, and he has to prepare himself for the part for days beforehand. During the dance, his strength, endurance and agility, are severely tested. It is believed that on such occasions, Bhima himself takes possession of the dancer, who, after the festival, enjoys the privilege of wearing a silver bracelet as a mark of distinction.

How the communities of Jaunsar-Bawar and the adjoining areas came to worship the Pandavas, is a very interesting question. No doubt, after his retirement, their father, Pandu lived in the Himalayas with his wives, Kunti and Madri. The Pandavas were also born there, possibly near the place called Pandukeshwar, on the way to Badrinath. When Kunti enjoined that all the five brothers should take Draupadi as their common wife—a flagrantly unorthodox affair in Aryavarta—she may have been following the custom of the Himalaya regions where she had lived with her husband.

The most intriguing parts of these areas are the few villages called Fatehparvat, in the upper Rawain of Jaunpur, in the Tehri-Garhwal district. Their presiding deity is Duryodhan. He is the god and king of the people, and is offered tribute. Here his enemies, the Pandavas, are the demons.

In Fateh-parvat, Duryodhan is true to his reputation. If you visit any of its villages and fail to offer a buffalo, a goat, or even a rupee, to Duryodhan, he will see to it that you suffer some permanent injury. He even orders his people, through the *thani* of course, to steal a buffalo, from the neighbouring

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villages or to kill someone.

Duryodhan in life was highly political-minded and even as a god, his tastes have remained unchanged.

During the general elections of 1952 party organisers approached the headman of these villages for votes. The community was in distress. They had never heard such importunities before, and they did not know exactly what they should do. So the *pujari* invoked Duryodhan, who, through the *thani*, commanded that all the votes should be cast for a particular candidate.

It is difficult to explain why, of all the heroes of the *Mahabharata*, the wicked Duryodhan came to be worshipped. Did some of his adherents escape to the Himalayas after the battle of *Bharata* and found this colony? Or, was there a war between the Pandava-worshipping Khasas and the Fateh-parvat Khasas, who, having won a victory, forswore allegiance to the gods of the enemies and accepted their enemy, Duryodhana, as their guardian deity?

●●●

The marriage customs of the Khasas and other members of these communities are most interesting. They observe Manu's Law. *Anuloma* marriage, i.e., a marriage between a high-caste man and lower-caste woman, is valid; pratiloma marriage, i.e., a marriage between a high-caste woman and lower-caste man is ordinarily not; at the same time, in many of these areas, *pratiloma* is permitted between the Brahmans and the Rajputs.

All the Khasa areas of U.P., Himachal Pradesh and East Punjab, are polyandrous. In Jaunsar-Bawar, the bride generally goes through a marriage ceremony with the eldest of the brothers, but becomes the wife of them all. There is both polyandry and polygamy. The eldest brother, however, is the master of the household. In his presence, the young brothers do not even talk to the common wife. Whatever domestic felicity they enjoy with her has to be found under the open skies.

In Bawar, on the other hand, every brother has a day allotted to him for consorting with his wife. The wife, however, has an alternative. She can get rid of her multiple masters by going away to her parents; then, after seeking divorce from the first set of husbands and with the consent of her parents, she is free to choose any other man she likes. The new bridegroom, however, has to pay a bride-price to the husbands.

Among the Khasas of Jubbal and Girupar in Sirmaur District, polyandry is restricted only to two brothers. If there is a third, he must marry another wife.

The impact of modern civilization is putting a great strain on the people of Jaunsar-Bawar. Recently, I heard of an educated Khasa girl refusing to live with any of the brothers of the person she had married. This young woman insisted that, if in accordance with custom she was called upon to live with them, she would return to her father's house and live with any lover she likes.

I heard another report of a curious case. A boy from Jaunsar-Bawar came to a school in Dehra Dun. The whole class began to tease the poor boy by asking him: "How many fathers have you got?". He innocently answered "Four" and his class mates made fun of him.

[Reproduced from Kulapati's Letter No. 94 dated February 12, 1956]

Die when I may, I want it said of me by those who knew me best that I always plucked a thistle and planted a flower where I thought a flower would grow.

—Abraham Lincoln

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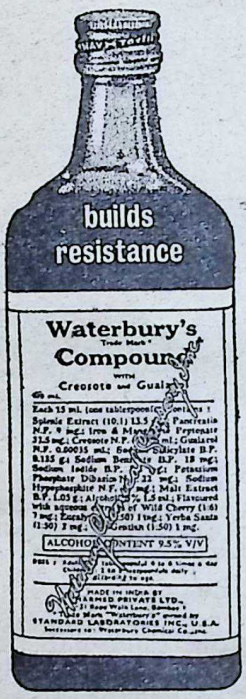

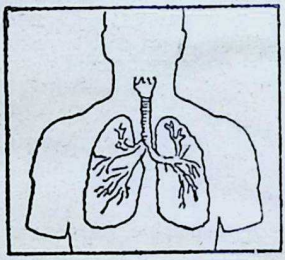

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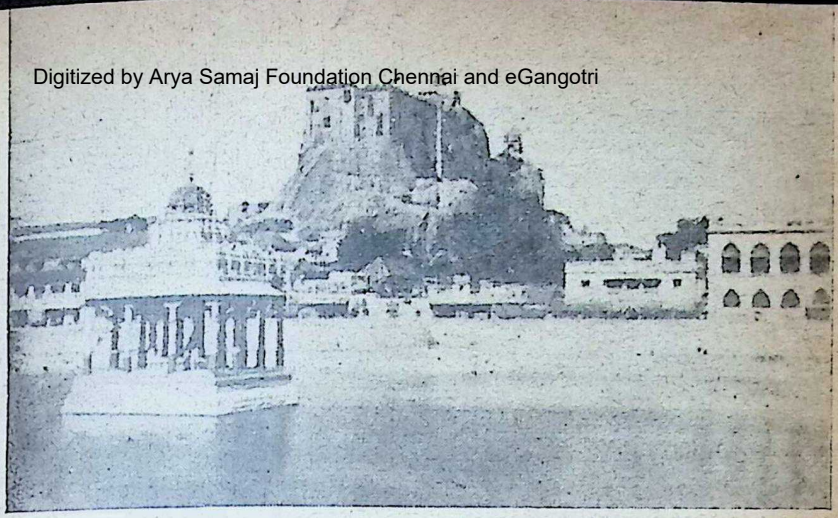

Tiruchirapalli—Rock Fort and Temple.

DAKSHIN BHARAT YATRA

a travel diary

THE Bhavan's Dakshina Bharat Samskritik Vikas Yatra party left Bombay on the night of April 24 on an extensive tour of Madras, Kerala and a part of Mysore. It consisted of members drawn from the States of Gujarat, Maharashtra, Madras and Kerala, and commenced their yatra after the usual prayers and get-together that morning, in a specially reserved railway bogey.

The tour programme was pretty tight and included visits to nearly all major holy spots, temples and shrines; places of scenic beauty and cultural importance, and centres of national undertakings.

Prayers and *bhajans*, conducted by Acharya Bhaishankar Purohit, Vice-Principal of the Bhavan's Sanskrit Mahavidyalaya, were a daily feature of this *yatra*.

True to the Bhavan's family concept, the atmosphere *en route* was by and large that of a home away from home.

The first holy place we visited was the famous and ancient temple of Lord Venkateswara at Tirupati in Andhra Pradesh, also known as the Balaji Temple.

Tirupati temple is situated atop the Seshachal mountain, and its grandeur defies description. The high *gopurams* penetrating the sky with carving and sculptures in exquisite style depicting episodes from the Puranas, *Ramayana* and *Mahabharata*; the gold-plated

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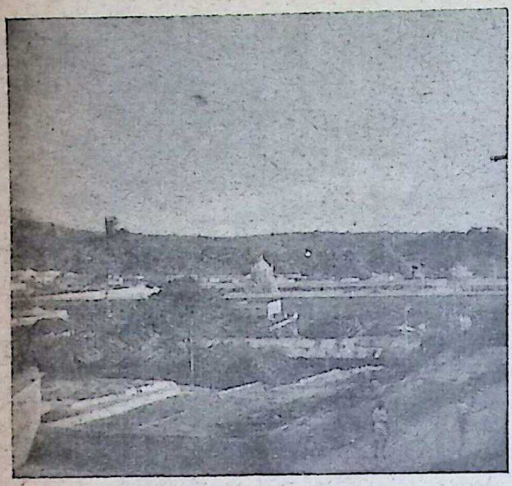

Tirupati: In the Centre is the Ananda Vimana.

Dhwaja-stambha (flagstaff) standing aloft 31 ft. high flying the presiding deity's flag; the golden *vimana*, the panoramic view as one climbs in the bus: these are among the sights which leave a lasting impress on the visitors. A special feature of the worship here is *mundana*, the clean shaving of heads of devotees—of men, women, children, the aged and the young before having the *darshan* of the Lord. This is a favourite "prarthana" with Balaji. Devotees vie with one another in the process, and barbers do a brisk business. After the shaving, comes the purificatory bath, and then the *darshan*.

Another special form of worship here is to roll down all the way round the sanctum—*anga-pradakshina* as it is called. Devotees make a vow to do this in return for cure of serious maladies.

In both the above forms of worship there is a significant element. The hair on one's head contributes substantially to one's beauty. By sacrificing it to the Lord, one is symbolically surrendering one's ego. Even so is the case with the other form referred to above.

Darshan of the Lord without payment—*dharmadharan*—is allowed only during fixed hours; at other times, *darshan* can be had only on payment, the idea behind the payment being to effect orderly and satisfactory worship. Even with such a deterrent, devotees are so innumerable that they itch for their turn for the *darshan* of the Lord. The temple's annual income is estimated at some crores of rupees and it is said to be the temple with the largest revenue in India.

The party had the *darshan* of the Lord and offered prayers.

Situated four miles away from the temple of the presiding deity, is Patalaganga, which, as the name itself suggests, is a stream emerging from the underside of the mountain, and constitutes the source of water supply to the temple through water pipes laid up the mountain.

Down-hill is another magnificent temple—that of Bhagavan Govindaraja. Our party visited this temple also. A couple of miles away at Tiruchanur is the temple of the Lord's Consort, Goddess Padmavati. The above two shrines are musts for the visitor to Tirupati.

The T.T. Devasthanam which manages these temples, is one of the biggest of its kind in India. It operates a fleet of some 60 buses daily

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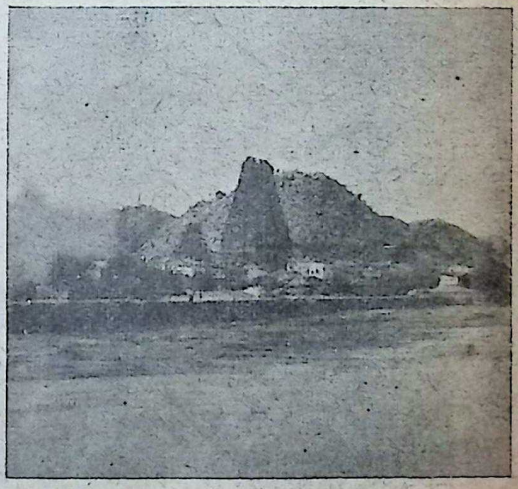
from Tirupati township at the foot of the hills to the main temple atop the hill, from the temple to Patalaganga and back to the township. It also provides facilities in the form of *dharmashalas,* hotels, and lodging houses, cottages, for the benefit of visitors. In addition, it runs a number of schools, educational institutions and a University, besides dispensaries—in fact a township of its own.

On April 28, the party visited and offered prayers at Sri Kalahasti Temple, about 15 miles east of Renigunta railway station. Lord Siva and His Consort Parvati are the presiding deities. The Sivalinga here is a *Vayulinga.* The temple of Sri Kalahasti is so called because *Sri* (a spider), *Kala* (a serpent) and *Hasti* (an elephant) had originally propitiated Lord Siva here. The marks of all these three are found in the sanctum. Puranic lore excellently sculptured, carved and painted on the imposing *gopurams* and temple walls provide great attraction.

The party reached Madras at 8-30 p.m. on April 28. Forty miles away is Mahabalipuram, famous for architectural and sculptural perfection. We reached the place by a special bus. Legend has it that at one time there were seven temples here; of these, six have become submerged in the nearby sea. The remaining one—housing Bhagavan Siva, Adishesha Vishnu and Goddess Parvati has survived, and stands protected from the sea by a granite wall. Especially attractive is the granite carving of Arjuna doing *tapasya* standing on one leg.

Pakshi-tirtha was our next place of visit and worship. Of particular interest here is that exactly at 12 noon daily come two white-necked kites—believed to be the reincarnations of two *rishis*—and partake of *neivedya* (cooked rice) from the palm of the temple high-priest—and fly away, to fly back to the same spot again the next day at the same hour. The remaining *neivedya* is distributed as *prasad.*

The *yatriks* next visited the ancient Siva temple of Lord Kapaleeswarar at Mylapore. The Sivalinga here is believed to have been installed and worshipped by Lord Brahma himself. It was here that the great poet-saint of the South, Tirugnana-Sambandhar made a dead girl come to life, from out of her bones. The girl was Pumpavai, daughter of a merchant by name Sivanesar. She had died of snakebite. Sivanesar had cremated the body of



Kalahasti: Temple and the river Swarnamukhi.

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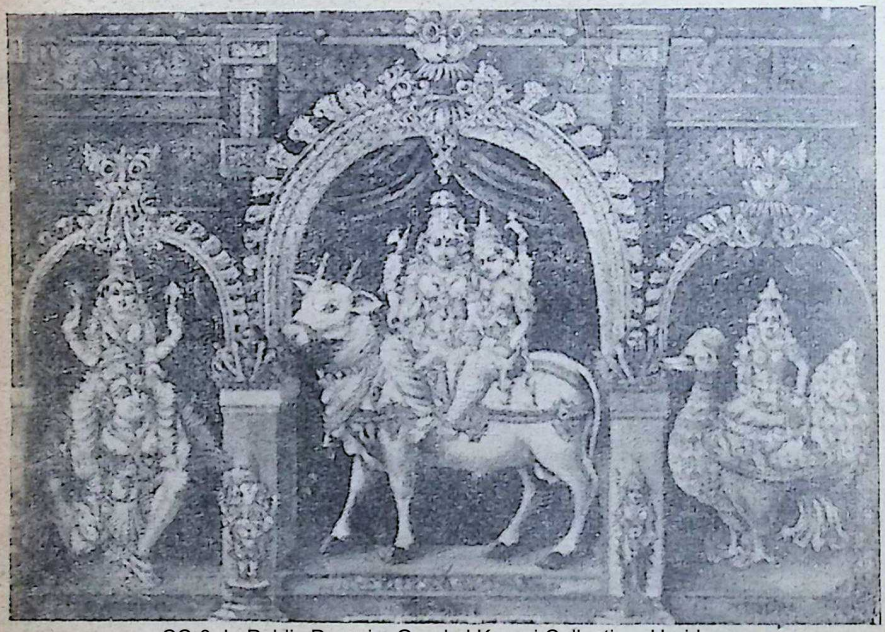
his dead daughter and collected and preserved her ashes and bones in a pot. He had earlier resolved to give his daughter in marriage to Tirugnana-Sambandhar. When the saint visited Mylapore, Sivanesar informed him of what happened to Pumpavai. After worshipping Kapaleeswarar, Sambandhar came out and caused the pot containing the relics to be brought. He sang a hymn and there came out of the pot the girl Pumpavai restored to life. Sambandhar, however, declined to marry her saying that he was like a father to her as he was instrumental in bringing her back to life.

There is a famous tank here where, it is said, even Mohammedans take bath on a particular day in the year and offer prayers. Rising majestically high and bearing exquisite carvings and sculptures is the *gopuram* of the Kapaleeswara temple. Karpakambal is the name of the Lord's spouse. The *yatriks* also worshipped and offered prayers at Lord Parthasarathy Temple at Triplicane. The walls of the temple have inscribed on them verses from the *Gita* in Telugu.

In the evening, the party participated in the condolence meeting held at the premises of the Bhavan's Madras Kendra at Mylapore to mourn the death of its late Vice-President Sri Anantharamakrishnan.

Kancheepuram was our next halt. Situated about 47 miles south-west of Madras, we reached it on April 30 by a special bus. Paying humble



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Chidambram: Gopuram Sculpture.

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respects to His Holiness Jagadguru Sri Chandrasekharendra Swamigal and His Holiness Sri Jayendra Saraswati of Kamakoti Peeth, camping at a village called Ambi about four miles away from the town and receiving their blessings, were among our first acts here. The town itself consists of two parts—Siva-Kanchi and Vishnu-Kanchi. The famous temple of Lord Ekambareswarar, which attracts thousands of devotees daily, is situated in Siva-Kanchi. The presiding deity is Lord Siva and is known as a Prithvi Linga. Legend has it that under a mango tree in this temple, Goddess Parvati performed her *tapasya* to gain Lord Siva as Her spouse. One strange thing about the fruits of this mango tree is that when ripe, one half of each fruit tastes sweet and the other sour. The grandeur of the temple is beyond compare; its *gopuram*, telling tales from the Puranas in beautiful sculpture and paintings, is 188 ft. high and has nine storeys. Equally awe-inspiring and famous is the temple of Lord Varadaraja at Vishnu-Kanchi, the other part of Kancheepuram. The party made its offerings before the deities

Kancheepuram: Ekambareswarar Temple Entrance.

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at both temples and left for Pondicherry.

Reaching Pondicherry on 1st May, we paid obeisance to Sri Aurobindo's Samadhi, at the Aurobindo Ashram. The atmosphere here was one of peace and calm. The Mother is the Head of the Ashram. Visitors are received by Her only four times a year; Sri Aurobindo used to do so thrice a year.

Forty-three miles west-north-west of Pondicherry is Tiruvannamalai—famous for the Arunachaleswara Temple and Ramanasramam, founded by Bhagavan Sri Ramana Maharshi—both of which the party visited. Rising 217 ft. into the sky and consisting of 11 storeys, is the main *gopuram* of the temple; sculptural work is simply marvellous and bears an impress of freshness as if it were done very recently. This shrine is held in equal importance to Meru, Kailas and Mandara. The *linga* here is known to be Tejo-linga or fir-*linga*. This is one of the biggest temples in India. Nearby is a temple of Lord Karttikeya with an imposing seven storeyed *gopuram* in front. Almost as attractive and important are the temples of Pataleswarar and Lord Siva with a 10-ft. high Siva *linga* before which Bhagavan Ramana Maharshi used to worship.

Serenity and calmness mark the atmosphere at Ramanasramam; on its left is the hall where the Maharshi used to sit with his disciples and a picture of the great sage hangs on the wall. The Ashram also has special rooms for visitors; some 50 to 60 people live there permanently, including six or seven pilgrims. The

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Ashram has a well conducted dispensary, a Veda Pathasala, and publishes an English Monthly and an English Quarterly. An Octogenarian inmate told us: "Sri Ramana Maharshi came here at the age of 17 and lived in three caves 500 ft. high; his mother also had come here for spiritual attainment; the Maharshi, after the death of his mother, built a temple of Siva and Parvati in her memory; a crow, a dog and a cow attained eternal peace through the Maharshi; the Maharshi used to tell his disciples that his present birth was his last on earth."

Then, on May 4, we visited the Neyveli Lignite Project. We made the thirty-mile trip from Cuddalore by bus. Here are the biggest government-owned and operated lignite mines in Asia, a thermal power station and a fertiliser factory. The mine is open cast. Nearly ten foreign scientists assist in the operation; giant-size machines are used. About 57 crores of rupees are estimated to have been spent on this project so far. The thermal power station is run with assistance from Russia. It is estimated that about 28 crores of rupees have so far been spent on this project. Germany and Italy are assisting in the operation of the fertiliser factory, and it is estimated that about 30 crores of rupees have so far been spent on it. About 150 foreign technicians live and work here and a separate colony has been built for them. Amenities include schools for boys and girls, a modern hospital and a high class cinema.

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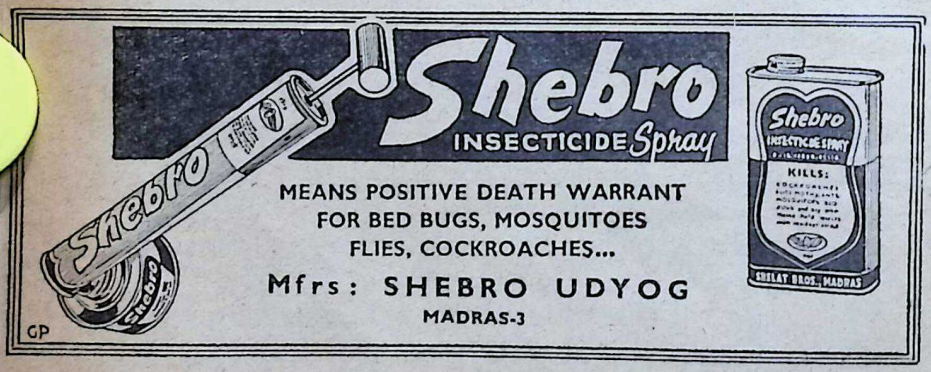
baram was the next shrine we visited. In front of the temple stands a nine-storey *gopuram* and pillars and walls exquisitely sculptured and carved with episodes from the Puranas. To the left is the temple of Lord Varadaraja with that of Goddess Lakshmi close by. The temple of Nataraja sprawls over an area of 32 acres and stands on a plain between two rivers. No granite is visible within fifty miles of the temple, yet the temple and its walls are built of magnificent blocks of dressed granite. The inside of the temple has four *gopurams,* two of which contain perfect sculptural representations of the 108 postures relating to Natyasastra or the science of dancing. Inside there are five beautifully and elaborately carved Sabhas or courts, called the Raja-Sabha, the Dev Sabha, the Chit Sabha, the Kanaka Sabha and the Nritta Sabha. The idol of Nataraja, the presiding deity Siva in his cosmic dance, is an image of great beauty and significance, cast in an alloy of five metals. The Siva-*linga* here is known as Akasa or ether-*linga*. In fact there is no *linga* or we can say there is an invisible *linga* of *Akasa.* In the Kanaka Sabha there are two shrines of Siva and Vishnu as though to proclaim there is no real difference between the two manifestations of the Lord. Chidambaram is also the seat of Annamalai University named after Sir Annamalai Chettiar who made a generous donation to the University, and the area covers nearly 10 sq. miles.

At night, in a calm atmosphere we visited temples at Kumbakonam and Nageswaram. Kumbakonam is named after the presiding deity Kumbeswarar. The Siva-*linga* is pot-shaped; beneath is the idol of Nataraja. The nearby temple, that of Lord Siva, is well-known for the nice sculptural work around it; equally well-known are the other temples of Lord Ganesa, Lord Karttikeya, the Navagraha Temple and that of Goddess Parvati.

The Mahalinga Temple of Lord Siva is six miles away from Kumbakonam. The huge-sized Nandi—Lord Siva's *vahana,* (bull) 17 ft. long and 11 ft. high—is an attraction which will endure for ever in the minds of visitors; so also is the splen-



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did picture of the Siva-Parvati wedding.

Nor are the attractions confined to temples: the Mahamagham Tank is holy too. Kumbhamela is held here every 12 years.

Then there are the temples of Chakrapani and Sarangapani which also we visited, besides the lovely shrines of Sri Devi and Mahalaxmi and Bhagavan Ramaswami. Worthy of special mention at the latter temple are the sculptures and carvings depicting episodes from Sri Rama's life; events from *Ramayana* are depicted in these with telling effect.

A few miles away from Kumbakonam is the Swami-Malai, famous for the temple of Lord Subrahmanya known here as Swaminatha by reason of his supposedly instructing his own father, Sri Parameswara, into the meaning of *pranava*. This is one of the six major abodes of Lord Karttikeya in South India.

We reached Tanjore on the night of May 5. On the morning of May 6, we offered prayers at the famous temple of Bhagavan Brihadiswarar. The sight of Nandi carved on a single granite stone is truly marvellous. The Siva-*linga*—13 ft. high and 4 ft. in diameter—is probably the biggest Siva-*linga* in the world. Exquisitely carved out here are 81 of Lord Siva's 108 Tandava Nrityas. We then visited the palace of King Sarabhoji: the Palace Library here consists of 3,000 volumes in Sanskrit, 4,000 in Marathi and 1,200 in Tamil —all hand-written. The Sangeet Mahal, a huge hall full of dancing pictures depicting different poses, can accommodate 2,000 people and music can be heard with equal clarity from any part of this vast hall. Like the great Imambara of Lucknow, this is also a great engineering feat of ancient India.

On the night of May 7, we reached Trichy, now re-christened as Tiruchirapalli. Next morning we visited the Srirangam temple. It has 21 *gopurams*. Beautifully sculptured and carved on stones are events from the *Ramayana*, *Mahabharata* and the Puranas. The *darshan* of the presiding deity, Lord Ranganatha, can be had at fixed hours—to ensure orderly worship, a ticket system has been introduced, each ticket costing four annas. Smaller temples of Lord Lakshmana and Lord Ramachandra

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are also located here. The holy river Kauveri skirts the Srirangam temple.

Between Srirangam and Trichy is the temple of Jambukeswarar. Far superior in architectural design to the temple at Srirangam, the Jambukeswaram pagoda houses one of the five great elemental *lingas*, Siva in his manifestation as *water*. The *linga* is always surrounded by water on all sides. Tradition has it that in this holy *kshetra*, Siva is believed to have sat under the Jamboo tree and practised penance to have *darshan* of Vishnu in order to get rid of the sin of Brahmahatya. There is also a temple of Akhilandeswari here. On the forehead of the Goddess we can find a *manikkam* used as a *tilaka*. Tradition says that originally the goddess was very irate but Sri Adya Sankaracharya with his penance propitiated the goddess to shed her fury and become benevolent. Near the temple of Sri Akhilandeswari, there is a temple of Sri Ganesh which is stated to have been installed by Sri Sankaracharya in the above connection.

There are two granite crests in Trichy atop which are temples of Lord Siva, Goddess Parvati, Goddess Durga, Navagraha temple, the temple of Lord Dakshinamurti, and those of Lords Karttikeya and Ganesa. Sculpture work, though some 3,000 years old, retains freshness and attractiveness. On one of the crests—271 ft. high and covered by 471 steps—is the temple of Lord Ganesa, Uchchipillaiyar Temple, the panoramic view from which is well worth experiencing.

Four miles away from Trichy, at Samayapuram, is the temple of Bhadrakali. Legend has it that Ravana's cousin, Trishirash, did *tapascharya* here, and Tiruchirapalli derives its name from Trishirash.

Our next halt was at Palni which we reached on the night of May 10 by train. On the morning of May 11 we visited the temple of Lord Dandayudapani, situated 500 ft. high on the granite hill—Palani Malai, to reach which we had to climb 1,001 steps. *Archana-darshan* here is much looked forward to, although tickets have to be brought.

Palni temple is another of the six major Karttikeya temples; atop the hill, there are temples for the two wives of Karttikeya—Valli and Devayanai. It is stated that sage Agastya created the Sivagiri hill and another hill near about called Idumban Malai. After performing penance here

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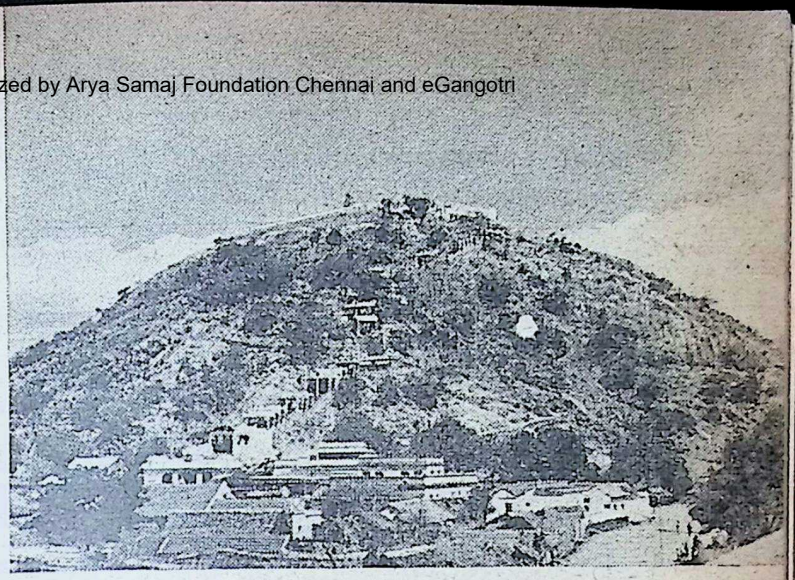

Palni: Hill and Temple.

for some time Agastya went to Kailas. On his return journey he asked one of his demon servants called Idumban to carry these two hills with him after tying both of them on a *Kavadi* carried on the shoulder to which are tied heavy loads at both ends. He found Idumban Malai a little lighter and they did not balance. He stopped on the way and discovered that Lord Subrahmanya was standing on the Sivagiri hill, which explained the heaviness. In the fight that ensued, Idumban was killed by Subrahmanya but at the request of Agastya he was again revived. Even now the first worship on the Palni hill is offered to Idumban at the express command of the Lord. As Idumban was carrying *Kavadi* the practice of carrying *Kavadi* still prevails at Palni and also at other temples of Subrahmanya. The *prasad* here—*Panchamrita*—consists of a mixture of fruits, ghee, jaggery, honey, etc. and is eagerly sought by devotees. *Panchamrita Abhishek* of the deity is one of the most popular forms of worship in this temple. The *prasadam* is a rare delicacy and retains its purity and freshness for days together. People have great faith in the efficacy of this deity. Even Muslims worship the shrine.

[*To be continued*]

Liberty has never come from the government.
Liberty has always come from the subjects of it.
The history of liberty is a history of resistance. —Woodrow Wilson

Freedom is an indivisible word. If we want to enjoy it, we must be prepared to extend it to everyone. —Wendel Wilkie

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YATRA TO HOLY BADRINATH AND KEDARNATH

We have great pleasure in announcing a *yatra* to hallowed Badrinath and Kedarnath during the middle of September 1964.

Badrinath and Kedarnath are two of the most sacred spots in *Bharatvarsha* and it is the ardent desire of every Indian to visit these places at some time or other in his life. The Bhavan has, therefore, sponsored this trip to Badrinath and Kedarnath under its *Samskritik Vikas Yatra* scheme and it is hoped that members and friends of the Bhavan will welcome this opportunity and participate in the *yatra* with their families.

The trek to Badrinath and Kedarnath through the exhilarating atmosphere of the vast Himalayan spaces, enjoying the wondrous sight of rivers, brooks, valleys and snow-clad peaks, joyously reaching the holy spots and shrines, is most thrilling, invigorating, inspiring and soul-stirring. Situated on the Himalayas at an elevation of 11,735 feet above sea level, the well-kept and attractive temple of Siva at Kedarnath houses one of the twelve *Jyotirlingas.*

Pilgrimage to Kedarnath is considered a prerequisite for attaining the full fruits of one's pilgrimage to Badrinath. Badrinath is situated at an elevation of 10,284 feet above sea level. Sacred bath at Tapta Kunda, performance of *shraddha* at Brahma Kapala and worship of Lord Badrinarayana are considered the essential features of a pilgrimage to Badri.

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The following important pilgrimage spots and places of interest will also be covered during the *yatra*:

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Mathura	:	Gokul, Brindavan, dip in the Yamuna
New Delhi	:	General sight-seeing
Hardwar	:	Har Ki Pavri, Rishikesh, Sivananda Ashram
Allahabad	:	Triveni Sangam Veni Daan, Anand Bhavan
Banaras	:	Vishweshwara Darshan Annapoorna Mandir Panchamukhi Yatra Sarnath and general sight-seeing.
Gaya	:	River Phalguni, Vishnu Pada, Bodh Gaya.
Howrah	:	Kalighat, Belur Mutt, Dakshineshwar, Victoria Memorial, Jain Temple, etc.
Puri	:	Lord Jagannath Temple, Sakshi Gopal.
Bhubaneshwar	:	Lingaraj Temple Rajarani Temple
Konarak	:	Sun Temple
Secunderabad and Hyderabad	:	Salarjung Museum and general sight-seeing.

The *yatra* will be of 30 days' duration, commencing from Bombay on September 11, 1964 and returning to Bombay on October 11, 1964.

The charge per person for the entire tour, inclusive of food, sight-seeing expenses, accommodation and conveyance during the Badrinath-Kedarnath *yatra* will be Rs. 750/- for III Class and Rs. 1,050/- for I Class.

Those desirous of registering for the above *yatra* are advised to do so as early as possible. For further particulars, please write to or contact personally the Samskritik Vikas Yatra Vibhag, Bharatiya Vidya Bhavan, Chowpatty, Bombay-7. (Telephone Nos. 77451 & 78702).

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ANSWERS BY

K. M. MUNSHI

1137

Sri S.G. Dabli, Amarwara.

Q: *I still cannot understand how Lord Krishna in the* Gita *urged Arjuna to fight against his elders, kith and kin, in the face of our traditional belief that they should be respected. Please enlighten.*

A: Why not read what the Lord says to understand what He has said? Your doubt shows that you need to read your *Gita* carefully.

1138

Kum. C. K. Subhapradha, Stonehousepet.

Q: *How is it in the* Bhavan's Journal *men are depicted in the* Krishnavatara *more decently dressed than women? Should not the* Journal *set a better example?*

A: The artist is trying to draw men and women as he thinks they dressed in ancient times. Women in the past never wore a sari, only a skirt, a tight-fitting bodice and a scarf. See the Ajanta paintings.

1139

Sri S.P. Agarwal, New Delhi-16.

Q: *The circumstances of the birth of the Pandava brothers and Karna appear to me somewhat revolting. Why should such episodes occur in* Puranas?

A: Because the *Puranas* deal with incidents which happened in ancient times. They were not written for satisfying modern tastes.

1140

Sri P.C. Das, Cuttack-3.

Q: *A friend of mine copies in all his examinations. So far he has not been caught. This time I wrote a letter to the authorities that he does so. Have I done a right or wrong thing?*

A: You have done the right thing.

1141

Sri Dhananjay Patro, Bhubaneswar.

Q: *Is* Tapasvini *a real life drama?*

A: It is a novel, and therefore an imaginary reconstruction of real life.

1142

Sri P. Sivagyanasubramanyam, Ceylon.

Q: *Should it not be possible to evolve a common script for all* 14 *languages of India at least as a measure of achieving national integration?*

A: It is desirable, even possible, to have a common script, but we

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have not yet outgrown regional exclusiveness, and therefore it is not practical in the immediate present.

1143

Sir A. Vishwanath, Kemmannu.

Q: *Why does a human being not remember anything about his past life?*

A: It is reported that some do. But most people don't remember because that memory is shrouded in layers and layers of different associations of this life from the very birth.

1144

Sri G.S. Balasubramanyam, Madhugiri.

Q: *What is your solution for the border dispute between India and China?*

A: That at any cost India should become militarily a strong nation, so as to command the respect of nations who think in terms of *realpolitik*.

1145

Sri U.N. Saha, Gooty, R.S.

Q: *In your* Krishnavatara *Part III, you say that Maarishaa was a daughter of King Aaryaka and Prince Karkotaka was his son. Krishna and Uddhava were grandsons of Princess Maarishaa and Kapila and Pingala were daughters of Prince Karkotaka who was brother to Maarishaa. Now in that case were not Krishna and Uddhava nephews to Kapila and Pingala?*

A: They would be.

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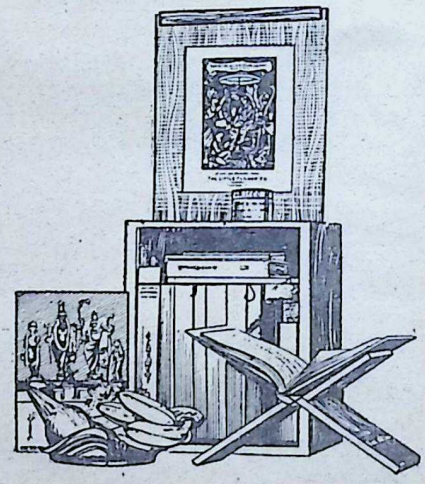

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OUR FORTNIGHTLY PROFILE—189

Nelson Mandela

IN sentencing Nelson Mandela, the African National leader and his seven followers to life imprisonment last month, South Africa has placed itself in the dock. As the ex-Chief Lutuli, the Nobel Peace Prize winner, has pointed out, these sentences show that "justice and reason have departed from the South African scene". Ironically enough at about the same time the Civil Rights Bill on the other side of the hemisphere broke a filibuster against its passage!

Popularly known as the Rivonia trial, from the name of the area north of Johannesburg where the accused were arrested last year, the Mandela trial had attracted world-wide attention and comment from Papal statement to Trafalgar Square demonstration.

Dr. Michael Ramsey, the Archbishop of Canterbury has been constrained to say that: "The men were guilty of sabotage and other offences against the law as it exists, but their actions were the outcome of conscience and wherever in the world there is respect for conscience and hatred of the policy of *apartheid*, there will be understanding of Mr. Mandela's words. If he is guilty before the existing law, the guilt before heaven belongs to the policy which the law is designed to enforce. The ideal and practice of *apartheid* is a denial of God's law of the relation of man to man as, irrespective of colour, created in the image of God."

Mandela, 46, is a former leader of the banned African National Congress. His associates are all seasoned leaders of the organisation or its sympathisers. The charges against them include treason and sabotage involving nearly two hundred incidents.

According to the prosecution these leaders constituted themselves as the high command of the "Umkonto we Sizwe" or Spear of the Nation, which is a militant arm of the ANC formed underground to achieve the overthrow of the South African government.

The extreme sentence for the offences was death, but the trying Judge was pleased to award the next highest penalty under the State Laws. While one must be thankful for the

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small mercy, the court's charge that personal ambition was the driving force behind the activities of the accused seems to be unworthy.

Admittedly Mandela and his followers set themselves to weaken and destroy the white regime. As Mandela testified during the trial: "I do not deny that I planned sabotage. I did not do this in a spirit of recklessness. I planned it as a result of calm and sober assessment of the situation after many years of suppression and tyranny over my people by whites.

"I admit immediately that I was one of the persons who helped to form Umkonto we Sizwe and that I played a prominent role in its affairs until my arrest in August 1962."

Denying that the struggle in Africa had been inspired by the Communist Party, he affirmed, "I did what I did as a leader of my people because of my experiences in Africa and not because of what any outsider might have said." Explaining himself further he continued: "We believed that as a result of Government policy, violence by the African people had become inevitable and that unless a responsible leadership was given to control the feelings of our people, there would be an outbreak of terrorism which would cause bitterness between the various races of the country."

Secondly, "We felt that without sabotage there would be no way open to the African people to succeed in their struggle against the principle of white supremacy. All other means of opposing this principle were closed by legislation."

Stating that the ANC formed in

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1912, had adhered strictly to non-violence until 1954, the course followed by the White regime, he said, forced the organisation to think that violence was inevitable. "This decision was not easily made. I felt morally obliged to do what I did."

Mandela concluded that he had dedicated his life to end white domination: "It is an idea I hope to live and see realised, but it is an idea for which I am prepared to die."

That he meant what he said earlier in the trial is abundantly clear from the fact that when, after the sentence was passed, he along with others was hustled in an armoured car, he smiled and gave a thumbs-up sign, while crowds several thousands strong stood for hours outside the Palace of Justice in Pretoria to hear the verdict. The tragic part of the story was that Mandela's wife who stood forlornly at the corner of the street with her four-year-old daughter was unable to catch a final glimpse of him.

What sort of a man is Mandela? Perhaps it will give an adequate idea of the man if we say that during this sensational trial which he knew would fetch him capital punishment —he was a lawyer by the way—he was writing inside prison bars the final papers for a London University exam! It is not merely that; physically too he is strong. More than even that, he has nobility and moral strength that stem from confidence in the justice of his cause.

Handsome, tall and well-built, Mandela belongs to the family of the Paramount Chief of the Tembu people who are noted for their courage and devotion to what they consider their natural right. Born in Tembuland, Nelson went to the Methodist mission school at Heald town; from there to the University College at Forte Hare where he took law, as he thought it was the best way he could serve his people. He set up his practice in partnership with Mr. Oliver Tambo who is now the leader-in-exile of the African National Congress.

Twice married, Mandela has his home in a small house in the African township Orlando, 15 miles from Johannesburg. He had a bright future as a lawyer, but he is not the quiet sort to mind his own, and look indifferently on his people.

Winnie, his wife, shares his outlook completely. She herself had been placed under humiliating restrictions. The eldest of their children is a young man who is on the threshold of his career.

Mandela is no racialist. In 1961, in the Pietermaritzburg Congress, he insisted that all the people of South Africa must take part in the Convention to free South Africa to emerge without bloodshed. It was after this Congress that he was hunted by the police and he had to lead a fugitive life. Captured in 1962, he was brought to trial.

According to the evidence of Dr. Blaxall, the minister who had visited Mandela in his prison more than once, the latter is signally free from rancour; there is iron in his soul; he practises religion in a formal way and he enquired about his wife and children.

Mandela being kept imprisoned in Robbens Island, the prospects of his

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release say in the next decade in the present state of South African administration, is pretty thin, unless a revolution comes to his rescue. The three major Western powers America, France and England behaved so badly in the Security Council over the resolution on South Africa when it came, that it is idle to expect them to take the initiative in his release, or the removal of the cause he represents.

There is, however, little doubt that in the forum of world politics, the principles and methods of the South African Government are universally condemned. In the absence of any legal means by which this judgement is enforceable, long term economic pressure alone on the part of the world community, rather than isolated or fitful gestures of revulsion, might bring sanity to the land of *apartheid*.

Someone may say now, 'Socrates, aren't you ashamed to have done things which put you in danger of being sentenced to death?' My answer is, 'Do you think a man ought to weigh danger, in anything he does, against whether it is right or wrong? What about all the heroes who died at Troy? Was it wrong of them not to keep out of danger?'

—Plato's Dialogues

BHAVAN'S JOURNAL

DECENNIAL NUMBER, 1964.

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BIOLOGICAL CLOCKS

Prof. G. P. Wells, F.R.S.

EVERYBODY knows that some animals are more active by day and others by night—in fact, there is probably no animal, and no plant, whose life continues quite uniformly and steadily all round the clock.

Everything is affected to some extent by the changes in light, in temperature, and so on, which result from the fact that we live on a spinning globe.

One might suppose that the daily rhythms of living things are due to the direct action of the environment on the organism. One could reason like this. It is well known that temperature affects the speed of most biological processes. Again, some animals are excited, and others are inhibited, by light. And, of course, the whole metabolism of a green plant is different by day and by night —it must be—for only in light can the plant build up new living material, out of the simpler molecules that it sucks up through its roots, and breathes in through its leaves.

So, in one way or another, we expect the alternation of day and night to impose variations in activity on the organism.

That is very true, but to suppose that that is the whole story would be to miss the most interesting part. For the real problem lies in this fact: that in many organisms—certainly in the great majority of animals and plants, and perhaps in all of them—there are what we call biological clocks.

A biological clock is something inside the animal or plant, something not directly dependent on the changes in the environment, which tells its possessor what time of day it is.

It enables its possessor to anticipate the rhythmic changes in the environment, and prepare to meet them.

After all, we know that from our own experience. We have, so to speak, an inbuilt sense of time and, in fact, all of our physiological processes change with the time of day.

Our pulse rate, our kidney action, our body temperature—these all show diurnal rhythms, and the rhythms are by no means simple reflexes to the changes in our surroundings.

Biologists have tested this by subjecting themselves to perfectly uniform conditions. They have even gone down into a deep mine, for example, where temperature, illumination and everything else were perfectly constant—and still their physiological rhythms persisted for many days.

Those who work on fast ocean liners, the ones which run between Europe and America, know very well that the passengers tend to go to bed early, and get up early, on the westward passage, but late on the eastward. This is because the length of the day—the time between one sunrise and the next—is changed if you sail round the world. You have to

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keep re-setting your watch. The day is about 45 minutes longer on the westward passage, and 45 minutes shorter on the eastward. But your biological clock goes on at the old rate, so the two clocks—the one inside you, and the one on your wrist—do not exactly synchronise.

However, biological clocks are more easily studied in lower animals, and I will describe an example which is very convenient for technical reasons, and is being analysed in several laboratories at the present time.

The common fruit-fly of our classrooms, and laboratories, *Drosophila*, begins life as a grub, then turns into a pupa, then becomes an adult. Normally the great majority of the flies emerge from the pupa stage at dawn. So if you have a culture bottle—that is a bottle with hundreds of developing pupae inside it—you find that the adult flies appear in daily bursts, always in the early morning.

Of course, that is very necessary, because the newly emerged fly has a soft cuticle through which water can rapidly evaporate. The cuticle hardens quite quickly, but if the fly emerged on a hot, dry afternoon, it might dry up before this could happen. Besides, its wings will not expand properly unless the air is fairly humid. So it comes out at dawn, which is, on the average, the coolest and wettest time of day.

Now, why do we suppose that emergence is controlled by a biological clock? Why cannot it be a simple reflex, produced by some physical change in the environment, like the light which comes at dawn?

In the first place, if the bottle of pupae is kept in constant darkness and at constant temperature, the flies still come out in bursts at intervals of about 24 hours. This proves that emergence cannot be a direct response to light or to a temperature change. There still remains the possibility that some other factor in the environment, something other than light or temperature but changing with the time of day, may be the stimulus which triggers off emergence. But that can be disproved by the following fact. The interval between bursts, in a culture kept in darkness and constant temperature, need not be exactly 24 hours. For example, in a culture kept under these conditions at 16°C., the interval between bursts is regularly 24 hours 30 minutes. This shows that the rhythm is not controlled by some external factor that varies with the rotation of the earth; if it were so controlled, the period would be exactly 24 hours; but it is not, so the clock must be something internal to the organism.

Under natural conditions, this rhythm is continually checked by the environmental changes in light and temperature. These changes stimulate the organism and serve to adjust, or reset, the clock. In the artificially constant conditions of the laboratory, the check is lacking so the emergence rhythm is not quite so exact. But the important thing is that the rhythm persists under these conditions, though now its period is not exactly 24 hours.

That is just one example of a biological clock, and all the evidence nowadays points to the conclusion that such clocks are practically ubi-

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quitous in living organisms.

They have been found in every major group, except the bacteria, and they control all sorts of activities.

Living things, evolving on a spinning globe, have always been exposed to diurnally varying conditions; they have responded by adjusting their lives into rhythmic patterns that fit closely with the rhythmic pattern of the environment.

If they had not done that, the environment would always be catching them by surprise.

But how have they done it? What are the essential parts of a biological clock, and what makes it tick? That question is still unanswered; but lots of people are trying to answer it, by studying clocks in different kinds of organisms, and finding out what happens to them when the conditions are changed.

One of the most curious features of these clocks is the fact that they are very insensitive to temperature. Most biological rhythms are accelerated twofold or threefold if the temperature rises by ten degrees. (The heart-beat of a frog goes faster if you warm the frog, and most cold-blooded animals consume oxygen faster as the temperature is raised.) Yet biological clocks—although they are affected by temperature—are affected very little indeed. This may mean that the fundamental mechanism of biological clocks is quite different from that of other biological rhythms.

However, in the present state of our ignorance, it is even an open question whether all clocks, in all organisms, work in the same way; so

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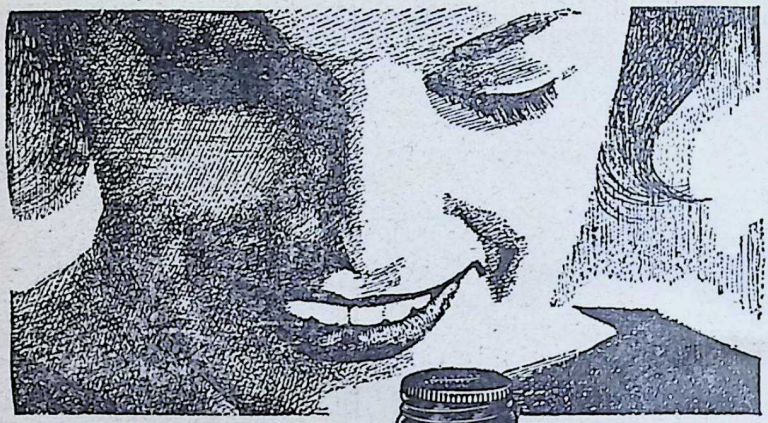

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perhaps it is hardly profitable to speculate about the relation between clocks and other rhythms in biology.

Another interesting point: the biological clock can be temporarily stopped, and started again, for example, by withholding oxygen. Going back to the *Drosophila* culture bottle, with the flies coming out in daily bursts, although it is kept under constant conditions: if you withhold oxygen for a period of, say, 10 hours, then re-admit oxygen to the culture bottle, you find that the *Drosophila* are still alive. Once again the flies emerge in daily bursts, but now the bursts come ten hours later in the day than they should. The clock must have been brought to a temporary standstill during the period of oxygen deprivation.

Incidentally this observation makes it very hard to believe that any particular factor in the environmental cycle is acting as a signal for emergence!

The whole problem is a difficult one and of great theoretical interest. To find out how these clocks work, we shall have to throw more light on the whole nature of the living cell. And, of course, it is of practical importance too.

If you fly by jet to America, you find at first that your own biological clock is five hours out of phase with the rhythm of your environment. It is the ocean liner story over again, but more so! You want to get up in the morning, and go to bed at night hours before everybody else, and it takes a rather uncomfortable day or two to reset your clock.

If we knew more about how it works, we could perhaps hasten the process of resetting, and even do it in the plane on the way across, just as one can reset the watch on one's wrist.

I think it would be difficult to exaggerate the usefulness of learning to manipulate the biological clock, especially in these days when planes fly faster and faster, and people dash about more and more.

It may prove even more important tomorrow, if indeed it be true, as I suppose it must be, that space travel lies just around the corner.

For millions and millions of years, our stock has accustomed itself to life on a spinning globe. That is what our whole organisation is attuned to.

What do you suppose will happen to us, when we get off it?

There you have another question that has not yet been answered.

[Courtesy: *B. B. C.*]

Liberty, when it begins to take root, is a plant of rapid growth.
—George Washington

The basis of our governments being the opinion of the people, the very first object should be to keep that right; and were it left to me to decide whether we should have a government without newspapers, or newspapers without a government, I should not hesitate a moment to prefer the latter.
—Thomas Jefferson

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Prithvi-Vallabh

THE BELOVED OF THE EARTH

Translated from Gujarati by H. M. Patel, I.C.S. (Retd.)

THE STORY SO FAR: Munja, the great Paramara conqueror of Malva, who had routed Tailap, the king of Telengana, eighteen times, was finally vanquished by Bhillam. Tailap's Commander-in-chief. He was taken prisoner and brought to Manyakhet, the capital of Telengana.

In the meanwhile, Mrinalvati, the widowed sister of Tailap, has taken under her wings the care of Prince Satyashray and Bhillam's daughter Vilasvati, his bride-to-be.

Chapter 3

MRINALVATI

MRINALVATI, accompanied by Jakkaladevi, marched straight into the palace to give orders for the ceremonial victory parade on the following day.

Mrinalvati was forty-six years old. Thirty years ago her husband had died and since then, as befitted a widow, she had given up all worldly pleasures. Her brother Tailap was seven years younger. After their mother's death, when Tailap was still very young, Mrinalvati had brought him up. She became deeply devoted to him, and made it her life-work to educate him and to make him perfect in the arts of statecraft and warfare.

A few years later, when Tailap came to the throne of Telengana, Mrinalvati began to apply her power-ful mind to the conduct of the affairs of state. Tailap was not as able an administrator as she was. The inevitable result was that gradually all power in the kingdom passed into her hands. Tailap, in the meantime, fought wars and won victories and established his hegemony over neighbouring countries—but before Mrinalvati, he was still the younger brother. He never disobeyed her and faithfully carried out her policies in governing his kingdom. It was she who egged him on to further conquests.

In her youth, Mrinalvati had been affectionate by nature, artistic and pleasure-loving. As she grew up to young womanhood there grew within her feelings and emotions she could not understand but her early widow-

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hood, her role as the virtual ruler of the State, and the need to set a perfect example to her brother, compelled her to suppress and kill them. Gradually, from passive acceptance of austerity as an unhappy necessity, she grew to exult in it, to hold it as the only correct way of living and finally to believe it her mission to enforce it on others.

Gradually she smothered in herself all desire for happiness, all feeling for sorrow. She weeded out from her nature the qualities of sympathy and mercy. For this she had to pay a heavy price,—a life of arid repression which in course of time dried up her heart, and made her a woman of iron will—immovable and unlovable.

As her character changed, her attitude towards worldly affairs also changed. It seemed to her that human beings made themselves miserable through those alternating pulls—happiness and sorrow. She was convinced that there was no salvation unless one subjected oneself to stringent asceticism.

In her kingdom, her word was law, and it seemed to her clear as daylight that it would be a great sin to use that power for any object other than training the people in her way of life. The way in which she had hardened her restless heart and brought it under complete control, she considered, was the only one to adopt for securing the salvation of her people: all display of feeling was forbidden, all pleasure and joy frowned upon.

Making these the basic goals of the state, she promulgated law after law. Poets, actors and singers were banished from the state. The celebration of festive occasions was prohibited and public display of sorrow was discouraged. Everywhere, in the whole kingdom and in the royal palace, there prevailed an atmosphere of harshness and joylessness. All activities became devoid of warm human relationship and were reduced to a rigid routine—without spontaneity. Love, laughter and enthusiasm were frowned upon, as if they were emotions to be ashamed of.

In streets and parks, lovers had to behave as if they were mere friends —frigidly correct. The members of a family could not show affection for each other in public nor share each other's joys and sorrows and had to behave in a prim, proper manner as though they were drained of all human emotion.

Festive occasions became dull, routine affairs, celebrated with regularity but with no sign of gaiety and enjoyment. Philosophers and monks took the place of poets. Kindliness was cauterised from public life; instead, there was strict adherence to the rules and regulations of an unimaginative moral code of conduct. Only behind closed doors was it possible for people to give vent to their normal feelings and desires.

As soon as Tailap's son, Satyashray, grew out of childhood, Mrinalvati made herself responsible for his upbringing and education, and before long, Satyashray's character began to develop gradually and inevitably along the lines of his aunt's ideals.

One good consequence, however,

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flowed from this austerity. Like the Spartans of ancient Greece, the warriors of Telengana became immensely tough and hardy, and constituted a force to be dreaded. With their help, Tailap was able to win triumph after triumph with ease.

The first country to fall to his career of conquest was Syundesh. Bhillamraj, its ruler, was not able to keep his freedom. He had tried his very best to get killed in battle, but was destined to live. He was taken prisoner and removed to Manyakhet.

Tailap wanted to put him to death, but Mrinalvati's perception of his usefulness saved him. His kingdom was restored to him, and his only daughter was betrothed to Satyashray. But Bhillam had to pay a heavy price for these favours. He was compelled to live in Manyakhet with his family and forced to become one of Tailap's generals. He had even to persuade his wife Laxmidevi to sit at the feet of Mrinalvati to learn the beauties of an austere life!

Throughout Telengana, Mrinalvati was regarded as little short of a goddess—albeit somewhat malevolent. She was known to be one who lived up to the high code of conduct which she had laid down for herself. She was insistent upon the strict observance of this very code by those whose lives she influenced.

But even Mrinalvati had one little sentimental weakness. She had a soft corner for her brother and his reputation. From his childhood, she had endeavoured to make him bold and ambitious. And it was because of her sustained efforts that Tailap had achieved a reputation for bravery. She regarded Tailap's successes as her own, and spared no pains to ensure that whatever came between Tailap and fame was either removed or crushed.

Munj had been the one obstacle in Tailap's otherwise victorious career, the one stain on his military reputation. Not once, but sixteen times had Munj defeated the ruler of Telengana. So dispirited had Tailap become as a result, that on more than one occasion, he had been tempted to admit defeat, pay tribute to Munj and live in peace within his own kingdom. But he reckoned without Mrinal. Before her inflexible determination, any idea of weakening had to be suppressed. In fact, it was not a clash between Munj and Tailap at all. It was really a bitter conflict to death between the wills of two strong personalities—Munj and Mrinalvati.

In the end, it was Mrinal who had won and Munj who had lost. Even the unsentimental and austere heart of Mrinal could not resist for a moment the flutter of happiness and pride that this thought evoked. Munj was known throughout the country as *Prithvi Vallabh,* the "Lord of the Earth". And it was she who had succeeded in vanquishing that lord! What better cause could there be for exultation?

Such were the thoughts which passed through her mind as she and Jakkaladevi walked back from the temple. On arrival at the palace, she issued orders in rapid succession for the organisation of the morrow's victory parade. She sent for the

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leading citizens to confer with them on ways to ensure the magnificence of the parade without upsetting the normal life of the city.

While she was still engaged in discussing the arrangements, Bhillam, Laxmidevi and Vilas arrived. Bhillam looked sad, while Laxmidevi's expression was one of vexation. Vilas alone of the three looked her usual quiet and sweetly attractive self.

"Your Highness," enquired Bhillam, "have you given all necessary orders?"

"Why do you ask?" countered Mrinal stiffly.

"We have conquered Prithvi Vallabh. Our arrangements should be worthy of him."

For a moment Mrinal's bright eyes hardened, but she said quietly "Mahasamant, you must realise that the world has another lord now!"

"In that case," smilingly retorted Bhillam, "we should celebrate that change also."

"You people want any excuse to amuse yourselves. When will you have sense enough not to waste your energies in pleasures?"

"But, Your Highness, this is surely not an ordinary occasion!" ventured Bhillam.

Mrinal looked up, amazed at Bhillam's effrontery. Then, realising that the victory was largely due to him, she reluctantly forgave him his presumption. "Why do you say so?" she asked.

"Once in a hundred years a man like Munj is born on this earth ; once in a thousand years may ordinary people have the good fortune to set their eyes on him ; but not even once in ten thousand years might we see him led as a prisoner."

With an unruffled expression on her face, Mrinal listened to this paean of praise and she remarked: "It seems to me, Mahasamant, that you are not yourself today." Her voice was edged with scorn.

On some other occasion this would have been enough to silence Bhillam, but spurred by pride in his own triumph and stung by Laxmidevi's taunts, he had become emboldened. He ignored the rebuke and coolly retorted, "Is it surprising? After all, one would have to be born again and again to have the privilege to overpower such a warrior single-handed."

"Mahasamant," Mrinal said with a contemptuous smile, "pride is the source of all evil." The anger in her voice left him in no doubt of her feelings. Bold and self-assured though he was, even he was a little intimidated.

"Your Highness," he said, anxious to placate her, "there is one request you will have to grant me."

"What is that?"

"You must come to watch tomorrow's parade."

"I come to the parade!" asked Mrinal incredulously, in the manner of one above all human weaknesses.

"Yes. Not in many lives would an occasion such as tomorrow's recur. The credit for Munj's defeat is yours. That is why you must come."

"Do you realise what penance I shall have to perform if I give in to this weakness to satisfy my curiosity?" she asked with a faint smile.

"I do not suggest that you should

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come to satisfy your curiosity. You must come to please your subjects," he urged, implying tactfully, that her sense of duty should overcome her distaste of seeming curiosity.

"Bhillamraj, I see no difference between committing a sin and getting it committed. All the same, I shall think over your suggestion during the night."

"Vilas also wants to see the parade."

Mrinal's face once again hardened in disapproval. "Mahasamant, you are spoiling this girl." And turning to Vilas, she added: "Have you never before seen a parade? Have you not seen armies? Have you not seen the King? Why should you want to see all these people tomorrow?"

"But when else will she have an opportunity of seeing Munj?" intervened Bhillam.

"What is there in Munj that is different from anyone else? He too is made of flesh, blood and bones like any other mortal." There was disdain in Mrinal's voice.

Bhillam smiled and said: "Yes, but this set of bones has been put together in a very special manner."

"What do you mean?"

"I have not seen anyone as handsome as he is."

"Handsome, handsome! What nonsense are you talking? What difference does a straight nose or a flat one make? Does one see better with large eyes than with small eyes? When the end comes, everything will be turned into ashes. Do you suggest that because Munj is handsome he will take longer to burn?"

"Your Highness, let us discuss this after you have seen him. I am no poet."

"It is just as well, else I would have had to banish you from the country."

"But even if one is not a poet...."

"Mahasamant, that is enough."

"As you please, but what about Vilas?"

Mrinal's face again assumed a harsh expression. "If I come, I shall bring her along. Are you satisfied?"

Mrinal turned her back and walked away.

Bhillam turned towards his wife and said, "Devi, you will see that she will let Vilas come to see the parade tomorrow."

"How do you know?"

"Because Mrinal herself is certain to come."

"Bapu," asked Vilas, "is Munj a poet?"

"People say he is the greatest among poets. Many poets accompany his army."

"Mother, why do people hate poets?" Vilas asked Laxmidevi.

Laxmidevi had not got over her anger, so she replied curtly "Ask your father. When he was a ruler, he used to patronise many poets."

With a sigh, Bhillam said, "I shall show you tomorrow that they are not to be hated; there will be many poets among the prisoners. And, my daughter, you had better go now, otherwise Mrinaldevi will get angry."

Vilas also sighed but went away obediently. Bhillam asked his wife, "What pleasure does a person find in striking one who is already down?"

Laxmi laid her hand on Bhillam's shoulder and said sadly, "Maharaj,

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only to emphasise that even though you conquered the Lord of the Earth, you are still as dependent as ever."

"Do you think that if you keep on repeating that I am dependent, I shall become less so?" Bhillam enquired bitterly.

"No, but I want to be sure that you will not forget that you are a King and become content to be Tailap's general. As soon as our daughter is married, you must give up this service", Laxmidevi replied softly.

With that, the two left the palace.

As was her practice, Mrinalvati sat down for meditation after her bath. Today she took much longer than usual to control her wandering thoughts. She was angry with herself because, like any other ordinary mortal, she had allowed her mind to be elated by this triumph. Eventually, with a great effort, she went into *dhyana*. After her meditation was over, she asked herself whether she should or should not watch the parade. Should she, like ordinary people, weakly surrender to feelings of joy? What made her eager to watch the parade? After a little thought she felt satisfied that if she decided to watch, it would not be through any unworthy urge to exult in her triumph.

What then could be the reason? A desire to see Munj? It was natural that everyone should be eager to see the man—one who had often humbled her brother's pride in the dust, one who had been considered invincible throughout Aryavarta. Even so, why should she want to see him? What could it matter to her otherworldly heart? Surely she had long renounced such petty desires. Then why should she want to see him.... why, why?

Like a flash there came to her the understanding, the real reason. She it was who was responsible for the management of the affairs of the kingdom, and if she were to remain aloof on such an occasion, she would be failing in her duty. For quite a long time she debated within herself, to be sure that this was the real reason. When she concluded that it was, she decided to be present at the parade.

[*To be continued*]

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Notes & News

MEMORIAL TO ADI SANKARA

ONE more memorial to the great Sri Adi Sankaracharya has been built at the instance of H. H. Jagadguru Sri Sankaracharya of Kanchi, on the seashore of Kanyakumari this time. It consists of a *vimana* which houses the idols of Adi Sankara and his four disciples carved in Jaipur marble. The *vimana* is so designed and built as to catch the eye of the devotees after return from their holy bath in the sea. The Kumbabhishekam of this *vimana* was celebrated in the Vedic style on May 31st last.

It is well-known that another Mandapam is being built at the instance of His Holiness at Sri Sailam, where the Bhagavadpada composed his famous hymn *Sivananda Lahiri*.

MUMMY'S ADVICE TO STUDENTS

SRI G. D. PARIKH, Rector of the Bombay University, delivered the inaugural address of the Bhavan's College on the 22nd of the last month. Welcoming the distinguished guest, Smt. Lilavati Munshi, Vice-President of the Bharatiya Vidya Bhavan, said:

In the absence of Kulapatiji, I have a pleasant duty to perform—welcoming Sri Parikh, the able Rector who has imparted a new tone in the life of the Bombay University. He has come to inaugurate this session. He is a great friend of the Bhavan. I also welcome all the students—old and new. I hope you all will feel that you are the members of the Bhavan's larger family in the truest sense of the term and create a bond between each other which should be long-lasting, if not ever-lasting. I also hope that you will study well and profit by the different amenities—like a magnificent Library and cultural activities—provided here and take maximum advantage of all of them. Bhavan is putting up a new structure to house its ever-growing Library and probably a Science College next year. This building is next to the Arts College and passages between the two buildings will be provided so that you can take full advantage of it.

Bhavan will be adding a new activity this year. In our campus at Andheri a full-fledged sports course is being provided which is expected to be ready for use after the monsoon. Every Saturday, Sunday and on holidays, and even during the vacation, I hope all of you who are studying in the Bombay Bhavan's College will go to Andheri and will make full use of it—not only boys, but girls as well. The rifle range in the Bhavan's campus also will be soon completed. I should like to see all the Bhavan's boys and girls physically fit and fully developed. It is the healthy body which makes for a healthy and vigorous mind.

Those boys who want to learn printing may find some scope in our printing press.

Those who want to do a little *Shramdan* are most welcome to work and learn something from our Horticultural and Floricultural schemes at Andheri. This year we have started developing land to produce vegetables besides flowers. The vegetables will be mainly used for the hostel kitchens. Gardening is such a fascinating hobby that once you start it, you never want to leave it. It gives one intense pleasure to see something growing, specially when the seed is planted by your own hands. I would recommend you to try it.

I would recommend one more thing. We are lucky in having a big campus where other people come and organise camps. Why not organise such camps yourself during the holidays and vacation? This way you will come in contact with your fellow-students and will learn more about them. You will gain friendship of many of them which will prove to be very valuable in your future life. I may also mention here that generally we organise a monthly *Shibir* in which Kulapatiji, some profes-

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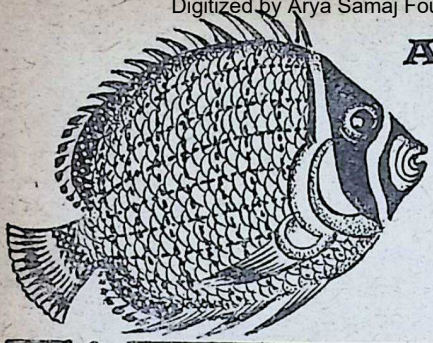
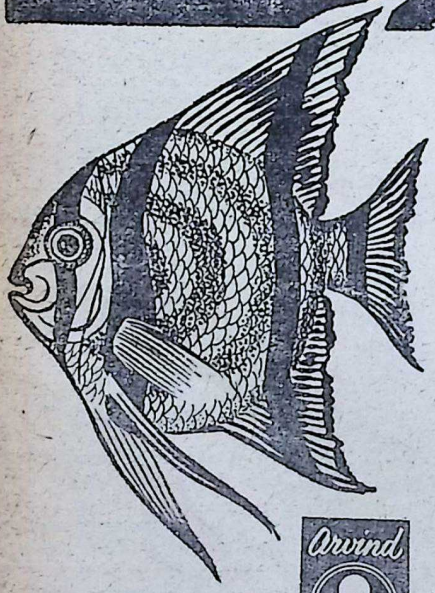


As Lovely as

Lights of Life



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DHOTIES:
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sors and the students participate and where discussions take place followed by a lunch. If you attend it, you will profit by it.

May I venture to ask the girl students what will be your contribution to the corporate life of our institution? May I also venture to give you a word of advice? First of all, I would say that you should come in simple dress and refuse to be butterflies which some of you may mistakenly think people want you to be. Have a sense of purpose in life and enjoy your freedom with restraint and decorum. Cultivate robust and healthy body and be real nation-makers. It is women who set the tone to everything vitalising national consciousness in all spheres of life. This way, you will get better appreciation and respect all-round and should I say, better husbands too.

I am sorry if I sound like sermonizing, but once in a way it is not bad to listen to sermons.

I am glad Sri Parikh is here amongst us this morning and is going to speak to us about probably what he expects all of us to do. Unlike many other institutions, I am glad to tell him that we, in the Bhavan, are lucky to have harmony and better understanding amongst all the workers of the Bhavan, including teachers and other members of the staff and even students. They all strive to make Bhavan in Coue's words "better and better every day." I hope, Sri Parikh, you will always help us to make the Bhavan's College an ideal one.

INTERNATIONAL CONGRESS

THE XI International Congress of the International Association for the History of Religions will be held from September 7 to 12, 1965 at Claremont (about 30 miles from the city of Los Angeles) in California, U.S. Those who wish to attend the Congress must write to Herbert W. Schneider, 143, East 10 Street, Claremont, California.

Late Nagappa Sastri

PANDIT H. NAGAPPA SASTRI

SANSKRIT scholarship suffered a grievous loss in the death on May 19 of Vidyabhushana Pandit Hosakere Nagappa Sastri, retired Professor of Sanskrit and Kannada, Khalsa College, Bombay. The profundity of his scholarship and his work in Sanskrit won the admiration of such an eminent scholar as the late Bharat Bhushan Pandit Madan Mohan Malaviya.

A brilliant student of Sanskrit in school and college, Pandit Nagappa Sastri resigned Government service to take up legal practice and after 18 years of legal work, gave it up during the Civil Disobedience movement in 1931.

Coming to Bombay, he served at the Kangree Gurukul at Shukla Theerth in Broach District and, from 1937, as Professor of Sanskrit and Kannada at the Khalsa College in Bombay. After retiring in 1944 he completed his translation into Sanskrit of Mahatmaji's autobiography which is being published jointly by the Gandhi Smarak Nidhi and the Bharatiya Vidya Bhavan.

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BHARATIYA VIDYA BHAVAN

Results of

SHASTRIYA SANSKRIT EXAMINATIONS

Held in April 1964

PRAVESHIKA

PASS WITH MODERN SUBJECTS:

First Class: 112, 13, 43, 61, and 216.
Second Class: 3, 4, 20, 23, 26, 29, 33, 35, 37, 41, 42, 43, 44, 45, 46, 47, 48, 50, 55, 58, 59, 62, 63, 64, 67, 68, 70, 74, 77, 81, 82, 83.
105, 8, 18, 19, 20, 34, 35, 37, 38, 40, 41, 44, 45 58, 59, 60, 89.
208, 9, 14, 15, 18, to 24, 27, 28, 32, 33, 48, 51, 52.
Third Class: 2, 28, 31, 36, 69, 71, 73, 79, 80. 106.
202, 3, 4, 17, 29, 31.

PASS ONLY IN SANSKRIT:

First Class: 1, 278, 310, and 320.
Second Class: 7, 9, 12, 17, 18, 19, 21, 22, 27, 40, 57, 66, 89, 90, 92, to 97, 99.
101, 2, 3, 9, 10, 14, 15, 16, 27, 33, 39, 67, 70, 71, 76, 77, 78, 83, to 88, 92.
200, 1, 13, 30, 53, 55, 56, 57, 60 to 63, 65, 68 70, 71, 72, 73, 77, 92, 93, 94.
308, 10, 15, 21, 23, 24, 36, 39.
Third Class: 8, 10, 11, 34, 38, 56, 60, 61, 75, 76, 85, 86.
100, 4, 23, 31, 54, 55, 56, 68, 72, 73, 79, to 82, 93, 94, 96, 97.
210, 45, 46, 47, 50, 59, 64, 66, 69, 74, 75, 83, 85.
305, 6, 7, 12, 13, 14, 17, 30, 31, 34, 35.

PRIZE WINNERS:

First Prize : 320	Bhaskar Bhagat, Dadar.
Second Prize : 113	Lakshminarayan Tripathi, Maheva.
Third Prize : 161	Kshemchand, Paliwal (Hardwar).

POORVA MADHYAMA

PASS WITH MODERN SUBJECTS:

Second Class: 1, 2, 4, 5, 8, 12, 13, 15, 21, 22, 39, 42, 43, 44, 52, 55, 59, 71, to 74, 76 to 79, 95, 97.
115, 17, 24, 31, 46, 47, 48, 60, 61, 63, 65, 83, 88, 89, 93, 94, 95, 98.
215, 16, 19, 64, 65, 68, 69, 87.
Third Class: 9, 14, 18, 23, 40, 45, 47, 50, 56, 58, 61, 62, 67, 70, 81, 89.
101 to 8, 10, 16, 20, 34, 36, to 40, 43A, 71, 74, 96.
203, 5, 56, 62.

PASS ONLY IN SANSKRIT:

Second Class: 10, 11, 20, 24, 26, 34, 37, 54, 63, 64, 68, 80, 82, 85, 86, 88, 92.
112, 13, 14, 26, 27, 28, 32, 50, 51, 53, 58, 59, 62, 75, 84, to 87, 90, 92, 99.
200, 6, 9, 10, 11, 20, 26, 28, 29, 30, 32 to 37, 44, 45, 67, 80 to 83, 85, 86, 88, 89, 91.
Third Class: 27, 29, 30, 32, 33, 36, 69, 83, 84, 94, 98.
123, 30, 35, 41, 49, 66, 80, 81, 82, 91.
212, 22, 31, 38, 42, 43, 54, 59, 60, 93, 94, 95.

UTTARA MADHYAMA

PASS WITH MODERN SUBJECTS:

Second Class: 1, 3, 4, 6, 14, 19, 22, 23, 41, 51 79, 81, 85A, 86 to 88, 90, 91.
111, 12, 13, 15, 16, 18, 19, 20, 22, 43, 44, 56.
224, 25, 27, 29.
Third Class: 2, 7, 9, 10, 11, 18, 20, 38, 39, 40, 42, 43, 44, 56, 84, 89, 154 and 226.

PASS ONLY IN SANSKRIT:

First Class: 211 and 216.
Second Class: 5, 24, to 27, 34, 35, 36, 45, 53, 58, 59, 61, 66, 70, 72, 85, 92, 93.
100, 2, 6, 8, 10, 14, 21, 23, 25, 26, 30, 33, 35, 36 37, 40, 41, 45, 50 to 53, 58 to 61, 65, 66, 72, 75 to 78, 84, 89, 91, 95, 96, 98.
204, 14, 15, 17, 18, 21, 28, 34.
Third Class: 28, 29, 32, 33, 54, 55, 67, 68, 75 95, 96, 98, 99.
105, 7, 9, 17, 27, 32, 34, 42, 47, 48, 57, 67, 70, 71, 73, 80, to 83, 90, 92, 93, 94.
208, to 10, 10A, 12, 13, 20, 22, 30, 31, 33.

PRIZE WINNERS:

First Prize: will be shared by following two students:
211 Sadhu Siddheshwardas, Dadar.
216 Satyapriyadas Sadhu, Dadar.
Second Prize: 229 Paramanand Uniyal, Bombay.
Third Prize: 115 Ram Naresh Tripathi, Pilikothi.

SHASTRI (I PART)

PASS WITH MODERN SUBJECTS

7, 8, 9, 14, 30, 40 to 43, 51, 65, 68 to 72, 128, 29, 80A, 97.

PASS ONLY IN SANSKRIT

1, 3, 4, 5, 10, 12, 13, 17 to 20, 26, 27, 28, 31 to 35, 38, 39, 44 to 50, 56, 57, 60, 64, 67, 73 to 76, 78, 79, 81 to 95, 97.
101 to 4, 7, 8, 9, 11, 13 to 27, 31 to 35, 37, 38 40 to 46, 48, 54, 55, 56, 58, 59, 61, 63, 65, 66 to 72 75, 77, 78, 80, 83, 85 to 89, 92 to 96, 98, 99, 200, 9, 19, 21, 23, 29, 36, 37, 39, 40, 41.

Result reserved of the following candidates:
212 to 218.

SHASTRI (II PART).

PASS WITH MODERN SUBJECTS:

Second Class: 281, 85.
325, 39, 40, 57.
406 and 414.
Third Class: 268, 83.
316, 19, 21, 22, 24, 41.
408, 13, 19.

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PASS ONLY IN SANSKRIT :

First Class : 368 only.

Second Class : 255, 58, 59, 60, 69, 73, 75, 90, 96, 97, 98, 99.
300, 2, 6, 14, 23, 30, 34, 36, 37, 46, 51, 52, 53, 62, 65, 66, 70, 72, 76, 79, 80, 82, 84, 85, 87, 88, 90, 92, 98, 99.
400, 4, 9 to 12, 22, 24 to 28.

Third Class : 253, 54, 57, 62 to 65, 71, 72, 78, 79, 82, 84, 86, 88, 89, 91, 94.
303, 10, 18, 29, 35, 38, 43, 45, 47, 49, 50, 55, 58, 60, 67, 74, 77, 78, 83, 86, 94, 96.
402, 18, 20, 23.

SAMPOORNA SHASTRI

PASS ONLY IN SANSKRIT :

First Class : 438 and 443.

Second Class : 439, 40, 42, 44, 45, 50, 52, 53, 56, 57, 58, 60, 61, 62, 67, 70, 75, 76, 81, 84.

Third Class : 436, 37, 46, 49, 69, 80, 82.

PASS ONLY IN MODERN SUBJECTS

Third Class : 448 only.

PASS ONLY IN FIRST PART :

454, 55, 66, 77 and 78.

PRIZE WINNERS :

First Prize : 438—Surjen Singh, Aheripur.

Second Prize : 443—Suvalal Upadhyaya, Jhansi.

Third Prize : 368—Sadhu Bhagavad Prasad, Ahmedabad.

ACHARYA (I PART):

PASS WITH MODERN SUBJECTS :

3, 4, 19, 44, 55, 61, 62, 63, 93, 94, and 111.

PASS ONLY IN SANSKRIT :

5, 6, 7, 13, 14, 15, 20, 21, 22, 26, 28, 29 to 33, 36, 37, 40, 41, 42, 45, 47, 48, 52, 53, 54, 56, 57, 58, 65, 66, 69, 70, 76, 77, 79, 82, 84, 85, 86, 88, 90, 91, 99.
100, 1, 5, 10.
Result Reserved 87.

ACHARYA (II PART)

PASS WITH MODERN SUBJECTS :

117, 19, 20, 36, 41.

PASS ONLY IN SANSKRIT :

118, 21, 22, 23, 24, 25, 27, 28, 29, 33, 37, to 40, 43, 44, 45, 47, 49, 50, 51, 53, 54.

ACHARYA (III PART)

PASS WITH MODERN SUBJECTS :

Second Class : 170 and 191.

Third Class : 184 and 190.

PASS ONLY IN SANSKRIT :

Second Class : 166, 72, 73, 75, 76, 77, 80, 87, 89, 93.

Third Class : 174, 78, 79, 82, 86.

PRIZE WINNERS:

First Prize : 177—Ramkrishna Sharma, Fatehpur.

Second Prize : 180—Deenanath Sharma, Manoharpur.

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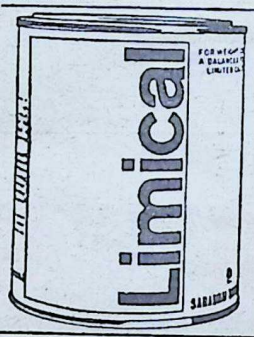

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INDIAN PALAEOGRAPHY. By Dr. A. H. Dani. Published by Oxford University Press. 1963. Price: 65s. net. (in U.K. only).

THIS major contribution to the scriptal lore of Ancient India, critical, constructive and up-to-date, supersedes the work of pioneers like Dr. Butler, enlarges the field of study, and consolidates the acquisitions so far made. We heartily welcome this solid achievement as a stimulus to further efforts by Indologists. Dr. A. L. Basham observes in his Foreword: "The work is of great importance to the historian, and will long remain an essential companion to his studies...He (the author) has given a more complete survey of the evolution of the Indian scripts than any earlier scholar" (p. vii). Dr. Dani emphasises the dictum that "the letter-forms are a part of culture, and palaeography defines them within that culture" (p. ix). The Introduction surveys the work of earlier writers. The yet-undeciphered Indus script is described as not very complicated in its ultimate analysis (p. 19). "Whatever may be the particular source of inspiration, Brahmi is a creation of the Indian Pandits" (pp. 29-30). Asokan Brahmi does not exhibit regional variations (p. 35). The script of the Bhattiprolu inscriptions is the most puzzling (pp.69-70). The early Gupta inscriptions carry further the regional styles of the 3rd century A. D. The proto-regional scripts, Northern and Southern, cover more than 100 pages. A separate chapter is devoted to Ceylon, whose local script was influenced by the records of the Satavahanas, Ikshvakus, Kadambas and Pallavas (p. 225). The penultimate chapter discusses the records of South-East Asia, Indo-China, Borneo, Java, Malaya, Sumatra and Burma. The Kharoshthi script is dealt with in the 10th and last chapter. This uniformity of the Kharoshthi, as opposed to the changing forms of the Brahmi script, speaks of a wider cultural unity in this region" (p. 271). Annamalai stands for Anaimalai on pp. 112, 202 and 291. Every chapter is provided with a bibliography. The Appendix contains a Glossary of Terms. The Index is followed by 23 plates.

—*Prof. R. Sathianathaier*

OF HUMAN BONDAGE AND DIVINE GRACE. By Dr. V. A. Devasenapathy, M.A., Ph.D., Reader of Philosophy, University of Madras. Published by Annamalai University.

SAIVA SIDDHANTA is the name of a school of philosophy based on *Sivagnanabodha*. The scriptures of this school are known as *Maikkandar Sastram*. It is a school of theistic philosophy where God Siva is the supreme one. They have got their own technical terms of their philosophy. They believe in three *tatvas—pati, pasu, pasa*. The absolute of philosophy is described as *pati* and souls are called *pasus*. The bondage is called *pasa*.

Though they use Tamil as the medium of presenting their thoughts, they have as their basis the Upanishad texts and scriptures of the Sanskrit language. In the South, attempt is made to retain Tamil language for all purposes. In the field of religion and philosophy they have translated all important works of Sanskrit literature. Further they have written valuable books on philosophy and religion in their own way of thinking.

Maikkandar and other thinkers are eminent philosophers. They interpret philosophical thoughts in their own way but in no way inconsistent with other philosophical thoughts. Dr. Devasenapathy, being an eminent scholar in philosophy and well-versed in Tamil, explains his thoughts very clearly. His defence about the two infinites of souls and God is very striking. In his lectures he presents the idea of Saiva Siddhanta in a scholarly manner. We welcome the book.

Agnihothram
Ramanuja Thathachariar

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GIPSIES (FORGOTTEN CHILDREN OF INDIA). By Chaman Lal. Published by the Publications Division of the Ministry of Information and Broadcasting, Delhi-6. 1962. pp. XVI +214; Price: Rs. 5.

MOST of us might have heard of the wandering gipsies of Europe and America but perhaps we do not know that they are our own kith and kin. They are descended from the Aryan stock of Punjab, Sind, Saurashtra, Rajputana and Malwa. Many legends are current about their migration. Quite a good number of volumes have been written by experts explaining their origin and almost all are unanimous in their opinion that they are of Aryan origin and their language, Romany, is derived from Sanskrit.

Bhikshu Chaman Lal, the author of the book under notice has collected in it contributions from several well-known authorities, European and American, supporting his theories and has tried to prove conclusively that the gipsies are a wandering race, Indian in origin. He has also given a life-like picture of their habits and beliefs.

The author has indeed rendered a valuable service not only to this ancient race but also to India by undertaking this labour of love which has furnished us knowledge of the scattered remnants of our race—their customs, occupations and whereabouts.

The value of the book is all the more enhanced by the scholarly Foreword of Dr. C. P. Ramaswami Aiyar. The book is dedicated to our beloved leader, Jawaharlal Nehru.

—*Dr. A. S. Gopani*

SANSKRIT

PRAPANNA-PARIJATA—A Compendium on the theory and practice of Prapatti in the school of Sri Ramanuja by Vatsya Varadarya, edited with a Hindi translation, by N. V. Rajagopalan, M.A. Published by Visishtadvaita Pracarini Sabha, 7, Nathamuni St., Madras-17. Price: Rs. 3.

WE congratulate the Visishtadvaita Pracarini Sabha, Madras, for giving out to students of Hindu religion this brief but earliest authoritative work in Sanskrit on the doctrine of Prapatti or Self-surrender of the Jivatman to Paramatman, through the Guru. The doctrine, known also by other names such as Saranagati and Bharanyasa, is the keynote of Sri Ramanuja's Vaishnava Theism. The doctrine is inherited by him from the Alwars and by them from the earlier sources of the Sastras.

The author of this short metrical work, Vatsya Varada, is a distinguished author in the history of Visishtadvaita school. His work on Prapatti has been the basis of more detailed treatment of the subject in the two major offshoots of the system. The subject has been expounded here, systematically, mostly in Anushtubh verses,—including numerous quotations from a variety of sources such as the *Srutis*, the texts of the *Pancaratra Samhitaas, the Epics, Manu, Gita* and *Bhagavata* and other Puranas. The Hindi translation of this compact Sanskrit classic is bound to achieve emotional integration of the north with the south.

—*Dr. B. N. K. Sharma*

SANSKRIT-ENGLISH

SRI HARSA'S PLAYS. Translated into English with full Sanskrit Text by Bak Kun Bae. Published for the Indian Council for Cultural Relations by Asia Publishing House, Bombay. 512 pages. Cr. Quarto. Price: Rs. 45/-.

THIS is a magnificent edition of Sri Harsa's complete works consisting of *Nagananda, Ratnavali* and *Priyadarshini* with Sanskrit text in bold type, judicial notes in English and complete English translation. A great advantage to the young scholar is the prose-order separately given for poems in the text. So far as the modern English educated scholar is concerned, the method adopted by the present editor appears to be ideal in that his difficulties are anticipated and sought to be solved in an effective way. In fact the present method should prove extremely popular and become a favourite pattern in the

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The translation and explanations are eminently readable and accurate and the notes are correct and judicious. The editor does not clutter up the pages with alternate readings. In the introduction he has tried to give a conspectus of Sri Harsa and his works which is excellent. That it was given to a Korean scholar to have done so well a job which had been crying out to be done, bespeaks eloquently of his devotion to Sanskrit. One wishes that the editor would take upon himself the task of editing other Sanskrit classics too. The reviewer's only grouse is against the price of this volume which, although perhaps legitimate, is forbidding to the ordinary man. One hopes that a popular edition will be brought out soon. Altogether a commendable effort.

—Krishnananda

GUJARATI

SRI HARIBHADRA-SURI (Sayaji Sahityamala, No. 336). By H. R. Kapadia. Published by the Oriental Institute, M. S. University, Baroda. 1963. pp. 28+376. Price: Rs. 8.50 nP.

HARIBHADRA was an eminent Jain scholar of the eighth century. He was a prolific writer of tracts, manuals, commentaries, compendia, prose narratives, satire; all these emanated from his pen in an untiring succession. His contribution to the literature of analytical thought, especially to philosophy and logic, is quite valuable. His *Samaraiccakaha* and *Dhurtakhyana* enjoy a unique position in Prakrit literature.

In the book under review Prof. Kapadia has presented an authentic and exhaustive account of Haribhadra's life and works. He has consulted all the earlier sources and for every item of the rich mass of information made available, he has invariably cited evidence and authority.

Prof. Kapadia's thorough knowledge of original Jain sources and his scientific approach have given us a work which, besides the valuative works of Pandit Sukhlal and Dr. Indukala Jhaveri, will have to be frequently consulted in studies relating to Haribhadra.

—Dr. H. C. Bhayani

SAMAJ-SHIKSHAN (Social Education). By S. H. Shah. (Sri Sayaji Gram-Vikas-Mala, No. 29). Published by Oriental Institute, M. S. University of Baroda, 1963. Price. Rs. 2.80.

IN our post-independence set-up, community development and social education have assumed very great importance. The book under review gives a simple yet systematic account of the aims, scope and importance of social education as also of its methods, techniques and organisation. It will be found quite useful by those concerned with the work of rural uplift.

—Dr. H. C. Bhayani

TELUGU

SRI TATTWAMU. By Sri M. Venkatanarasimha Rao. Published by Sadhana Grantha Mandali, Tenali. pp. 176. Price: Rs. 2.

THE worship of Devi or Shakti is recognised in India from time immemorial. Sankara Bhagavatpada himself says in his opening verse of *Soundarya Lahari*—'Siva is able to create only when He is united with Shakti.' The author of the book under review, who is an ardent devotee of this cult, has in this booklet tried to analyse and explain clearly the several aspects of the Mother Divine Tripurasundari, the *Shodasa Kama Kala,* the nature of Maheswara and Gayatri and has also cleared many of the common doubts which are likely to arise in the minds of laymen. This short analysis of Sri Vidya is illuminating and instructive.

—Prof. A. C. Kamakshi Rao

KANNADA

YATRIKANA PATRAGALU. By V. N. Acharya. Published by Sri Marikamba Temple, Sirsi, North Kanara. 1963. Pages 120. Price: Rs. 1.50.

IN these *Letters of a Pilgrim,* Sri V. N. Acharya tells us about his pilgrimages from Kanyakumari to Kanchipuram—covering most of the important religious centres in this part of the country, e.g. Suchindram, Sabarimalai, Madurai, Rameshwaram, Sri Rangam, Trichy, Arunachalam etc. But this is

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not merely a travel-book. It is of a distinct *genre* inasmuch as the sensitive writer pays more attention to the religious and spiritual significance of each of the centres than to their physical features, though of this too there is enough to whet the appetite, especially with the good number of plates inserted in the book.

There is a thoughtful set of instructions at the outset, intended to put the pilgrim in the proper frame of mind and body before entering the *Kshetra*. This is indeed very much necessary if pilgrimages are not to turn into picnics.

The book grows on the reader and we look forward to the next bunch of letters of the author.

—*M. P. Pandit*

TAMIL

THE BHAGAVADGITA IN TAMIL VERSE. By Semanagar Pattanar, with explanatory notes by Puliyur Kesikan. Published by Puravalan Padippakam, Madras-17. 443 pages. Price: Rs. 3.

THE *Bhagavad Gita* has been translated into almost every language of the world, and in each language there are numerous translations. Almost all of the translations are in prose. Very few are in verse form. Of the latter kind is *The Song Celestial* by Edwin Arnold. The present book probably represents the first attempt to give a verse rendering of the *Gita* in Tamil.

It has been done by a great and devout scholar, Semanagar Pattanar by name, about whom unfortunately no biographical material is available. The translation has been done so well that it reads like an original composition. The style is simple and pleasing. Sri Puliyur Kesikan has written a Tamil commentary on each verse which bears the marks of intimate acquaintance with the classical commentaries on the *Gita*. This is a valuable addition to the literature in Tamil on the *Gita* which those acquainted with that language can read with profit and interest.

—*Prof. P. Sankaranarayanan*

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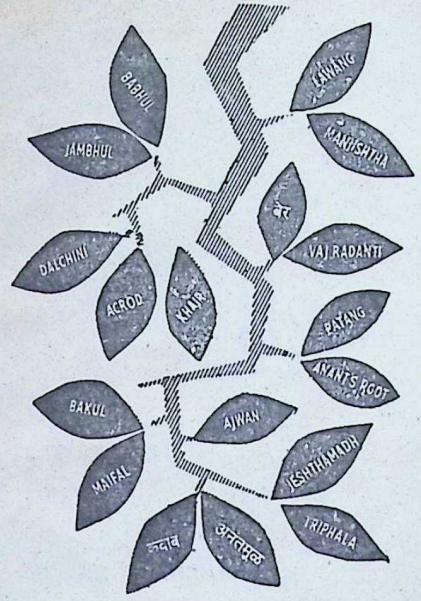

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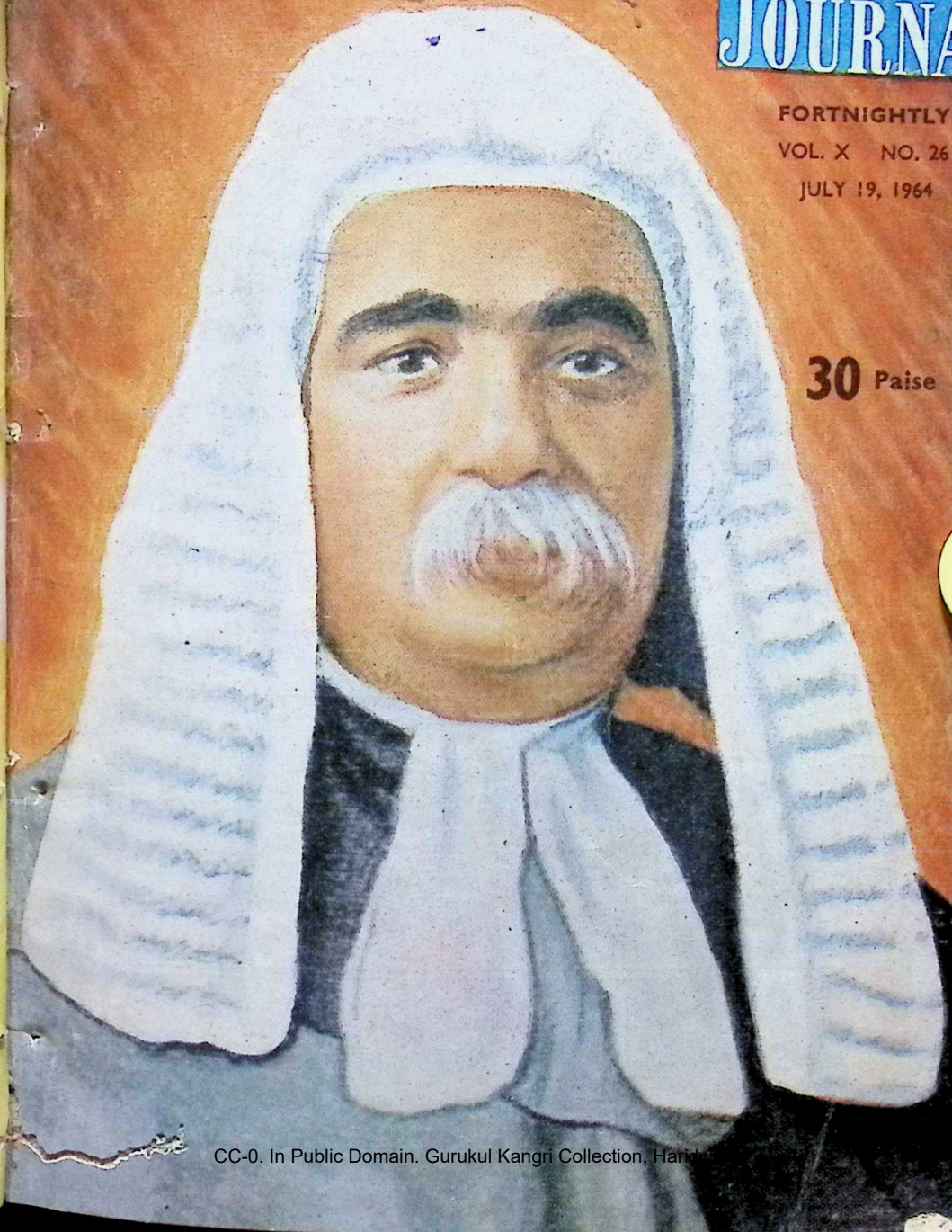

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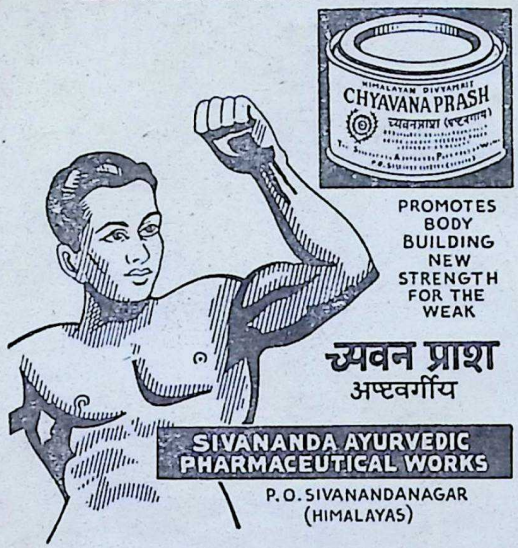

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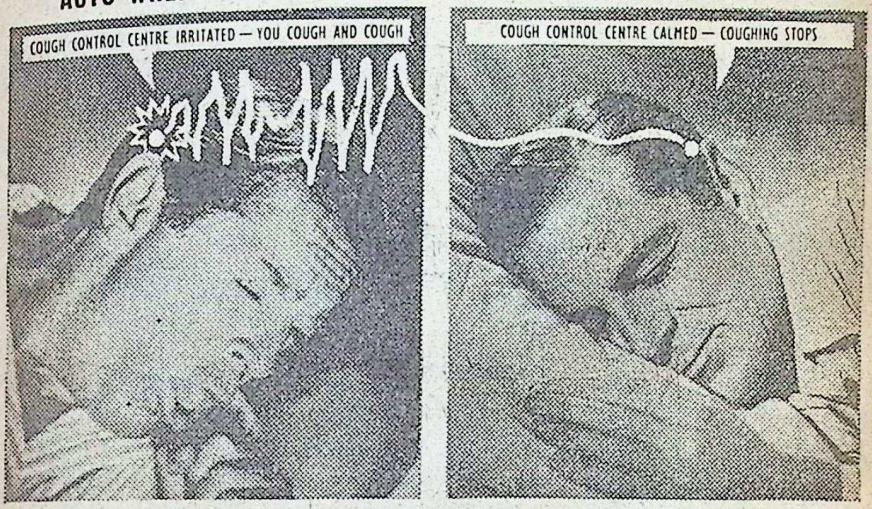

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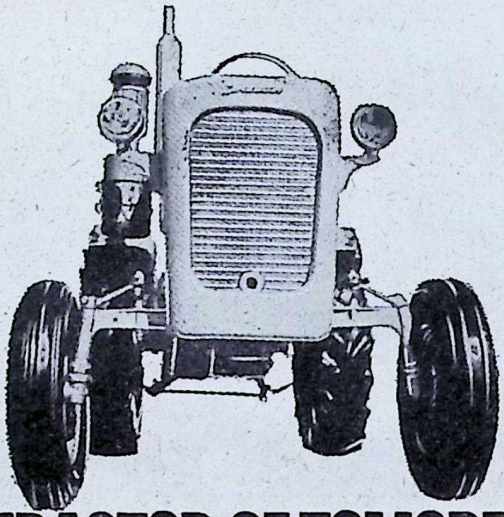

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FORTNIGHTLY

Devoted to Life, Literature and Culture

contents

	Page
* **The Greatest Friend** (Vedic Prayer)	7
* **Kulapati's Letter No. 314:** Bhavan's Campus	8
* **Union with God**—St. Theresa ..	13
* **The Middle Way**	14
* **Thoughts from Jawaharlal Nehru:** Dharma	15
* **Asutosh**—Gurudev Tagore	17
* **Sir Asutosh Mookerjee** —Dr. S. Radhakrishnan	19
* **A Great Indian** —Sir Michael Sadler	21
* **He Would Have Been a Bismark** —Sir P. C. Ray	23
* **My Father: Sir Asutosh Mookerjee** —Dr. S. P. Mookerjee	25
* **Krishnavatara (Part III): Epilogue 2 —Reactions: Duryodhana** —Sri K. M. Munshi	31
* **Dakshin Bharat Yatra—2** (A Travel Diary)—A Yatrik ..	39
* **Roy Emerson** (Profile)	46
* **Parentage of Vali-Sugriva**	48
* **Libraries in Ancient India** —Prof. U. Venkatakrishna Rao ..	50
* **Question Box**	55
* **What Gives the Salt Its Savour?** —Prof. G. M. Wyburn	57
* **The Function of the School** —Sri P. Trivedi	61
* **Trees are Our Wealth**	63
* **Prithvi Vallabh: The Beloved of the Earth**—Sri K. M. Munshi	67
* **Notes & News**	75
* **Our Bookshelf**	77

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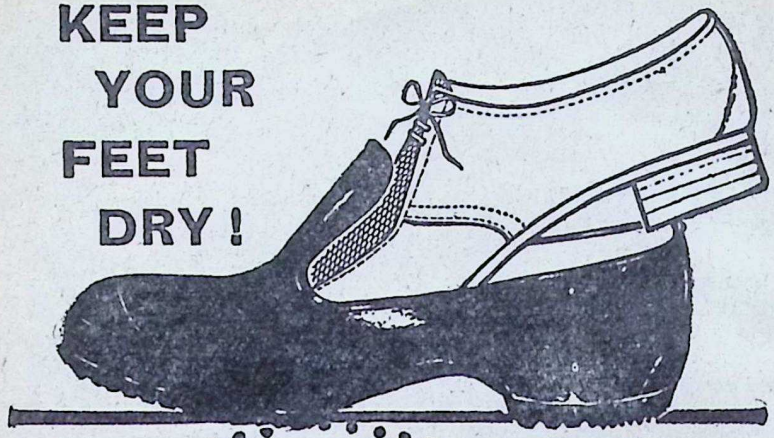

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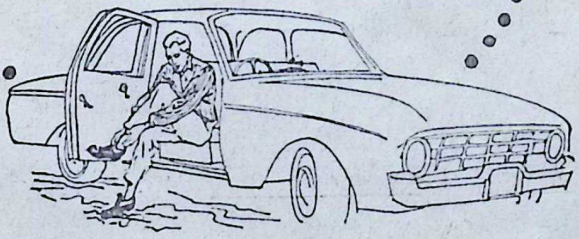

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आ नो भद्राः क्रतवो यन्तु विश्वतः

Let noble thoughts come to us from every side

—Rigveda, I-89-i

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BHAVAN'S JOURNAL

The Greatest Friend

त्राता नो बोधि ददृशान आपिर्
अभिख्याता मंडिता सोम्यानाम् ।
सखा पिता पितृतमः पितृ
कर्तेमु लोकम् उशते वयोधाः ॥

Be Thou our Saviour; show Thyself our Own,
Looking after and showing mercy to the worshippers,
Friend, Father, Fatherliest of fathers,
Giving to the loving worshipper free space and vital power.

—*Rigveda, IV* 17-17.

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No. 314

KULAPATI'S LETTER
on Life, Literature & Culture

☆ BHAVAN'S CAMPUS

BHARATIYA VIDYA BHAVAN,
BOMBAY.
JULY 19, 1964.

MY YOUNG FRIEND,

ON June 23, 1964, I dictated my impressions of the Bhavan's Campus at Andheri in Bombay, which I now share with you.

For the last several weeks, I have lived mostly in bed, what with an operation for cataract, stomach trouble and the inscrutable ailment "virus fever" which covers every fever which the doctors cannot diagnose. Four of these weeks I spent at Bhavan's Campus at Andheri.

I admit that I am a fond parent. I love everything in the creation of which I had some share or the other, including plays, novels, institutions. However, during the last month, staying in the Campus, I have grown ever more fond of it.

As I enter the Campus, leaving behind the crowded and ugly streets of Andheri, a beautiful vista opens before my eyes—wide roads, flanked by beautiful trees, avenues of "gulmohrs" and dwarf coconut palms—the fruit of fourteen years of Vanamahotsava religiously performed; beds of variegated flowers; the Arts and Science College on one side; the Engineering College on the other; the Institute of Food Technology and the Hansraj Morarji Public School beyond. Inset in the middle of the Campus is the temple of Lord Chandrasekhara, the family deity, which I had brought from Broach, my native town, and installed here.

Viewed from my bed-room window, it is a lovely picture. I wish I could paint it. In the foreground, branches of "gulmohrs" studded with flowers of gorgeous

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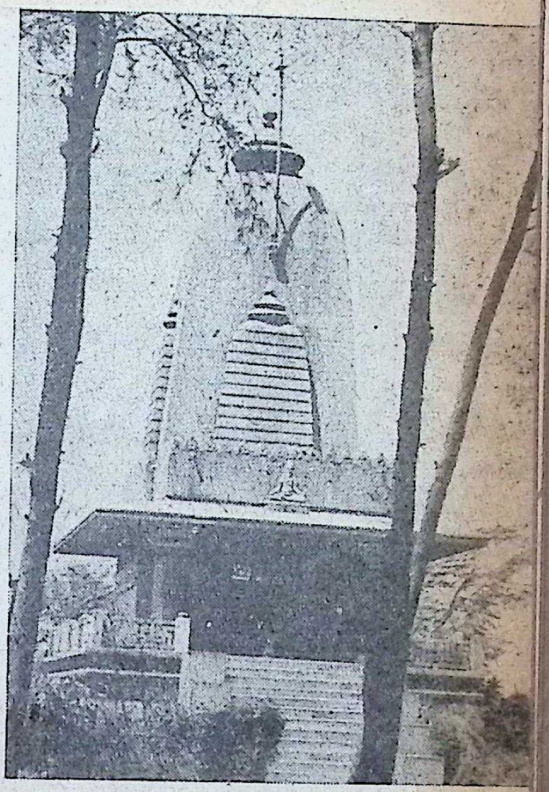
hue, sway in the breeze with perfect rhythm. The background is provided by the spacious sports courts in the making, and beyond it is the hostel of the Engineering College, now in the course of construction, shutting out the horizon. In the evening, when the sun is setting behind the hostel, the whole scene is lit up by a dreamland sunshine.

The cottage in which we live has pleasant memories for me. A part of it was built by my daughter when she was a lecturer in the Bhavan's College. She left it years ago to join the Ramakrishna Mission and now hides her identity under the name of Pravrajika Atmaprana.

But for these lovely surroundings, this enforced idleness inside the cottage might have been boring, for it is since years that I had such a long period of inactivity. Never before, since I began to read and write at the age of five, have I ever had to give up reading and writing for weeks. Not being accustomed to have things read out to me, it is almost painful to develop a sixth sense to be able to follow what others read out to me, particularly when everyone who reads for me has a special way of pronouncing English words. And to revise anything that I have dictated by merely having it read out is a strenuous exercise in patience.

This cottage, which is at the farthest end of the Campus, creates an illusion that we are living in solitude. This sense of solitude does not become oppressive, for we are part of the small world of the Campus. This world consists of principals of the four institutions and other resident members of the academic and executive staff; of large hostels which, though empty as I write, will soon be filled with noisy students. Not to forget the animal population, it also has buffaloes; horses to teach riding to the Public School students; a world of raucous crows and serpents which sometimes come to the surface to share our life.

I am developing the art of being



"...Temple of Lord Chandrasekhara, the family deity..."

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"...It is a lovely picture. I wish I could paint it..."

lazy, an unusual change in my normal life. But I am beginning to enjoy it. In the morning, the young daughter of the Vice-Principal, dressed in finery, brings flowers in a cane tray and, placing it on the table, takes her leave with a timid ceremonial bow.

At 6.15 p.m., we, together with some friends, offer prayers in the cottage. The music teacher sings a *bhajan* or two. Then we go for the evening stroll, passing through the avenue of dwarf coconut palms whose many-fingered branches, waving in the breeze, join overhead to make an ever-moving canopy.

We then go to the temple and offer our prayers to the deity. I worshipped the *Lingam* Chandrasekhara in my ancestral house at Broach in my boyhood. In the old orthodox days, sometimes I myself used to perform *Rudri*, a form of worship favoured by Lord Shiva. I have sentimental attachment to this deity. Our family for generations used to look upon it almost as a living ancestor. And I am very happy indeed that even now I have the good fortune of having its *darshan*.

People from Andheri visit the temple and quite a crowd collects at the time of the *arti*.

During the last year, the Campus Committee, under Mummy's chairmanship, had been transforming the Campus. Flower-beds are everywhere. Several plots of land are being prepared for a kitchen garden. A variety of flowers are being reared in a nursery.

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We go across the Campus to the Engineering College and reach the internal road which divides the properties of the Bhavan from the allied Kabibai Trust. We cross the compound of the Public School.

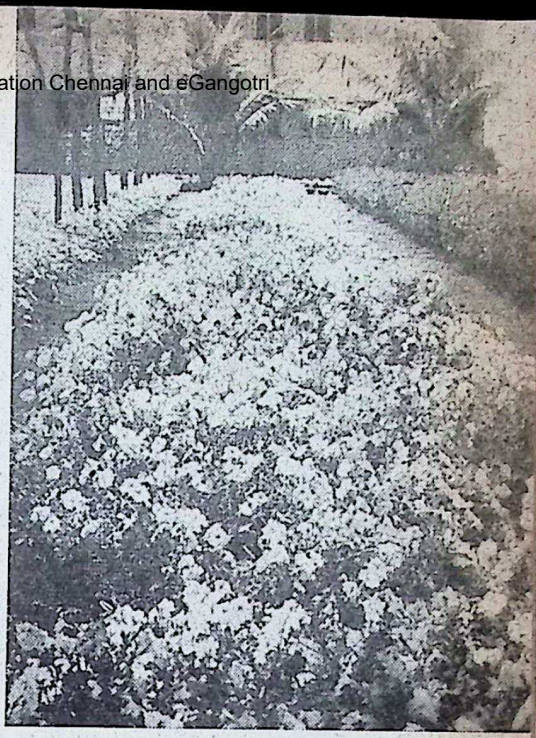
When I see the transformation that has come over this Campus during the last few years, I am always reminded of the first occasion on which, in search of a good plot of land for the Public School, I came upon this spot in about 1937—a hundred and odd acres of land, all barren, most of it boggy, filled with sea-water and a large pond full of dirty stagnant water.

In the course of a charity suit, Sir Jamshedji Kanga, the then Advocate-General of Bombay, induced me to take an interest in the affairs of the Kabibai Trust which was then in a mess. As his junior in the case, he let me draw up a scheme as I liked and, as I had taken a fancy to the idea of a Public School, I made the establishment of a Public School one of the primary objects of the Trust. I was appointed a Trustee of the Kabibai Trust.

That is how, between the Bhavan and the Kabibai Trust, I acquired this plot of about 150 acres of land.

I never thought then that it would be given to me to see this Campus rise—grounds filled and levelled, trees planted year after year, buildings rising brick by brick. I may be speaking from my limited knowledge, but few private institutions have such a fine campus.

When a Food Minister, I had talked about the philosophy and technique of land transformation.



"...beds of variegated flowers..."

Anyway, in this little corner of Bombay, it has been given to me to see that this piece of land is being transformed into a modern *ashram* by the team-work and enthusiasm of my co-workers.

Very soon, the Colleges and School will re-open. The institutions will be humming with activity. About 2500 students will come here to study in the institutions of the Campus. Prayers will be held every evening. The temple bell will ring merrily day after day to remind everyone that this is the work of God.

Yours sincerely,

K. M. Munshi

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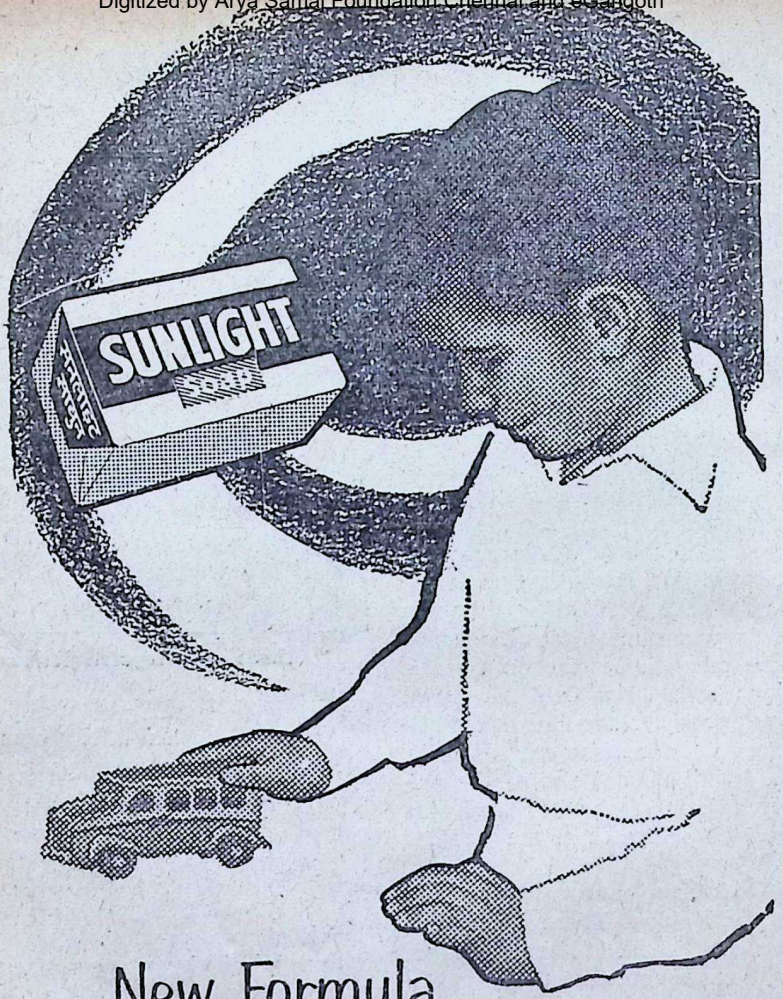

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UNION WITH GOD

St. Theresa

WHEN I see people very anxious to know what sort of prayer they practise, covering their faces and afraid to move or think, lest they should lose any slight tenderness and devotion they feel, I know how little they understand how to obtain union with God, since they think it consists in such things as these.

No, sisters, no; our Lord expects *works* from us. If you see a sick sister whom you can relieve, never fear losing your devotion: treat her with compassion; if she is in pain, feel for it as if it were your own, and when there is need, fast so that she may eat. This is the true union of our will with the will of God.

If someone else is well spoken of, be more pleased than if it were yourself; this is easy enough, for if you were humble it would vex you to be praised. It is a great good to rejoice in your sister's virtues being known and to feel as sorry for the fault you see in her as if it were yours, hiding it from the sight of others.

I have often spoken on this subject elsewhere, because, my sisters, if we fail in this I know that all is lost; please God this may never be our case.

If you possess fraternal charity, I assure you that you will certainly obtain the union I have described. If you are conscious that you are wanting in this charity, although you may feel devotion and sweetness and a short absorption in the prayer of quiet—which makes you think you have attained to union with God—believe me you have not yet reached it.

Beg our Lord to grant you perfect love for your neighbour, and leave the rest to Him. He will give you more than you know how to desire if you constrain yourselves and strive with all your power to gain it, forcing your will as far as possible to comply in all things with your sister's wishes although you may sometimes forfeit your own rights by so doing.

Forget your self-interest for theirs, however much nature may rebel; when opportunity occurs take some burden upon yourself to ease your neighbour of it.

Do not fancy it will cost you nothing and that you will find it all done for you.

[*The Interior Castle* v, iii, 11-12.]

□□□

This only is charity, to do all, all that we can.

—John Donne

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the middle way

SONA KOLIVISA was the son of a rich merchant who had joined the order of monks of the Buddha.

Through excess of zeal he had been walking on thorns and the path where he walked was covered with blood.

Then he thought: "And if I were to return to my home and use my wealth in doing good deeds?"

Buddha, the Master, knew his thoughts, and went to him and asked him: "When you were at home, Sona, could you play on the lute?"

"Yes, Master."

"When the strings of the lute were over-taut, did your lute give proper sounds?"

"No, Master."

"When the strings of your lute were neither over-taut nor over-slack the lute gave the proper sounds. Was it not so?"

"It was so, Master."

"Even so, Sona, an excess of zeal leads to self-exaltation, and lack of zeal leads to indolence: have an evenness of zeal, master your powers in harmony. Be this your aim."

And Sona Kolivisa heard the words of the Master and obeyed them; and in a short time reached Nirvana.

—*From the Vinaya, 1, 5.*

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Thoughts from
Jawaharlal Nehru—3

DHARMA

THE central idea of old Indian civilization, or Indo-Aryan culture, was that of *dharma,* which was something much more than religion or creed; it was a conception of obligations, of the discharge of one's duties to oneself and to others.

This *dharma* itself was part of *Rita,* the fundamental moral law governing the functioning of the universe and all it contained.

If there was such an order then man was supposed to fit into it, and he should function in such a way as to remain in harmony with it.

If man did his duty and was ethically right in his action, the right consequences would inevitably follow. Rights as such were not emphasized. That, to some extent, was the old outlook everywhere.

It stands out in marked contrast, with the modern assertion of rights, rights of individuals, of groups, of nations.

Without the foundation of *dharma* there is no true happiness and society cannot hold together. The aim is social welfare, not the welfare of a particular group only but of the whole world, for 'the entire world of mortals is a self-dependent organism.'

Yet *dharma* itself is relative and depends on the times and the conditions prevailing, apart from some basic principles, such as adherence to truth, non-violence, etc.

These principles endure and do not change, but otherwise *dharma,* that amalgam of duties and responsibilities, changes with the changing age.

[From *The Discovery of India*]

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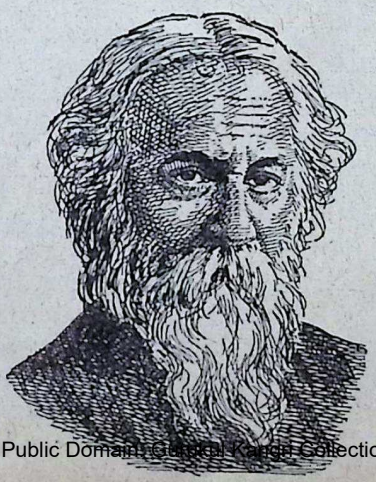
The birth centenary of Sir Asutosh Mookerjee was celebrated all over India last month.—Ed.

ASUTOSH

Gurudev Tagore

MEN are always rare in all countries through whom the aspiration of their people can hope to find its fulfilment, who have the thundering voice to say that what is needed shall be done; and Asutosh had that magic voice of assurance. He had the courage to dream because he had the power to fight and the confidence to win,—his will itself was the path to the goal.

The complex personality of Asutosh Mookerjee had its various channels of expression. It is not in my power to deal in detail with his many gifts which found scope in so many different fields of achievement. My admiration was attracted to him where he revealed the freedom of mind needed for work of creation. He had not the dull patience and submissive efficiency that is content to keep oiled and working the clockwork of an organisation; he despised to try and win merit by diligently turning the official prayer-wheel through an eternity of perfect monotony. It had been possible for him to dream of the miracle of introducing living heart behind the steel framework made in the doll factory of bureaucracy, though this could only be done through a revolution upsetting the respectability of rigid routine and incurring thereby the displeasure of the high priest of the Machine-idol.



The creative spirit of life which has to assert itself against barren callousness must, in its struggle for victory, wreck things that claim only immediate value. We can afford to overlook such losses which are pitifully small compared to the great price of our object, which is freedom. Asutosh heroically fought against heavy odds for winning freedom for our education. We, who in our own way, have been working for the same cause, who deserve to be treated as outlaws by the upholders of law and order in the realm of the dead, had the honour of receiving from him the extended hand of comradeship for which we shall ever remember him. In fact, he removed for us the ban of untouchability and opened a breach in the barricade of

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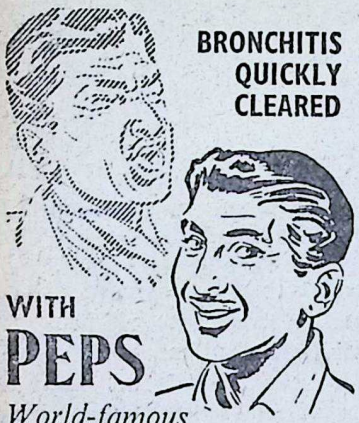

One day as Sir Asutosh was returning home after his bath in the Hoogly, an old lady, taking him to be an ordinary Brahmin, approached him and requested him to perform *pooja* for her so that she could break her fast.

Sir Asutosh immediately agreed, went with her to her residence and performed the *pooja*.

In the end when the old lady gratefully gave him five annas and a handful of rice as *dakshina*, a neighbour who recognised Sir Asutosh came rushing in and told the old lady that he was Justice Asutosh Mookerjee.

The old lady was thunderstruck.

But Sir Asutosh with all the humility of his greatness said: "What if I am a Judge? Does that take away from me my right to be a Brahmin and receive *dakshina* after performing *pooja*?"

So saying he accepted the cash and the rice from the old lady with gratitude and smilingly walked off!

distrust, establishing a path of communication between his institution and our own field of work, but never asking us to surrender our independence.

Asutosh touched the Calcutta University with the magic wand of his creative will in order to transform it into a living organism belonging to the life of the Bengali people. This was his gift to his country, but it is a gift of endeavour, of *tapasya*, which will reach its fulfilment only if we know how to accept it.

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. . . greatness and power are reserved for those who strive and struggle and not merely play and pretend . . .

6095

SIR ASUTOSH MOOKERJEE

Dr. S. Radhakrishnan

I MET him* for the first time about the beginning of the year 1921 and I remember vividly the heartiness with which he welcomed a newcomer and the enthusiasm with which he spoke about the University and its place in the making of modern India.

To my mind his claim to greatness rests not so much on the reforms he initiated and worked out—great as they are—as on his sympathy for scholars, enthusiasm for learning and the power to communicate them to all near him.

While his interests and activities covered a wide range, the University was the main object of his devoted affection and labour. He was undoubtedly the outstanding figure in the history of higher education in India. The Post-Graduate Department was his most distinctive contribution and by his death it has lost its ablest champion. A leader of men, he put into what many have considered the narrow sphere of University education, the fulness of his enthusiasm, administrative genius and organising power.

Many of our politicians, in their anxiety to advance the material prosperity of the country, overlooked the more vital cultural basis of all progress and thus seemed to Sir Asutosh,

* Sir Asutosh Mookerjee.

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to be walking into a deepening darkness. A nation cannot be lifted, all on a sudden, to a higher plane. Men of true culture and piety cannot grow themselves. We cannot carve them out of wood or hew them out of stone. He felt that the youth of the country should be inspired with a vision growing out of the past into the fulness of the future. This, perhaps, is the explanation of his special attachment to the department of Ancient Indian History and Culture. The institution of the Kamala Lectureship on Ancient Indian Life and Thought is another evidence of it. Singularly free as he was from racial, sectarian and provincial narrowness, he helped to make the University a truly national institution.

It is foolish to imagine that Sir Asutosh was not so much for elevating the minds of the masses as for affording careers to pedants. Those who light but a little candle in the darkness help to make the whole sky aflame. In years to come, it will be recognised, to his lasting credit, that he furthered the true progress of his people by diverting some of the best among them from the chief industries of the land, law and government service, to scholastic careers. Many of those who have enhanced the reputation of the University in the world of letters—to mention names would be invidious—took to literary and scientific pursuits, thanks to the passionate pleadings of Sir Asutosh.

In University affairs, Sir Asutosh happened to be the 'one man' with a clear grasp of the general principles as well as small details. His knowledge was his power. The lesson is clear that greatness and power are reserved for those who strive and struggle and not merely play and pretend.

Diwan Alakh Dhari was travelling in a first class compartment of the Punjab-Calcutta Mail. A British army officer was also with him. The train halted at the Delhi railway station and in came Sir Asutosh Mookerjee clad in a *kurta, dhoti* and sandals.

The British officer looked at the new-comer with evident contempt. His *swadeshi* attire was an affront to his British pride and dignity. So at night when Sir Asutosh was asleep, he got up and threw Sir Asutosh's sandals out of the train.

In the morning, on not finding his sandals, Sir Asutosh immediately sensed the Britisher's mischief but said nothing.

Later, when the army officer went to the bath-room, Sir Asutosh quietly got up and tossed the former's sola hat out of the window.

When the Britisher came back he could not find his hat!

He turned around and asked Sir Asutosh with red hot eyes "Where is my hat?"

Unruffled, Sir Asutosh replied: "Your hat has gone to fetch my shoes."

But of all his qualities, that which perhaps strikes one most was that wonderful simplicity of nature which Tennyson noted in the Iron Duke,

> "And, as the greatest only are,
> In his simplicity sublime."

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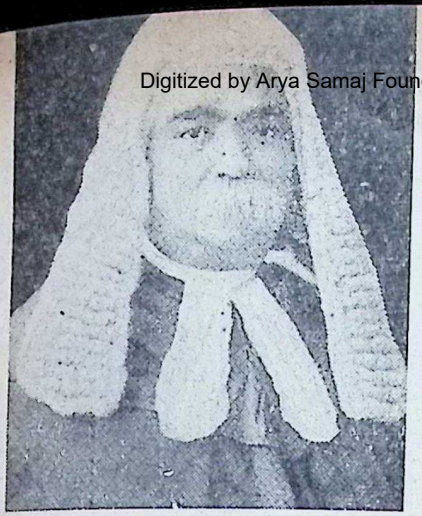

Sir Asutosh as Judge.

A GREAT INDIAN

Sir Michael Sadler

IN Sir Asutosh Mookerjee, India has lost one of her greatest men: the world one of its commanding personalities. He was mighty in battle. He could have ruled an empire. But he gave the best of his powers to Education because he believed that in Education rightly interpreted lies the secret of human welfare and the key to every empire's moral strength.

He said in one of his last public utterances, "The waste of fine human material involved in the present system is appalling when we remember that society stands in need of captains in the conflict between knowledge and ignorance, between charity and selfishness, between religion and unbelief, between virtue and sin, between liberty and oppression." He had a passion for freedom. But he feared and hated anarchy.

He was a born leader of men. Especially was he a leader of young men. He had a natural sympathy with the young. His aim was to guide the rising generation between the two pitfalls—obsequiousness and intransigence.

He was the spiritual heir of Mr. Gokhale, another guide of young men and servant of education. But the man whom he more truly resembled, as well in physical vigour as in moral courage, was the American patriot Booker Washington.

Sir Asutosh was called the "Bengal Tiger". This was a misnomer. If he is to be compared to one of the noble animals, it is to the British bull-dog. Certainly, he had the bull-dog's fidelity to his friends, the bull-dog's sensitiveness of feeling and iron tenacity of will.

He had a strong sense of humour and a memorable laugh. The quickness with which he assimilated new idioms and nuances of English style showed the sensibility of his nature; his readiness to follow every point in an argument sprang from his power of swift apprehension. Few men have ever written so faultlessly in a language not their mother tongue. He was brave and independent in mind. He truckled to no man.

In Sir Asutosh, Hindu tradition and western culture were combined. The foundation of his character was religious, not political. His tenderness for home, his veneration for his mother's memory, his family affection sprang from the depth of his nature and from inner piety. Himself a devout Hindu, he respected the convictions and the worship of men and women of other faiths. He was a man of sensibility and also a man at

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He Would Have Been A Bismark

SIR P. C. RAY

FORTIFIED with all modern intellectual equipments in science, literature and law, gifted with an imagination worthy of a creator, possessing enthusiasm and endurance rarely equalled, Sir Asutosh Mookerjee was one of the greatest of men born of any age.

Apparently a complex personality, his whole passion of life was the intellectual regeneration of his country, which achieved uncommon success during the short period of time he was at the helm of affairs of the Calcutta University.

The keen and genuine appreciation he felt for merit, led him almost to thoughtless patronage which only showed in its true light, the inner man.

A masterful person in all his relationship with men, he was fearless and uncompromising, but a generous opponent.

With extraordinary acuteness, combined with character, with a strict sense of justice, blended with humane perceptions, imbued with old as well as modern culture, he was undoubtedly the most outstanding personality in modern India, whose phenomenal achievements will mark an era of progress in this country.

If the Calcutta University has won a recognised position in the literary and scientific centres of the world, it is due in no small measure to his initiative and untiring activities. Had he been born in a free country, where his talents might have found untrammelled scope, he would most certainly have followed politics as his career, and would have ranked as a Bismark.

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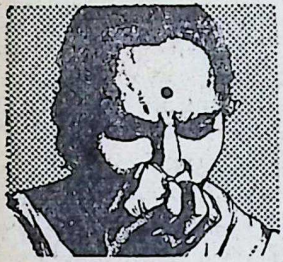

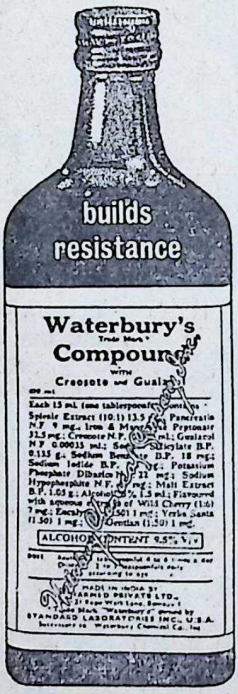

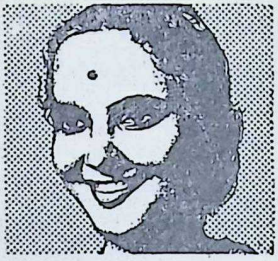

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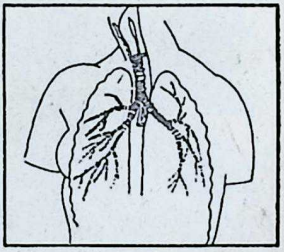

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MY FATHER

Sir Asutosh Mookerjee

Dr. S. P. Mookerjee

ASUTOSH MOOKERJEE was born in Calcutta in June, 1864. His father, who was essentially a self-made man, was one of the earliest graduates in Arts and Medicine of Calcutta University. He was a man of unimpeachable character, of simple habits, straightforward in his dealings with men, independent and generous in disposition.

Asutosh was brought up under the personal guidance of his father, and the great qualities of head and heart which the father possessed came as a natural inheritance to the son.

Asutosh's mother belonged to the old generation of Indian women, who, though not educated in the modern sense of the term, proved to be ideal mothers, broad-minded, God-fearing and essentially practical, wielding considerable influence in the affairs of the family. Her influence on Asutosh was profound and remained unabated till her death in 1914. His father died in 1889.

Asutosh developed from his boyhood a passion for knowledge which almost knew no bounds. He was encouraged from his student days to collect books dealing with various subjects of study, a habit which grew steadily with the passage of years, and his was one of the richest and rarest private libraries in the whole of India. The range of his studies became wide and diverse, and he mastered with eagerness and facility literature, languages (Eastern and Western), philosophy, science, mathematics and law.

Sir Asutosh as Vice-Chancellor

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His Mother

After completing his brilliant educational career, Asutosh eagerly sought for an opportunity for doing research work in mathematics, which was his favourite subject. He had made original contributions to it in his early career which had won the approbation of famous experts. In those days, barring a few isolated instances of distinguished special workers, research was generally unknown in India. Opportunities were seldom available to brilliant Indian youths for devoting themselves to the task of advancement of learning. No such facilities came to Asutosh, and he ultimately turned to the legal profession.

At the early age of 24 he became a Fellow of the Calcutta University and was soon elected to the Syndicate. He developed from a very early stage an unbounded zeal for serving the cause of education, if not as a teacher, at least as one of those who would be able to mould the policy of the University and thereby help to raise the intellectual status of his country.

A man of outstanding intellectual equipments, well versed in various branches of learning, fearless and industrious, a clear thinker and an eloquent expounder, he did not neglect the profession of law which he took up as his own. Before he completed his thirtieth year he specialised in legal studies and obtained the degree of Doctor of Law while he was a member of the Syndicate of the University. In his fortieth year he was elevated to the Bench of the Calcutta High Court, and for nearly twenty years he held this office with great distinction and merit. He was universally regarded as one of the greatest Judges in British India.

Asutosh was also connected with the public life of his province before he became a Judge. As a member of the Calcutta Corporation, of the Bengal Legislative Council and of the Imperial Legislative Council he brought to bear upon their deliberations the full force of his vigorous personality. As observed by a distinguished Indian politician whose sphere of work was far different from that of Asutosh, "his utterances were measured but always without any suspicion of falsehood or flattery in them. He was as loyal and courageous a defender of popular rights as the most aggressive of our patriots and politicians."

The greatest work of Asutosh lay, however, in the sphere of University education. As he himself once said,

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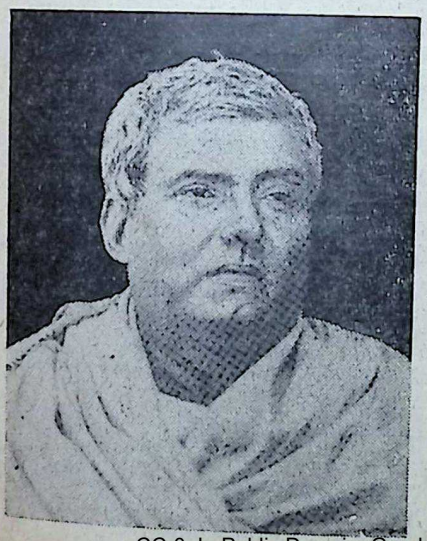
"It had always been my ambition to be allowed to do something—something great, as I flattered myself in my youthful dreams—for the good and glory of my Alma Mater." His monumental achievement was the transformation of the Calcutta University from a merely examining body to one of the greatest teaching universities in the East, manned and controlled mainly by Indian scholars. It was here that his broad statesmanship, his remarkable powers of organisation, his versatility, his administrative skill, his love for national culture and his courage and tact came into full play. From 1889 to 1924, when he died, he was a Fellow of the University. He was Vice-Chancellor from 1906 to 1914, and again from 1921 to 1923; but whether in or out of office, for more than thirty years he was the most dominant personality in the University.



His Father

"Asutosh, in the eyes of his countrymen and in the eyes of the world," said Lord Lytton, once Governor of Bengal and a party to the famous Lytton-Mookerjee correspondence, "represented the University so completely that for many years Asutosh was in fact the University and the University Asutosh."

It was not an easy path that lay before Asutosh when he started to mould the University into a teaching and research institution. Libraries, laboratories and buildings had to be created and equipped; scholars, teachers and workers from all parts of India and from outside were collected and functioned under his inspiring guidance. Obstacles came from quarters expected and unexpected. There were occasions when everyone feared that all was lost, but Asutosh had an unconquerable faith in the cause he had made his own and his optimism always won the day.

If he encountered opposition, he received support as well. His policy and work attracted the notice of many philanthropic Indians, including Sir Rashbehari Ghose and Sir Taraknath Palit, whose munificent gifts led to the establishment of the University College of Science and Technology, today the pride of Bengal and India. He selected young, brilliant scholars who, after completion of their education in this country, were sent abroad for advanced study in diverse branches of knowledge. This system worked exceedingly well, for it helped to give the fullest possible scope to gifted young Indians for the proper utilisation of their powers and attain-

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ments. He also invited distinguished scholars from various parts of the world to visit Calcutta, and thus teachers and advanced students working here were brought into intimate contact with these master minds.

One of the greatest achievements of Asutosh was to give Bengali its due place in the University studies. The principle of adopting the mother-tongue as the medium of instruction was adopted after a prolonged discussion and controversy. Bengali was included as a subject for study and research in the highest University examinations, and the scheme for a systematic publication of important works in Bengali and other languages was taken up. His scheme of work included encouragement of study and research not only in the Indian and other languages, classical and modern, in Literature, Philosophy, History, Religion, Art and Archaeology, but also in Economics, Commerce, Science (Pure and Applied, Physical and Biological).

The Earl of Ronaldshay, who was Governor of Bengal in 1921, referred to the remarkable achievements of the University and to Asutosh's scheme of expansion which received his unstinted support as Governor. Such plans of work, he said, gave him "a vision of Nalanda growing up in this the greatest and most populous city of the Indian Empire."

Asutosh succeeded in transforming the dry atmosphere of an examining body into a vigorous seat of learning vibrating with life and thought, inasmuch as he not only himself had a unique enthusiasm for learning but had the capacity to communicate such ethusiasm to all who surrounded him. As a famous professor of mathematics wrote of him in *Nature* after his demise, every earnest, intellectual worker, however humble or however eminent, would find in him a wise and understanding friend, and coud talk to him as to a co-worker and an equal. To every band of men in quest after truth and light his help and encouragement were greatly and unselfishly given. For a quarter of a century in almost all the learned societies and academies in the city of Calcutta he was a dominant figure, giving appreciation where it was due and advice where it was needed.

His dream was to make his country intellectually free and pre-eminent, to see education spread from town to town, village to village, and home to home, an education that would not denationalise his countrymen, but would combine in it the best elements of Eastern and Western thought. It would be idle to hold that there were no imperfections in the work which he accomplished. Such imperfections would be inevitable in the execution of a colossal work affecting the progress of society not only during one's lifetime but for generations to come. The surest way of doing homage to Asutosh's memory will be for his successors to keep his great ideals in view and pursue the work of reconstruction in accordance with the ever-changing needs of the country.

His personal qualities created an undying impression on the minds of his countrymen. He lived a life devoid of all luxuries. In his daily life, in dress and behaviour, in his public

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dealings, he represented a characteristic simplicity and straightforwardness which won for him the esteem and regard of all. Though an official for twenty eventful years, he throughout maintained his nationalist outlook and had the full courage of his conviction. He dreaded nothing more than unnecessarily wounding people's feelings, although he never shrank from braving the frowns of the mightiest in the land when he considered such a course to be necessary in the interest of truth and justice. Outwardly he sometimes appeared to be rough, but he was gentle at heart and full of human sympathy and understanding. His accessibility was proverbial and streams of visitors used to pour at all hours into his house and his door was open to one and all without any distinction. People, high and low, old and young, rich and poor, came there "to seek advice and help from that man of stout heart and capacious brain." Everyone received a hearing and none got an empty assurance from him. If he thought it possible to do something good for anyone, he did it with all his might. There are today thousands of people of all classes and communities who revere Asutosh's memory in grateful and affectionate remembrance of what he had done for them.

Just as he was a staunch friend who could be safely relied upon, so also was he a good hater but never of a vindictive disposition. Even his bitterest enemy could count upon his help, if he sought his assistance in a frank and straightforward spirit.

He had a keen sense of humour and his characteristic laugh was a great asset to him. His capacity for work, so diverse in character, was simply amazing. His memory was prodigious and this contributed to his unfailing grasp of broad policies as well as minute details. A genuine friend of the student community, he knew the name of almost every graduate of his University. There was hardly anyone possessing brilliant attainments whose career he did not follow with deep interest. Though an orthodox Hindu, who never went abroad, he did not suffer from any irrational conservatism. He held advanced views on social reforms and made no distinction between man and man based on caste, creed or community.

Though some years have passed since his death, he is yet too near us to admit of his many-sided character being viewed in its proper perspective. In daring, in determination, in massiveness of intellect, in powers of organisation, in strength of character, he belonged to that brotherhood of adventurers who in ages past had founded states and kingdoms. As Sir Michael Sadler said, he was one of the world's commanding personalities who could have ruled an empire. His star had placed him in India in the later years of the 19th and the earlier years of the 20th century, and he gave the best of his powers to education, because he believed that in education, rightly interpreted, lay the secret of human welfare and the key to every nation's moral strength.

In him the man of action and the

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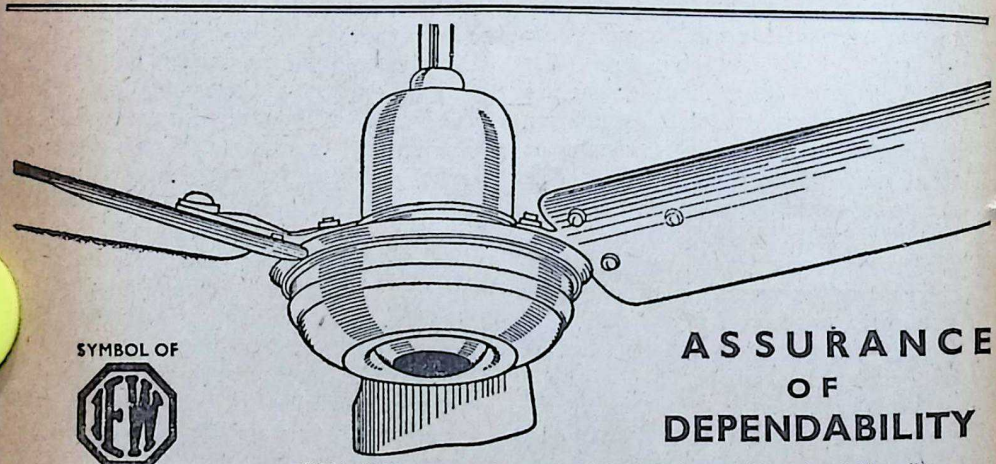
man of imagination were not brought face to face under their old-world relation of hostility; they became allies, good and true. If his energy was dynamic, Asutosh was also a superb dreamer of dreams. As Rabindranath Tagore said, he had the courage to dream, because he had the power to fight and the confidence to win—his will itself was the path to the goal. Men, said the poet, are always rare in all countries through whom the aspirations of their people can hope to find their fulfilment, who have the thundering voice to say that what is needed shall be done, and Asutosh had that magic voice of assurance. He had that hope, that faith in the future, which can move mountains. In the wildest of storms his sheet-anchor would hold.

He intensely hated that whining namby-pamby poverty of spirit which oftentimes masquerades as fatalism or philosophic indifference. His religion was the religion of Swami Vivekananda—Glory to God in the Highest and Service to Man.

As years roll on, the gap created by his demise becomes wider and wider. His life and career will serve to inspire generations of men in their onward march towards progress and constructive work, will banish from their minds fears and doubts, and will instil in them a spirit of unity and dauntlessness for the attainment of their cherished goal.

[Courtesy : *Great Men of India*]



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KRISHNAVATARA

(The Five Brothers)

EPILOGUE

2. REACTIONS : DURYODHANA

A FEW days later, Duryodhana, with his brothers and friends, returned to Hastinapur. He felt beaten, crushed. The Five Brothers were alive and now were the sons-in-law of the powerful King of Panchala; his game was frustrated; his life's work was in ruins. He had been humiliated; made the laughing-stock of the whole of Aryavarta. Krishna V*aa*sudeva, the villain of the piece, had tricked him out of his future destiny.

If the Five Brothers came to Hastinapur, he and his brothers would have no place here. The happenings at the *swayamvara* were in everybody's mouth. The people were jubilant over the Five Brothers being alive and married to the Princess of Panchala. They were dying to give them a rousing welcome. The only way out would be to have the Five Brothers disposed off before they arrived in the capital.

Next day, in the morning, Duryodhana, with Karna and Shakuni, went to see his father, the blind King. King Dhritaraashtra had also come to know from Vidura all that had happened in Kampilya and had feebly agreed that the best way was to give a royal welcome to the Five Brothers at Hastinapur.

Duryodhana shouted, stormed, cursed, gnashed his teeth. He chided his father for yielding to Vidura, his enemy. He wanted clever emissaries to be sent to Kampilya to create difference between the Five Brothers and Drupad, and set afoot a conspiracy to kill them.

Dhritaraashtra had already promised Vidura that the Five Brothers would be made welcome to Hastinapur. However, as usual, he yielded

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to the vehement attitude of his son, exasperated in anger and bitterness.

Karna, who was listening to the conversation between the father and the son, when called upon to advise, was against Duryodhana's plan. He called it impractical. With all the Five Brothers married to Draupadi, there was no possibility of their being disunited with each other. Drupad was not likely to disown his sons-in-law. V*aa*sudeva was still there to befriend them. The only way, according to Karna, was to assemble the Kuru forces in all their might, make a surprise attack on Kampilya and storm it, and inflict a crushing defeat on Drupad, the Five Brothers and their allies. The Kuru forces, if properly mobilised, would prove irresistible. Quite a few kings who were disappointed at the *swayamvara,* would join them. Balaraama and Krishna had to be fought, no doubt, but they had only a negligible force at their disposal.

As they were discussing this plan, Vidura came to invite King Dhritaraashtra and those who were with him to join the Grandfather and Dronaacharya in the throne room, where they were discussing this very problem.

Duryodhana then led his father to the throne room where the old Grandfather was seated, discussing the matter with Dronaacharya, Kripaacharya and some senior ministers.

The old Grandfather, for once, was in a happy frame of mind. With a faint smile on his lips, he turned to Dhritaraashtra as he was led to his throne.

'Dhritaraashtra, it is a great day for us. All the five sons of Pandu are alive. They have also married Drupad's daughter. The stigma which was attached to our house that somehow we were responsible for the death of the Five Brothers, has been removed. I hear that the people are very jubilant over the unexpected return of the Five Brothers. Tonight they are illuminating the whole town, and from tomorrow ceremonial worship is being celebrated in every temple to invoke the blessings of the Gods on them.'

Dhritaraashtra turned his blind eyes helplessly towards the Grandfather. No one spoke. 'But what will happen to my sons?' ultimately asked Dhritaraashtra.

The voice of the old man assumed his usual tone of authority. 'Dhritaraashtra, how can we make a distinction between your sons and the sons of Pandu? To us both are equal.'

Dhritaraashtra lapsed into silence.

Duryodhana tried to overcome the awe which the Grandfather always inspired in him and hesitatingly exclaimed: 'But, the Five Brothers were banished, Grandfather!'

'Yes, they were banished, no doubt, to save trouble for Hastinapur. Now the Great God has not only kept them alive, but given them a high position among the kings of the earth,' said the Grandfather.

'If they come here, where would we be?' asked Duryodhana, betraying his helplessness.

For a moment the Grandfather was silent as he looked steadfastly at Duryodhana. 'You will be where you are—in Hastinapur.'

'How can we share the empire with

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"Don't lose heart, my boy!" said the Most Venerable Mother to Duryodhana.

the Five Brothers? Either we are here or they are here,' Duryodhana impetuously blurted out.

'Don't say that, my son,' said Dhritaraashtra, trying to intervene between the ire of the Grandfather and his beloved son.

Grandfather's silence became oppressive, as he quietly went on moving his hand over his beard. Then he said quietly: 'Duryodhana, you should remember that the throne of Hastinapur is the throne of *dharma*. Righteousness shall prevail here and has been the claim of the Kurus. Nothing should prevent us from giving the Five Brothers their proper place.'

'Grandfather,' said Dhritaraashtra meekly. 'We should see that there is no conflict between Duryodhana and his brothers on the one hand and the Five Brothers on the other. It would be suicidal.'

'If we intend to find a way, one is sure to be found,' said the Grandfather. His tone was kindly, as he placed a hand affectionately on the King's shoulder. 'I have been discussing it with Acharyadeva. The balance will ever be held between your sons and the sons of Pandu. We cannot deny them their rightful heritage,' added the Grandfather.

'What does the Acharyadeva say about it?' asked Dhritaraashtra, who was torn between his fear of the Grandfather and his desire to keep his son happy.

'I agree with the venerable Grandfather, noble King,' said Dronaacharya.

'But what would happen if Drupad's daughter comes to Hastinapur?

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Drupad is your bitterest enemy and there would be any amount of intrigues,' said Dhritaraashtra. 'That is what you said when we discussed the matter of Duryodhana going to the *swayamvara*.'

'Noble King, many things have happened since,' replied Dronaacharya with dignity. 'Duryodhana has solved my difficulty. He got my son Aswatthaama to give a pledge to Drupad that if Draupadi married a Kuru prince and came here, he would see, even at the cost of his life, that I did not leave Hastinapur. Isn't it so, Duryodhana?'

Duryodhana bit his lips and nodded assent.

'Duryodhana says it is true,' continued Drona. 'Aswatthaama gave the pledge at Duryodhana's insistence, and I will not act in a way as would cost the life of my only son. The Grandfather had suggested a way to solve the difficulty. I entirely agree with it.'

Karna could not repress himself. He turned to King Dhritaraashtra and said with a sneer: 'Noble King, even those who have flourished on your patronage are now turning traitors.'

Dronaacharya gave Karna a contemptuous look and said: 'Son of Raadhaa,[1] if your advice is accepted, the Kurus will be destroyed.'

The Grandfather continued slowly to run his hand up and down over his beard.

Dhritaraashtra turned to Vidura and asked: 'What have you to say, Vidura?'

'Lord, I can only add that it would be a folly not to welcome the Five Brothers amidst us. The stigma that Purochana burnt them alive has been happily removed. The kings assembled at the *swayamvara* have welcomed them. They are allied to the great King of Panchala, and have now Balaraama, Krishna and Saatyaki as their friends. How can you resist them? The whole of Hastinapur is dying to see them in our midst. The best way would be to forget the past and welcome them and give them the place that they are entitled to.'

The Grandfather stopped playing with his beard and said decisively: 'We are all agreed that the Five Brothers should be made welcome as the sons of Pandu. We shall also find a solution which will not make Duryodhana unhappy.'

'Welcome the Five Brothers as the sons of Pandu!' muttered Duryodhana under his breath.

The Grandfather heard the words and his eyes for a moment were lit up in suppressed anger. Then, ignoring him, he turned to the King and said: 'Dhritaraashtra, nothing more need be said. The Five Brothers are going to be given a royal welcome in Hastinapur. I am going to consult the Most Venerable Mother, and if she approves of my suggestion, Vidura will go with presents to Kampilya and bring back the Five Brothers. Vidura, give me your hand. Tell the Most Venerable Mother that I will see her after I have performed my *sandhya*.'

1. Raadhaa was the name of Karna's adoptive mother—the charioteer's wife who found him abandoned and brought him up as her son.

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Without waiting for anyone to say any word, the old man got up, and with his hand on Vidura's shoulder, walked out of the room.

The blood of Duryodhana was boiling. He was seeing red. But the old man was too powerful to be defied. He had not the courage to face his wrath nor to give up his ambition to rule over Hastinapur. As the old King was led out of the throne room, Duryodhana decided to play his last hand.

○○○

The Most Venerable Mother sat in her usual seat in front of the paraphernalia of her worship. White haired, quiet, with the traces of early beauty still unfaded, she was the very image of venerable age.

The maid-servant standing at the door, hurriedly came, folded her hands and announced: 'Mother, Duryodhana is waiting outside. He wants to see you immediately.'

The old Empress smiled indulgently. 'I am sure he is very unhappy. Let him come.'

Duryodhana entered the room hastily, his face flushed red, his eyes clouded in distress. He prostrated himself before the Mother, who blessed him by patting his head.

'How are you, my son? I understand that you returned from Kampilya yesterday. How are you doing?' asked the Mother in an affectionate tone.

'How am I....?' burst out Duryodhana in a choking voice. 'How am I....? Mother, Mother, I am the victim of evil planets. Everyone's hand is against me.' For a moment he was so overpowered that he sat down unbidden, placing his hands over his eyes.

'Don't lose heart, my boy,' said the Mother in a kindly tone. 'Failures and triumphs both are given to us by the Great God. We have to welcome them in humility as trials to be borne cheerfully.'

'Welcome humiliation?' burst out Duryodhana, removing his hands from his eyes. 'I went to Kampilya to win Drupad's daughter. I failed disgracefully. I became the laughing-stock of Aryavarta. Bheema called me "a blind man's son." Arjuna, my enemy, won the bride. Suddenly the Five Brothers came out alive—perhaps by some magic trick of that crafty Vaasudeva.' His words tumbled forth one after the other. 'And now everyone is my enemy. Grandfather wants to send Vidura to welcome them. My own Guru, whom I have served the whole of my life, supports him. Father acquiesces in it. No one wants me,' he added as he broke down.

'Why do you say so, Duryodhana? You are as dear to me as any son of Pandu. I know your life has been one of frustration. But don't you think your *swabhava* (temperament) is responsible for it?' asked the Mother quietly.

Duryodhana folded his hands. 'Venerable Mother, I beg of you to come to my rescue. You are the guardian goddess of the Kurus' empire. If the Five Brothers are installed here, we cannot live here; we would have to leave Hastinapur. Don't let me and my brothers be destroyed.'

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The Most Venerable Mother looked on patiently with an indulgent smile on her lips. 'Duryodhana', she said when the torrent of Duryodhana's words had been choked by his inability to speak any further. 'Why do you take such a dark view of things, Duryodhana? They are your brothers, entitled to the throne of Chakravarti Bharat—even before you. They have suffered enough. Should they not be given an honoured place in their father's house?' she asked. The appealing way in which she put the question would have melted any heart but Duryodhana's. His face twisted in a snout.

'They have no place in Hastinapur. Mother, of all people, you know the truth. They are not the sons of Pandu. They have no place in our family, nor in Hastinapur,' said Duryodhana, losing all control over himself.

A cloud of deep sorrow passed over the noble face of the old woman. For some moments she looked with infinite pity at Duryodhana, though his wicked words almost broke her heart.

'My son,' she replied almost in a tragic voice. 'When will you be able to control your temper and conquer your jealousy, envy and hatred?'

'I hate the Five Brothers,' said Duryodhana in desperation. 'I wish they were dead or I was dead.'

'All of you have to live in amity, Duryodhana,' she replied, her voice regaining its even but sad tone. 'Do you know what you have done, my son? You have opened up an old wound which I thought had been healed.' As she said these words, two tears rolled down on her dark but still shapely cheeks.

Duryodhana looked in surprise at the agony which was evident on the face of the Mother.

'Duryodhana, I thought that at your age you will understand,' she said, looking at him with compassion. 'You have said the most cruel thing that could be said of the Five Brothers—and of *me*. If you had said it to Bheeshma, I do not know what he would have done. But I am a helpless woman,' she added in a subdued voice.

'But, Mother, Mother, you don't realise how everybody conspires against me,' said Duryodhana.

'That is again not true, my boy,' said the Mother. 'You talk of the throne of Hastinapur as if it belongs to you. I have not told the story to any of you so far, and Bheeshma and Dvaipaayana are the only two other people who know it. Do you know how it was built up and preserved during the last sixty years and more?'

Duryodhana looked up with curiosity. Even in the exasperated mood in which he was, he could see that the Mother was going to share with him a secret of the highest importance.

She wistfully looked up. A shadow passed over her eyes. Then she spoke in sad accents. 'Listen to me, my son. When you are inclined to talk about the throne of Hastinapur, never forget how it came to be built up. It is an old, old story.' She closed her eyes as if recalling the pictures of the days she was talking about.

Then, with half-opened eyes, she spoke reminiscently, in an unsteady

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voice: 'When my lord lay dying, he called me—a fisherman's daughter, whom he had elevated to the mightiest throne of Aryavarta. He said: "Devi, I want you to give me a promise. Since I have inherited the empire of *dharma* from my father, Emperor Pratip of glorious memory, I have tried to maintain its traditions. But now, it is in danger. Bheeshma will not marry. He will not succeed to the throne. Your sons are very young. The burden of this empire will therefore fall on you".'

The Mother cleared her throat and began to talk as if she was describing an imaginary picture. 'My lord held my hand and continued: "Promise me, Devi, to maintain the traditions of the Kurus. They have brought the rule of righteousness where none existed before. They have never let down the poor and the helpless. They have seen to it that men of learning and piety never suffered want; that the Brahmans well versed in the Vedas, the cows which give plenty and the virtuous women were protected; that the ploughmen fearlessly enjoyed the fruits of their labour; that the strong were never permitted to oppress the weak; that the armies curbed the violent and rescued the oppressed; that tributes were levied only to enrich those who gave it. This is what the empire of the Kurus has meant to me. Promise me that the traditions of the Kurus will be maintained".'

As she spoke slowly, reminiscently, tears sprang in her eyes. She wiped them, cleared her throat again, looked at Duryodhana and said: 'I gave the promise to my lord. He died happily.'

The Mother again wiped the tears from her eyes, waited a while to control her emotions and continued: 'Do you know, Duryodhana, that, weak as I am, from that day, years and years ago, I have lived only with one aim: to see that the throne of the Kurus, on which my lord sat, should maintain righteousness and the traditions unimpaired?' She paused again.

Duryodhana, with wide eyes, listened to her well-modulated voice, which still retained the charm of her earlier days.

After a little while, the Mother continued: 'My son, you see Hastinapur as powerful as before. You want to rule it. But do you know what it has cost Bheeshma and me to maintain it?' Her face grew reminiscent once more and she talked as if to herself. 'Bheeshma would not accept the throne. I begged of him to marry; he would not. My sons died without children. You claim to be the descendant of Bharat. My son, the direct line of Emperor Bharat came to an end with them. You have as little right to claim the throne as the five sons of Pandu, or rather, they are as much entitled as you are. Neither you nor they are the sons of the emperors of Hastinapur.'

Duryodhana opened his eyes in shocked surprise and listened to the subdued and tremulous voice of the Venerable Mother with its heart-rending pathos.

'However, I was determined to keep the promise which I had given to my lord,' continued the Mother. 'I therefore got my son Dvaipaayana—the

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Master, as you call him—to perform *niyoga* with the widows of my son Vichitraveerya. It was he who begot your father and King Pandu. I saw that the secret was buried in the hearts of a few. I did not want you all to be branded with illegitimacy. That would have led to internecine war, to the destruction of the Kuru empire.'

Duryodhana wanted to interrupt her, but the Most Venerabe Mother held up her hand. She wiped her tears again. 'Your father, the elder one, was born blind. He could not therefore succeed to the throne. As his son, you cannot do so either, according to our laws. Therefore, Pandu was installed on the throne, but he could not father any children. But I had to keep my pledge. Under the advice of Dvaipaayana, I permitted Kunti, with the sanction of Pandu, to beget sons by ancient rites. Duryodhana, you are wild and impetuous. You cannot understand that if the Five Brothers have no right to succeed to the Kuru empire, you have none either. You all have the right to the heritage because of me, a guilty woman.'

She cleared her voice, wiped her tears again and continued in a steady voice: 'Let me be frank. Old and weak though I am, I am going to maintain the noble traditions which my lord asked me to maintain.'

She raised her small pretty head with its venerable crown of fleecy hair in queenly dignity. 'Won't you, my son, even at your age, realise what the empire of the Kurus has meant to the whole of Aryavarta? What happiness it has brought to the people?' she asked.

Duryodhana could not look up. He felt like a drowning man. Even the last plank had slipped from his hands.

'My son,' continued the Mother. 'I beg of you, when you think of your rights and wrongs, to think of the poor old woman who has lived in the hope of passing on to you the heritage of Chakravarti Bharat.' Her voice had an appeal of moving pathos.

Overpowered by her own words, the Mother placed her hands over her eyes as tears rolled down her cheeks. Duryodhana was speechless. Neither of them spoke for some time. Then the Mother wiped her tears again, paused till she regained her self-composure and spoke: 'Duryodhana, we do not want to be unjust to you or to the sons of Pandu. But no one shall dare to dispute the paternity of any one of you. It is sanctioned by the most ancient laws of the Aryas.'

She continued: 'Think of the future of *dharma* which the kings of Hastinapur are pledged to support. Bheeshma and I have decided that you should be the Yuvaraja of Hastinapur and Yudhishthira installed the King. The Five Brothers would be received in Hastinapur as the sons of Chakravarti Pandu. Let not hatred dim your vision. The Great God may be pleased to restore peace and amity between all of you. Be generous. Let the Kuru empire flourish. Now go,' she added peremptorily.

END OF PART III

[Part IV of Krishnavatara will start from the Decennial Number.]

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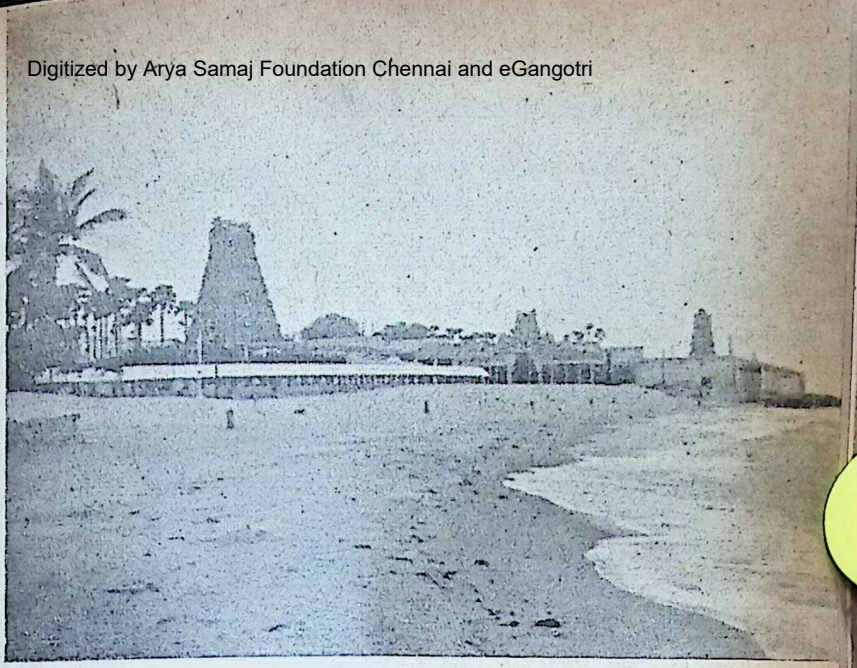
by
a yatrik



Tiruchendur where the sea kisses the Lord's feet

DAKSHIN BHARAT YATRA—2

a travel diary

(*Continued from last issue*)

FROM Palni we went to Kodaikanal. We started by bus at 6 a.m. and reached Kodai at 10 a.m. which is 26 miles from Dindigul. This is one of the main hill-stations in the south and is patronised from people from all over India. The road uphill is zigzag but is pucca and sufficiently large for two-way traffic. Large banana fields are seen on both the sides of the road. At a height of 4,000 feet, one finds flowers of different hues lining both the sides. The forest growth is dense. At a height of 6,000 feet a waterfall of 70 feet height offers a splendid sight. Eucalyptus trees 60 to 70 feet tall next draw our attention.

On the top there is a lake of a square mile area where boating is provided. Pillar Rock Point consisting of big pillars and 6 to 7 hills is panoramic and makes the scene very beautiful.

We visited the observatory and saw how it works.

Although at an altitude of 7,000 feet, we do not feel so cold as in Simla or Mussoorie. Besides a few branch offices of Madras Government Departments, there are a number of educational institutions run by

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private agencies. We could well realize why the film people frequent this place for outdoor shots. Thus Kodai is a delightful place.

To the west of Madurai there is the temple of Karttikeya at Tirupparam-Kunram which is 4 miles away from Madurai. This again is one of the six abodes of Skanda. The *gopura* of this temple has nine storeys. It is studded with sculptural work. Having entered through the main gate, one comes to the *mandapa* which is nicely sculptured with images of elephant, horse, etc. In the main temple, there are *murtis* of Ganesh, Siva, Parvati, Karttikeya and his two consorts Valli and Devayani. While doing *Pradakshina*, we found *murtis* of many other gods and goddesses. On the righthand side of Sabha-Mandapa, there is a temple of Siva-Parvati and Ganapati. The pictures depicting the life and events of Karttikeya adorn the *mandapas*.

Madurai has been a famous city from time immemorial because of Meenakshi temple. This temple is in the heart of the city. A year ago, it was renovated at a cost of Rs. 25 lakhs and now it looks magnificent. The four *gopuras* on four sides of the temple have 9 storeys each, and all of them are full of sculptural images. At the entrance, Siva-Parvati sit on Nandi and on the left is Karttikeya and on the right is Ganapati. Having entered through Gopuram-gate, one comes to a large *mandapa*. On the pillars of the *mandapa*, are carved the images of Siva-Parvati in dancing poses and other images of horse, lion, elephant, etc. Near the main portion of the temple there is a pond called Golden Lily Pond. It has great literary and cultural association. The steps are nicely decorated. Two big *murtis* of Dwarapalakas are there.

There is a long corridor 40 feet long, leading to the Garbhagriha. Two big Dwarapalakas are at the entrance. On the left is the huge *murti* of Bhadrakali and on the right Veerabhadra.

In the sanctum is the stone-image of Mother Meenakshi four feet tall. The new *mukut* of Bhagavati was made last year at a cost of Rs. 3 lakhs. The Devi looks attractive and benign. The ornaments are valued at several lakhs of rupees. Around the *garbhagar* there are temples of Sarasvati, Manikkavachakar, Ganesa, etc. There is a *murti* of Bhagavan Nataraja on the right side. It is said that at the request of a Pandya king, Lord Nataraja lifted the right leg instead of the left in His dance. In front of the *garbhagar* on the left side, pictures depicting the various life-events which were drawn last year are seen.

Alongside the main temple, there is the temple of Lord Sundareshwar. He is in Linga form. There are two dancing Dwarapalakas on the sides of the entrance. In front of this temple there is a very large *mandapa* surrounded by artistic images of Ganesa, Parvati and others. The Nandi is life-like. In front of Dakshinamurti there is an old, small tree, whose lower portion of about 2 feet is covered with silver. The tree is about 7 feet high. The upper 4 feet portion is having two branches. It is said that Lord Siva Himself in the shape of the tree had appeared and hence, this tree is preserved and protected.

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Another separate temple of a huge *murti* of Ganapati is also there.

Thus the main temple covers the temples of Meenakshi and Siva. A stone-wall 11 feet high covers the temple all around. Pradakshina-marga is 70 feet wide. The main *gopura* is connected with a big stone-wall on which images of Siva-Parvati sitting on Nandi and other sculptured works are carved out. In all there are 32 artistic images.

The Vimanas of Meenakshi and Sundareshwar are made of gold. We returned with our minds full of devotion and love after worshipping at this famous temple.

To the east of Madurai at a distance of 13 miles there is a temple of Lord Sundararaja at Alagar Malai. The city bus comes upto this temple. This ancient temple is very big. Its *gopura* is of seven storeys. On the left of the entrance is the picture of Garuda and on the right, Hanuman. Inside on the left is a nice *mandapa* and a small temple of Siva. Then comes the gate of the temple. The *murti* of Lord Sundararaja or Alagar is carved out from the black stone and is 8 feet high. On the left side of Vishnu is the Murti of Lakshmi and on the right, that of Bhoodevi. At the entrance to Garbhagraha there are nice and huge *murtis* of Jaya and Vijaya Dwarapalakas. While doing Pradikshana, *mandapas* surrounding the temple are seen. There are sub-temples of Ganapati, Karttikeya, Dakshina-murti and others in the *mandapas*. A separate temple of Lakshmi is on the right side of the Garbhagraha. Seven Pratimas of Vishnu-incarnation upto Rama are also found. A separate temple of the great devotee Andal is also there. As

Mother Meenakshi

people in northern India worship Lord Krishna and Radha, similarly, in the South, people worship Lord Vishnu and Andal.

The palace of King Tirumalai Nayak which is on the way is also worth seeing. The construction work was started in 1623 and was completed in 1659, thus it took 36 years for its completion. No wood or iron is used in the whole structure. The palace is surrounded by stone-wall. While

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entering, there is a large open space, having big stone-pillars around it. The height of a few is 30 feet. In front of the *chowk* is a *mandapa* built for the wedding of a princess. Its ceiling is 80 feet high, full of designs. Behind the Mandapa is a hall which is large and full of lime stone sculpture. On the right side is a bathing house for the queen. This king Tirumalai Nayak had made much alterations and additions to Meenakshi temple.

It is said that while coming after the marriage of the prince, the latter showed this palace to his Tanjore bride, in the hope that she would be amazed to see it. She replied that the latrines of her father's city were more beautiful than the palace! The prince on hearing this reply became so angry that he killed the princess and committed suicide. A secret road for going to Meenakshi temple from the palace had been built, but is not used now.

At Madurai, we had an opportunity to visit the big T.V.S. motor workshop. In this organisation different cars are repaired and various parts of the cars are made. This is a very big workshop.

From Madurai we went to Ramanathapuram on the 18th night. Next morning we went from there to Navapashan-Navagrihatirtha by bus which is 10 miles away to the east. We first took bath in the pond called Chakrathirtha. Near it is the sea and for going to Navapashan, one has to walk a little in the water. These stones are of equal size. They are square and kept in lines of three each. The stone called Vishnupashan is the tallest. In the centre is Surya. Worship of these nine stones is obligatory to all pilgrims.

The temple of Darbhasayanam is 6 miles to the west of Ramanathapuram. Lord Rama had halted here before invading Lanka. Lord Rama had worshipped Bhagavan Jagannatha-Vishnu here. Rama used to sleep on *darbhas* and hence, the *murti* of Rama here is lying like that. The *murti* is made of black stone and it is 9 feet long. The *murtis* of Lakshmana, Brahma and Hanuman are also there. Another temple of Lord Jagannatha is also here. The *murti* here is 5 feet high and is made of black stone. Lord Rama had worshipped this *murti* of Lord Jagannatha.

On the 14th May we went to Rameswaram. It is one of the foremost pilgrim spots of India. Rameswar is the name of Lord Siva. He is the Lord worshipped by Rama. Rama had sent Hanuman to bring the Linga of Viswanatha from Kasi. As there was some delay in Hanuman's return, Rama made an earthen Linga and asked Sita to worship it. Meanwhile Hanuman had brought the Linga from Kasi. Hanuman did not like Rama's haste. Noticing it Rama asked Hanuman to remove the earthen Linga and replace it with the one he had brought. But to his dismay Hanuman could not remove it. Rama, afterwards, founded both the Lingas, the other one now being called 'Kasi-Visweswara'.

Rameswaram is about the southern end of India. It is the last railway station after Pamban junction. There is a bridge of one mile long built on

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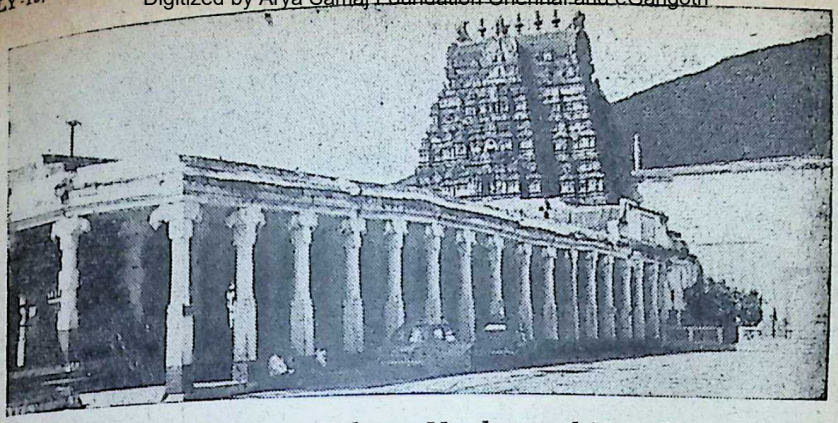

Alagar Koil, Madurai: Kalyana Mandapa and Main Temple

the sea between Mandapam and Pamban. Actually Rameswaram is an island, being surrounded by sea-water. Inside of it is a small town. The temple at Rameswaram is one of the biggest in India. Though its *gopuras* are small, the eastern *gopura* has 9 storeys and the western 5 storeys. The pillars of the *mandapa* are beautifully sculptured. There are 1320 of them. Artistic images of men, women and animals are carved on the pillars of the main *mandapa*. The huge Nandi made of lime-stone is in front of the *murti*. There is a golden flag-pillar at the entrance. The black Siva Linga founded by Lord Rama is 40 feet from the entrance. Yatriks are not allowed to go very near it. On the right is the Linga of Sri Kasi-Visweswara, brought by Hanuman. The other temple is of Visalakshi. Visalakshi is the consort of Lord Rameswara. On the left of the main temple is the temple of Bhagavati Parvati. From the centre, the scene of the *mandaps* looks lovely and makes our heart feel happy. In the temple there are two bathing ponds and 24 wells or *tirthas*. The names of the wells are Ganga, Jamuna etc. It is meritorious to have bath in these waters.

It is customary to have a bath in Lakshmana-Kunda, Sita-Kunda and Rama-Kunda before going to worship Rameswara. Besides this, one has to take bath in Madhav-Kunda and Siva-Kunda and in well-waters and then worship the lord.

On the sea-shore there is a temple of Sri Sankaracharya built only last year by H.H. Jagadguru Sri Sankaracharya of Kanchi. On its walls are the pictures of devotees and saints and verses in Sanskrit. On the balconies the pictures of Mahaprabhu Chaitanya and Tulsidas and images of Ansuya, Savitri etc. with their life sketches below them are also nicely drawn. On the first floor of the main temple there is the *murti* of Lord Sankaracharya with his four main disciples. This gives one a vivid picture of our ancient Indian culture.

The place called Rama-paduka is

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There was a meeting of senior officials at the Government House. Sir Asutosh was to preside. He arrived in time for the meeting wearing his usual simple outfit of chappals, *dhoti* and *kurta*, with a shawl around the shoulders.

The watchman, however, halted him at the gate and told him that no one was allowed to enter the Government House without proper dress. Without saying a word Sir Asutosh returned to his home.

Inside, the officials were baffled at the absence of the ever punctual Sir Asutosh. At last the Governor himself rushed to Sir Asutosh's residence and on knowing the facts expressed his profound regrets and escorted him back to the Government House.

two miles north of Rameswaram. There are the sandals of Rama for worshipping. When Sri Rama returned after killing Ravana, he had two shadows because he had killed Ravana and Kumbhakarna. To overcome this sin, Rama had founded Lord Rameswara here. One can have the lovely scene of ocean from this spot.

On 16th morning by 8 a.m. we reached Dhanushkoti. The train was running slowly on the bridge. After the bridge, the land of sand is to be crossed. This is about 5 miles distance. The village is small and inhabited mostly by fishermen. At a distance of 1½ miles from the railway station, one has to go there for the bath in the sea at a particular time. The water is white and absolutely clear. We feel like taking bath in the water for ever. Lord Rama while trying to control the sea had kept the end of his bow string on the earth. The King of the ocean appeared before Rama could send the arrow and begged for forgiveness and hurried to build a bridge. This had happened at this spot and hence the name of the place is Dhanushkoti. The *yatra* to Rameswaram is not complete without a bath here. The devotees do *tarpan* and worship here.

Tiruchendur is 34 miles from Tirunelveli. One can go by train or bus. We went there on 17th May by bus. We had taken bath in the morning at Tirunelveli in Tamraparni river. At noon we reached Tiruchendur. At Tiruchendur there is the famous shrine of Sri Subramania or Karttikeya. The main portion of the temple is ancient while the *gopuram* and the stone walls are modern. The *gopuram* has 9 storeys and is nicely decorated with artistic and sculptured work. In the *prakars*, there are small shrines of Ganesa, Siva-Parvati, Navgraha etc. In a corner the temple of Vishnu is also there. In front of it there are two stone images of Gaja-Lakshmi. The pictures of Lord Karttikeya and his six famous abodes drawn here are pleasing. Males have to remove stitched shirts before entering the shrine. On the way to the sanctum there are three Nandis kept side by side. Inside the centre is a stone *murti* of Bhagavan Karttikeya which is of medium size. The atmosphere here is cool and calm. Bhasma (*vibhuti*), *chandan* and flowers are

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given as *prasad*. Adjacent to the main temple another temple of Shanmukha is there, whose *murti* is made of *Panchdhatu* (five metals). This is decorated with gold and diamond ornaments and garlands. The *murti* looks lovely and majestic. Adequate arrangements are provided for the stay of pilgrims by the temple authorities. The sea looks like kissing the feet of the Lord. Adi Sankara composed the hymn सदा बालरूपापि विघ्नाद्रि हन्त्री at this shrine.

On the 18th we went to Kuttalam four miles from Tenkasi railway station. The road leading to it is full of trees. Mango groves are in plenty. The mountainous character of the place with trees and flowers flanking the road add to the beauty of the spot. Kuttalam is a hill station and people come here from June to September for change. The climate is bracing. The town is small. Various kinds of medicinal herbs are available here. This place is popular because of its water-fall of River Tamraparni and its life-giving properties. There is a small temple of Kuttaleswara and his Devi. There is a Shakti-pitha here. Hotel facilities are available. The great natural beauty of this place makes us forget everything. The place is infested by monkeys.

We completed the Yatra of Tamilnad here and started for Kerala afterwards.

[*To be continued*]

Bhavan's Samskritik Vikas Yatra

BADRINATH & KEDARNATH

Registration of yatriks for the above yatra scheduled to commence on 11th September 1964 has been closed as the requisite number of yatriks have already been booked.

We regret we could not entertain applications from a large number of friends desirous of joining this yatra.

Announcement about our next YATRA will appear in these pages shortly.

BHARATIYA VIDYA BHAVAN
Chowpatty, Bombay 7

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ROY EMERSON

THIS year's Wimbledon was one of the best attended and most profitable seasons since the war, what with days of sunshine, long queues of spectators, "tons of strawberries and mountains of creams." The centre of attraction was of course the Men's Singles amateur lawn-tennis Championship which was won by Roy Emerson of Australia.

There is more than passing interest in Emerson's victory this year, for it was his ninth attempt, he not having travelled beyond the semi-final stage upto now. He lost to Rod Laver in 1960, to Krishnan in 1961 and to Bungert last year. His present victory therefore is an object lesson to all young players that failure should never dishearten them but to goad them to greater effort and of course, practice.

As one commentator said of Emerson, "No player is fitter, no one practises with so much regularity and determination, and no one, since Laver, has had the capacity to go on playing so well for so long in so many tournaments." As a matter of fact enthusiasts began to doubt at Wimbledon if Emerson did not suffer from too much lawn-tennis!

At the same time there is some substance in the argument that luck plays a part in successes of this kind by bringing about convenient draws etc., even as ill-luck does to prevent it. For one thing, in the present year the weather was fine; Emerson's early engagements were light, not one contender taking a set from him except Pilic. Semi-finals was about the hardest test when Emerson proved his nerve against Bungert and settled his score with him.

When Stolle beat McKinley, the holder, on the day before and became the other contender to the crown, the key-words of Wimbledon were "tobacco" and "Australia" for it became an all-Australian affair, both the contenders being Australians and both PRO's of rival manufacturers of cigarette; but neither of them preferred to light the match when they played! For this reason the match was staccato. Of course individual shots on the part of both were brilliant and exciting but lacked variety. Quality of serving was no doubt high but good returns were rare and excitement few and far between. Indeed Emerson himself confessed "I know it was a boring match to watch. That was only to be expected with two hard-hitters playing wth a fast ball on a fast court."

Far from detracting from the merits of Emerson; who, in form, ought to be classed alongside of Sedgman and

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Hoad, Fraser and Laver, and is a greyhound of a player, all this adds up to say that he would have shone better, had he some other national to meet him at the finals. Even as it was, in defeating his compatriot at 6—4, 12—10, 4—6, 6—3, Emerson showed consistence, strength of service and volley based on an all-court speed and the ability, now and then, to achieve the vital break which led him to victory. It was all a competent and tidy performance.

Roy Stanley Emerson was born in Kingsway, Queensland, on November 3, 1936. He began playing tennis at eight years at Blackbutt, Queensland. Years after, he became by persistence a winner in the Men's Doubles at Wimbledon in 1959 and semi-finalist in the Men's Singles. He was a member of the Australian Davis Cup team which recaptured the Cup in 1959.

Emerson's physical fitness is proverbial; for, as a lad of 14, he ran the 100 yards in 10.6 seconds and long-jumped 21′ 6″. Known familiarly as 'Emmo' in tennis circles, he has won every major championship in the world and now his bag is full. Today, he towers over all amateur players. When and if the ILTF opts for open lawn-tennis, even then Emerson will have a great part to play in the game, provided he maintains his twin virtues of consistency and physical fitness.

Born in a family of farmers, Emerson has two sisters, one of whom is married to the Australian tennis player Mal Anderson. It is said that the brothers-in-law have a striking resemblance to each other.

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Vali and Sugriva fighting—Prambanam (Java)

Parentage of Vali-Sugriva

ALTHOUGH Sri Rama had been so familiar with Vali and Sugriva, with the latter as one of his most devoted supporters, he knew little of their parentage except that their father's name had been Rikshasrajas. Even their mother's name was unknown to him and he often wondered why they had been named Vali and Sugriva.

Curious to know more about their parents, Sri Rama once asked the revered Sage Agastya when the latter happened to visit his court. The sage replied that the great Narada Muni had told him the story of Vali and Sugriva when Narada had visited him in his *tapovan*.

Brahma who dwells on the enchanting and sacred Meru mountain, was once performing *yoga* and a few tears flowed from his eyes. The Creator of the universe brushed them away and they fell on the earth. Where they fell, a great monkey was born and Brahma named him Rikshasrajas and spoke to him in words of kindly affection.

"Go," he said, "to the forest covering this great mountain where the gods dwell and live on the fruits and roots which grow so abundantly there and have such superlative taste. Have no anxiety and, trusting in me, you will find a prosperous future."

With deep reverence the monkey replied, "Willingly do I obey you, O Lord, and I shall live always thinking of you with reverence and confidence."

Thus did Riksharajas live a happy and contented life on Mount Meru and every evening he would visit Brahma bringing him the choicest fruits from among those he had collected and honey and flowers, which he placed in humble worship at Brahma's feet. Brahma was pleased with Riksharajas.

●●●

One day the monkey felt exceedingly thirsty and went to a large, limpid lake to quench it. The songs of birds, the murmur of the leaves and the soft breeze filled his heart with joy and he approached the bank of the lake with a happy smile on his face. Standing on the bank to drink, he saw his own reflection in the clear water and a great rage filled his heart at the thought that a rival had come to challenge him in his own territory.

He excitedly muttered to himself, "He is a dangerous enemy and does not seem afraid of me in the least. He is smiling as if he would jeer at me. Let me enter his abode and destroy him before he attacks me."

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With this resolve, Riksharajas dived into the cool waters of the lake and lo! as he came up, he had been transformed into a ravishingly beautiful maiden with a form and a face to tempt the gods.

And at that very moment did the gods happen to come there.

Indra, the lord of the gods and Surya, the glowing god of light, were passing that way and simultaneously saw the maiden and both were bewitched by her stunning beauty. Indra begot out of her a son who was named Vali because he sprang from her hair and Surya begot a son who was named Sugriva because he issued from her throat.

Both these offsprings were powerful monkeys. They could change their shape at will. Indra gave his son a gold chain and returned to his celestial kingdom. Surya secured the services of the great Hanuman, son of *Vaayu*, to look after Sugriva and returned to his abode in the heavens.

When the gods had departed and the morning dawned, Riksharajas regained his original form.

He was sorely perplexed and anxiety filled his heart as he pondered over his new situation. Not knowing how to face this sudden and unexpected responsibility, he went to Brahma with his two sons.

Prostrating humbly before him, Riksharajas narrated the incidents that had occurred and begged of Brahma for guidance and help.

Brahma, in his affection for the great monkey, decided that he had to settle him in a kingdom of his own as he could no longer be allowed to fend for himself in the forests of Meru.

Calling a messenger, he commanded, "Go to the beautiful city of Kishkindha where thousands of *vaanaras* live and men and women of all the four castes pursue their callings in affluence and live in righteousness and piety.

"The great Vishwakarma created that city at my behest and it bears the stamp of his unerring genius and it is worthy of Riksharajas, the foremost among *vaanaras* and his sons. Take him with you and calling the *vaanara* leaders together, tell them that I desire Riksharajas, favoured by me, to be crowned as the ruler. His great intelligence and virtue will ensure their loyal allegiance."

On hearing Brahma speak thus, the messenger proceeded to Kishkinda with Riksharajas and his two sons and, travelling with the speed of wind, they reached that great city. Thus was Riksharajas enthroned as the ruler of the *vaanaras* with great pomp and ceremony. The *vaanaras* rejoiced at finding such a noble ruler, selected by Brahma himself and the new king ruled them with wisdom and kindness.

Thus did Sage Agastya explain to Sri Rama how Riksharajas was both father and mother to Vali and Sugriva and took leave of him after receiving from him the obeisance due to a great Rishi and bestowing on him his kindly benediction.

[*Ramayana*—Uttarakanda]

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Who introduced the idea of maintaining libraries in India where the spoken word was held in great esteem? When did they come into existence?

LIBRARIES IN ANCIENT INDIA

Prof. U. Venkatakrishna Rao

PRIOR to the Christian era, libraries were rare in India because, firstly the sacred scriptures were not to be written down and secondly, birch barks on which alone they could be written, were difficult to preserve; they were liable to be eaten up by white ants. It was only after paper was introduced in the 12th century A.D. that libraries in the modern sense of the term could be maintained. Prior to this, the scholars themselves were the "Books" and were honoured as *Bahushrutas* or "much-heard" persons. Well-read persons can be spoken of only after printed books came into existence.

But a few libraries were in existence in ancient India. It was the Buddhist pilgrims from China who seem to have introduced the idea of maintaining libraries in ancient India. Fa Hien, the first pilgrim spent six years here collecting Buddhist scriptures in the 5th century A.D. He refers to a Buddhist monastery in Jatavana which had a library and an attached reading-room. Two centuries later, the more famous pilgrim, Hiuen Tsiang, spent nearly twelve years in Nalanda University which had already become a great centre of learning and, what is more important for us, possessed a big library with rare manuscripts.

The pilgrim and others like him copied many of our excellent books like *Amarakosha* besides their Buddhist scriptures and carried them in big ships to China. As these scriptures were ceremoniously placed in three big baskets, they were called *Tripitakas;* they were all studied and translated into Chinese and so many of our rare books which were lost through Muslim vandalism, were preserved in their Chinese translation.

The Nalanda University had a separate library first, as every modern university now has. This was referred to by the name *Dharmaganja* or marketplace of learning; three palatial

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buildings called *Ratna saagara* (Ocean of Gems) *Ratnodadhi* (Sea of Gems) and *Ratnaranjaka* (Pleasing by the Gems) housed these big libraries. The Nalanda University attracted scholars from across the seas and flourished from about the 4th century A.D. to about the 10th century when it was destroyed.

The emperors of Java and Sumatra like Balaputra Deva vied with each other in offering endowments to this institution of international reputation; they built monasteries at their expense and endowed many villages for their upkeep and particularly specified that some portion of the revenue accruing from these villages should be spent towards copying books and securing them for the library.

Similar libraries were maintained in the Universities of *Vallabhi* (in modern Kathiawar), *Vikramashila, Banaras* and elsewhere. One particular thing which deserves to be noticed is that these Buddhist universities taught Hindu philosophies also and acquired books on Vedanta, Nyaya, Sankhya, etc. over and above books on the *Heenayaana* and *Mahayaana* systems of Buddhist philosophy.

South India also did not lag behind in instituting temple libraries. The famous *Nataraaja* temple at Chidambaram (*Vyaaghra Puree*) housed an excellent library under the great Chola King Raja Raja (983-1013 A.D). Conjeevaram, or *Kanchee* as it was then called, had also famous temple libraries and famous scholars like Dandin studied there. One of its alumni rose to the position of Vice-Chancellor (Kulapati) of the Nalanda University also.

As remarked already, the Muslims perhaps introduced paper into India in the 12th century learning about it from the Chinese. Most of the Mogul emperors were learned scholars and Babar the first Emperor, has written his autobiography also. His daughter, like other royal Princesses of that line up to Shah Jahan's daughter, was also very learned and maintained big private libraries in the palace.

Emperor Akbar who is wrongly considered as having been illiterate even to the extent of not being able to read, possessed an excellent library of Sanskrit books and even arranged for their translation into Persian. His son Jehangir and more particularly, his great-grandson, the ill-fated Dara Shikoh, studied the Upanishads under the famous literary critic Pandit Raja Jagannatha of the *Rasagangaadhara* fame. He even translated more than 50 Upanishads into Persian and historians declare that the history of India would have been different had he come to the throne instead of Aurangazib, who, though a zealous Muslim, was hated by the Hindus and spelled the ruin of the Mogul Empire.

The Mogul library, built up zealously by Babar and his descendants, was unfortunately carried away by Nadir Shah to Persia in 1739 along with Shah Jahan's Peacock Throne and other treasures.

The misfortune that befell Delhi and its library overtook the libraries also in the South though some centuries later. Some of the Muslim ministers were patrons of learning like Gawan, Minister of the Baha-

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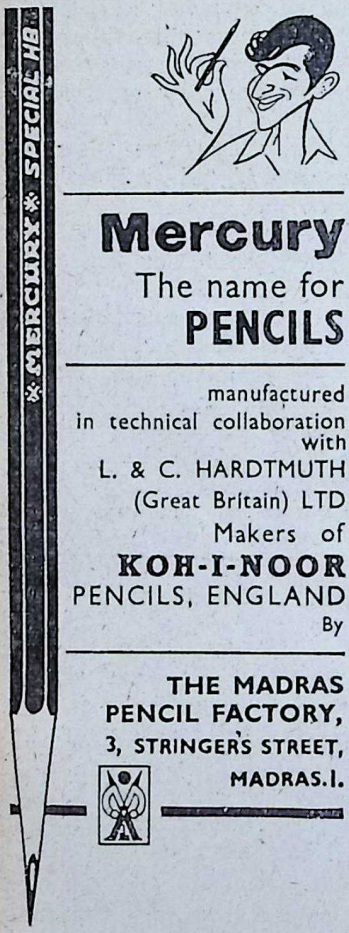

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mini King, who built at Bidar in Bijapur a college with a large library attached.

The Muslims in the southern states joined together and destroyed the Vijayanagara kingdom in the battle of Talikota in 1526 A.D. The excellent library in that city which was built up in the course of the centuries by literary savants like Vidyaranya, Sayana, Raghavendra Swamiji and others, as also the great temples that housed them, were completely destroyed.

Though States in the South were for a long time immune from foreign domination, the defeat at Talikota crippled them and it took more than two centuries for them to rear their heads once again.

The Nayak Kings in the 16th century, particularly the most learned of them, Tirumala Nayak, started the Tanjore Saraswati Mahal Library. Sarfoji II (1798-1832) was himself a linguist and collected books in English, French, Latin and Greek, besides books in Sanskrit, and in the north and south Indian languages.

Sanskrit Manuscripts numbered 30,000, Marathi 5,000, Telugu 2,500 and Tamil 2,000. Perhaps medicine and atomic physics were his favourite subjects as *Aananda Kanda*, a rare treatise on medicine and alchemy, was copied by himself. Because of his abiding interest, the library was named after him. While on a pilgrimage to Banaras between 1820 and 1830, he purchased every available manuscript and engaged a host of Pandits to transcribe those with which the owners were not willing to part. In 1868, the library attracted the

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attention of the Government of India and in 1871, Dr. Burnell, a District and Sessions Judge, was ordered to prepare a catalogue of the manuscripts. Now the Union Government provides a fifty per cent grant while the State Government contributes a matching grant of Rs. 20,000/- annually for its upkeep. The then State Government of Pudukkottai organised, on the lines of the Serfoji Library of Tanjore, a library at Pudukkottai. The Vedashastra Pathashala was attached thereto; after the State's merger with Madras, the library was merged with the Oriental Manuscripts Library.

The Kerala Kings were also very learned and were particularly fortunate in being immune from Muslim vandalism. The Granthapura or the Palace Library attached to the Travancore Padmanabhadasa palace has now grown into the Kerala University Manuscripts Library. The library is reported to have the second largest collection of manuscripts in India (as stated by its present Vice-Chancellor). Almost every *illom* or private house in Kerala contains valuable manuscripts and let us hope that before long many of these will soon be published.

Any account of these libraries would be incomplete without a reference to the India Office Library in London to which most of the manuscripts acquired by our erstwhile rulers were diverted in the days of the British regime. The library has been all along maintained from funds provided therefor by the Indian Government and it is but legitimate that it should be inherited by India.

Max Muller and a host of other Indologists spent their lifetime in it publishing the *Rig Veda* and other precious books. Perhaps the largest collection of our manuscripts is to be found there and it is the duty of every Indian to strive for the restoration of these rare and precious volumes to India.

One day the Governor of Bengal visited Sir Asutosh at his residence and extended to him the invitation of His Majesty's government to attend the coronation of King Edward VII in London.

"I will have to ask my mother" said Sir Asutosh.

The reply astounded the Governor. He just could not believe it. So stating that it was the express wish of the Lord Viceroy that Sir Asutosh should go to London, he asked: "Would you disregard the Lord Viceroy's bidding?"

"I know no Lord greater than my mother" said Sir Asutosh.

The Governor was left speechless.

During those times, to travel overseas by a Brahmin was forbidden. Orthodox as she was, Sir Asutosh's mother did not grant him the permission to go to London.

Sir Asutosh did not go.

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AT

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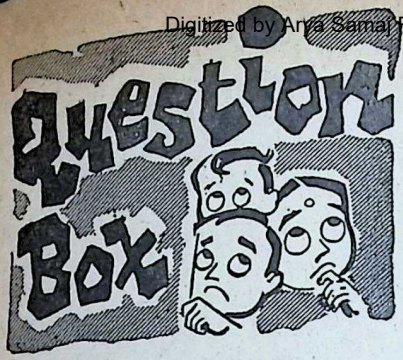

ANSWERS BY

K. M. MUNSHI

1146

Smt. R. Nirmala, Madras-4.

Q: *What should we do to attain eternal happiness?*

A: Develop *samatva,* a sense of equality towards all by seeing all in God and God in all. But don't think it is an easy matter.

1147

Sri H. Gopinath, Bellary.

Q: *For whom must we have* bhakti *—to God or mother?*

A: To both.

1148

Sri U. Gopalachar, Dharmassal.

Q: *It is said that the soul of a dead person takes another birth. In that case how long is the interval between death and the rebirth?*

A: No one knows for certain. But I think the soul will go into another body immediately on death.

1149

Sri G. Narasimha Rao, Hyderabad.

Q: *May I know when you will publish* Bhavan's Journal *in Telugu?*

A: When enthusiastic men and money are forthcoming.

1150

Sri Lalit Mohan Das, Puri.

Q: *When the freedom of country is in peril, what is the foremost duty of a student?*

A: To study, to be disciplined and to join the N.C.C.

1151

Sri L. Sreedhar, Kadiri.

Q: *Can we achieve national integration through cinemas and newspapers?*

A: Yes, if the cinemas and newspapers stand for India as the Motherland, one and indivisible, and forswear regionalism and class war.

1152

Sri V.S. Narasimhan, Virajpet.

Q: *Is it a fact that a female fiend called Mohini exists and often entices fair men and kills them ultimately?*

A: The female fiend Mohini exists in every woman who wants to lure men to sexual indulgence for its own sake and without marriage.

1153

Sri R. Sreeramamurty, Waltair.

Q: *Is it possible to attain* moksha *by simply uttering the name of God several times?*

A: *Moksha* cannot be attained by buying the cheap ticket of uttering God's name several times. God's name should be repeated ceaselessly and with faith, till you are filled with God and become God-conscious.

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PROF. G. M. WYBURN

What Gives the Salt its Savour?

TASTE and smell are our chemical analysers, providing us with a service which no chemical laboratory can hope to rival. The results are produced in a fraction of a second compared to hours or even days required for laboratory tests, and can be given with samples many hundred times smaller than the chemist needs.

Asked how many kinds of taste there are, most people would answer hundreds or even thousands. In fact, there are four* basic tastes—acid or sour, salty, bitter, and sweet. Blended in various combinations these four tastes are responsible for the many flavours of the food we eat, just as the colours we see in the rainbow are mixtures of three primary colours.

Most flavours, however, owe something to the sense of smell, and, for example, when we have a cold in the head our food loses much of its savour.

Put your tongue out, and far back on its upper surface you can see a V-shaped row of raised plaques or papillae about a millimetre in diameter, each encircled by a shallow trench. In the walls of this trench, but too small to be seen with the naked eye, there are taste organs or receptors known as taste buds. Taste buds are also found related to papillae at the tip and at the sides of the tongue, and altogether the human tongue has from 9,000 to 10,000 taste buds. The number, however, tends to decrease in later years, hence the jaded palate of the elderly epicure seeking new and exotic dishes to stimulate his dwindling taste perception.

Seen with the microscope each taste bud consists of a cluster of thin leaf-like cells cemented together at the apex which lies below the surface in the taste pit. A slender process of material secreted by these cells often projects from the taste pit. Fine nerve twigs terminate in expansions on the surface of the cells of the taste bud.

Although the taste buds all look alike, even when studied with the electron microscope at a magnifica-

* Indian *shastras* have divided taste into six varieties.

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tion of 50,000 or more, different parts of the tongue are specially sensitive to particular kinds of taste—sweet tastes at the tip, acid tastes at the sides, and bitter tastes at the back. (The small flake of tobacco escaped from the cigarette is only recognised when its bitter taste is recorded at the back of the tongue.)

Our senses have three parts: first, the sense organ or receptor at the input end gathering information; second, the nerves or conducting elements conveying this information to the brain; and third, the receiving centres in the brain responsible for the output in terms of perception: that is, what we taste, what we see or what we hear.

The receptor apparatus carries out two separate tasks. First, they are constructed so that normally they record only one kind of stimulus. For example the taste buds deal with chemical stimulation. Secondly, they transform one kind of energy—the energy of the stimulus—into another kind of energy—electrical energy—which is used to send coded messages along the nerves and up to the brain. (An example of a modern man-made transducer is the microphone.)

We now know that within a thousandth of a second from the time of stimulation a taste bud generates a positive electrical charge known as the receptor potential, the strength depending on the intensity of the stimulation. This is brought about by a change in the outside covering or cell membrane of the receptor whereby particles with a positive electrical charge—cations

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such as sodium, for instance—pass into the receptor.

The receptor potential, like a miniature electric battery, is used to trigger off volleys of electrical impulses which are sent along the nerves, and the information about the stimulation is received by the brain in the form of these nerve impulses, which can be regarded as a biological morse code with dashes but no dots. The stronger the stimulation the larger is the receptor potential, and the greater the number of nerve impulses sent off.

It is important to realise that the only kind of message received by the brain, whether it is from the eye, ear, or the taste buds, is in the form of nerve impulses.

As there are four basic tastes it would be logical to expect that each taste would stimulate its own group of taste buds. The position, however, is much more complicated. It is experimentally possible to record the discharge of nerve impulses in the nerve of a single taste bud stimulated with substances of different tastes, and in this way it has been shown that most taste buds respond to more than one kind of basic taste although they may be more sensitive to a particular taste as indicated by the discharge of a greater number of impulses.

To put it another way, each of the four basic tastes might stimulate taste buds which also respond to one or more of the other three tastes, but the frequency ratio of the group discharge would be different for each taste.

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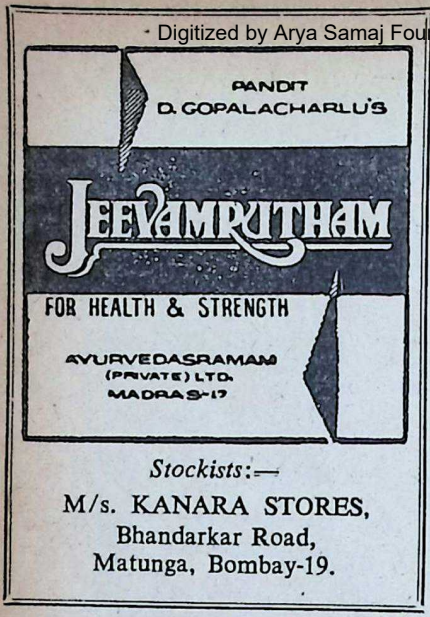

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stances have an acid taste, a salty taste, a bitter or a sweet taste, and we also know a great deal about the physical and chemical properties of such substances in solution, any one of which could be the source of the stimulus energy to generate the transducer action of the taste receptors.

Sapid substances, that is, substances with a taste, are either in solution or dissolve in saliva.

Substances which when in solution can conduct electricity are called electrolytes, and electrolytes contain ions or dissociated particles with an electric charge. Ions with a positive charge are cations, those with a negative one are anions, and we have found that such ions are concerned with at least two of the basic tastes —acid and salty.

Up to the present we have not been able to link the sweet or bitter taste with any particular physical or chemical property. Because it is an obvious property of sugar solutions, osmotic pressure is suggested as the stimulus energy for the sweet taste.

Certainly, if you dilute salt solutions until they lose their salt taste, but still possess osmotic pressure, they taste sweet.

There is, however, little chemical connection between the sugars and the synthetic sweeteners like saccharine, where osmosis does not apply.

The bitter taste is even more puzzling, with a range of such chemically different substances as quinine, nicotine and epsom salts. Some substances, moreover, can taste both sweet and bitter.

The primary purpose of taste is the rejection or acceptance of food by the organism, and a conscious sensation of taste is probably limited to those animals with well-developed brains.

It should be remembered that our sensory mechanisms are not windows looking out on the external world, but create the biological symbols which are the basis of our perceptions.

For example, certain pressure waves we interpret as sound, others we feel as vibration.

Taste, therefore, like the colour of the sunset or the music of a symphony, exists only within the brain and the saying that what is one man's meat is another man's poison is merely a way of stating that no two brains are exactly alike in the details of their structure or the more subtle aspects of their function.

[Courtesy : *B. B. C.*]

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Dr P. Trivedi is a well-known educationist of Kaira District, Gujarat State. Given below are some extracts from his address to the Headmasters' Conference convened at Attarsumba in March this year. —Ed.

The function of the school

P. Trivedi

THE school is not just bricks and mortar, stone and steel and timber, glass and paints. It is not books and equipment and furniture. Nor is it just pupils and teachers. The school is a monument of man's victory over his vices. It rests on the pillars of patience and fortitude, determination and discipline. It serves as a symbol of solemnity, purity, service, dedication and dignity.

The function of the school is to inspire, to create, to transform, to kindle fire that will melt and remould the human personality in all its splendour. The task of the school is to enable the child to experience and express and extend the joy of existence. It must serve as a bridge to link precept with practice.

The task of the school is to build up human beings who have dignity, conscience, ideals to live and die for, the courage to tell the truth and dare the dismal and the dreadful, and to act in the spirit of service and sacrifice "heart within and God overhead."

The school shall nurture the rising generation of man for health and vigour, for strength and wisdom, for initiative and zeal for knowledge, for zest and faith, for efficiency and adjustment, for beauty and character, for poise and personality.

The function of the school shall be to ensure for each and every child who knocks at its portals a cultural endowment, an intellectual status, a refined outlook, an elegant expression, a sense of duty, a spirit of service, a thinking and creative mind, a broad vision, a pattern of self-control, a path of discipline, a desire for self-realisation.

The school that offers courses and teaches subjects does not necessarily educate. Education not only envisages successful neuro-muscular coordination but it essentially stimulates emotional integration and maturity, elegance and magnanimity, ability to perceive and capacity to feel, wisdom and the power to judge right from wrong, the eternal from the ephemeral. The school shall create a spiritual environment in which the yearning soul of man shall cry out with Thomas a Kempis:

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I had rather be poor for Thee, than rich without Thee.

In the environment of the school, therefore, knowledge shall become synonymous with God, ideas shall become synonymous with Eternity and beauty shall become synonymous with Truth. That school alone stands on a sound foundation which lays the foundation of a cultivated community whose freedom of thought and action is based on a sound discipline of life. The function of the school is not so much to teach as to educate and not so much to educate as to create.

The school shall, therefore, create a new generation of citizens, emancipated from the bonds of ignorance and inertia, saved from the glamour of greed and lust and lifted above the quagmire of illusion and evil, to enable them to set up their own goals and strive to reach them with hope and confidence, courage and dignity in the "endless morn of light."

The wit was not wrong who defined education in this way: "Education is that which remains, after one has forgotten everything he learned in school."

—Einstein

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TREES ARE OUR WEALTH

AMONGST the many gifts of nature, vegetation ranks only next to air and water.

To the trees, we owe the stored-up wealth of coal-beds, fertile earth for the production of food, life-giving water for irrigation and the purity of the very air we breathe.

Besides providing greenery and shade, trees as a perennial source of fuel, timber, fodder, flower and fruit are the key to several industries.

As a deterrent to soil erosion, they have proved their worth, and science has yet to discover a cheaper and better method for checking the desiccation of soil. They maintain the oxygen cycle.

Trees have an important bearing on agriculture; and these are as essential on farmlands as a family garden, a fruit tree or a milch cow.

Life in ancient India was intimately bound up with trees. Our ancient civilizations of Mohenjodaro and Harappa flourished on the bountiful lap of forests. Buddhist monasteries were built in gardens enlivened by beautiful trees.

In almost all Indian languages, trees form the subject of many folk-songs. Indian riddles and proverbs have also been enriched by frequent references to the tree motif. Interesting details about trees have been given in Indian sculptures, reminding us how tree culture was a highly developed art in ancient India. So also our ancient writings are replete with references to gardens, parks, sanctuaries and road avenues.

Until not too distant a period, Indian villages had dense groves all around, which rang with the laughter of children at play, or where in the shade the elders would gather to give "cool judgements on hotly contested subjects". Huge trees lined the

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great arterial roads under whose cool shade sunbaked, foot-sore travellers rested and refreshed for a forward move.

Under the stress of a growing population, however, we have over-exploited our natural tree wealth, resulting in the cutting down of trees from road sides, banks of tanks, village homesteads, grazing grounds and wastelands. This has brought about a dearth of fuel wood in the villages, with the result that cowdung finds its way to the fireplace instead of being used as farmyard manure to enrich the impoverished fields of the Indian cultivator.

In many parts of the country, with the destruction of trees in the villages, the wood-based industries are disappearing, as it is uneconomical to produce wooden articles of common use at low cost. At one time, the paper industry was based upon such raw materials and was rural in nature. This renewal depends upon resuscitating the woodlands in the rural areas.

By planting mulberry in the villages the silk industry can provide supplementary employment to the farmers. There is scope for planting lac host trees in village woodlets.

The *neem* seeds are a cheap source of oil which can be utilized to develop the soap industry.

Then, again, the destruction of trees in the villages has resulted in greater pressure on the neighbouring forests, and these are undergoing steady deterioration.

Besides new railway-tracks, highway roads and expansion of agriculture and industries, new development projects like hydroelectric, irrigation, mining and rehabilitation schemes have made further inroads on forest lands. This encroachment into forest areas has resulted in an ill-balanced economy, bringing about soil desiccation and erosion and a chronic shortage of fuel, timber and fodder.

Forestry has been referred to as the handmaid of agriculture, and yet our forest area is inadequate to meet our present needs.

Our forest land comprises an area of 7,83,962 sq. km. (3,02,668 sq. miles). This comes to 24 per cent of the total geographical area of the country. At least 33 $^1/_3$ per cent of the total land surface should be under forests for meeting the demands for timber and fuel and for ensuring the benefits derived from forests.

It has been estimated that there will be a shortage of 100 million tons of timber and firewood by 1975. Thus, a large gap is to be bridged between the existing forest area and that which is the barest minimum.

In his concept of an ideal village, Gandhiji would have "cottage built of materials obtained within a radius of five miles of it." Surely, he must have had in mind materials mainly derived from trees and plants.

In the frequency of floods and dust-storms and in the menacing increase of soil erosion, we have a long and lurid shadow of the shape of things to come if the reckless deforestation and denudation of tree growth are allowed to continue.

There is the arid treeless and windswept fringe of the Cutch and Rajasthan deserts with their menace

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of shifting sands engulfing fertile lands and smothering wells, roads and railway-tracks.

The densely populated and intensively cultivated tract of the Indo-Gangetic plain has its woeful tale of repeated floods.

The extensive stretches of undulating uplands in the south-western districts of West Bengal were clothed once upon a time by dense forests, but constant felling of trees has reduced them to skeletons.

The heavily eroded ravine lands skirting the rivers and plains in southern Uttar Pradesh and in Central India; the friable soils of the Chotanagpur plateau in Bihar and the Nilgiris in the South; and the vast desolate tract of the Deccan uplands, where the struggling peasant ekes out a meagre livelihood, have a similar story to tell.

Even some of the Himalayan valleys are in great danger of losing their greenery on account of excessive grazing by sheep and goats which are taken to alpine meadows by graziers in the months of April and May. Rightly has it been said: "SAVE THE SOIL TO SAVE YOURSELF".

The sovereign remedy for saving the soil is REAFFORESTATION—PLANT MORE TREES. To this end, Vanamahotsava was launched in 1950.

The main objectives of the festival are: restoration of shade-giving trees along roads and paths, rehabilitation of despoiled groves, replanting of trees on wastelands, grazing grounds and open spaces, and the planting of trees, such as *babul*, which have light crowns and cast very light shade, on the field boundaries. This, by itself, can produce large quantities of wood for house construction and agricultural implements, parts of bullock carts and fuel in the rural areas.

Vanamahotsava has now become a national festival, and it is being celebrated on a progressively larger scale each year. During the eleven years (1950-61), nearly 41 crore trees have been planted, of which more than half have survived.

The country's interests demand that during this year's Vanamahotsava we should develop a feeling of love for trees and brighten up the face of the country by planting them in large numbers.

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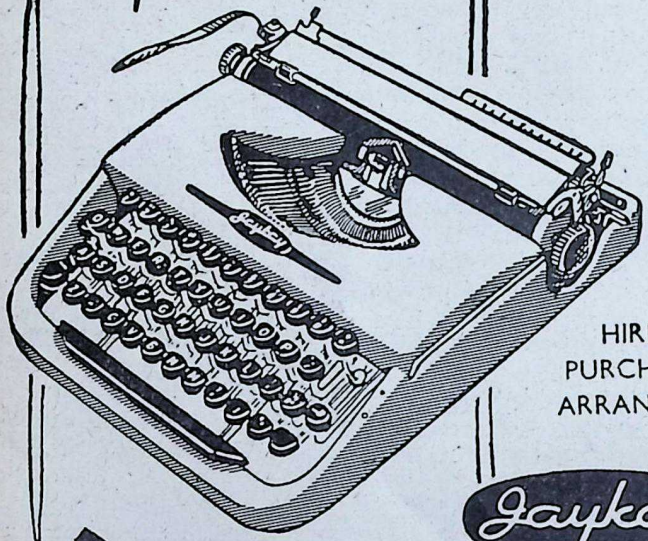

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Prithvi-Vallabh

THE BELOVED OF THE EARTH

Translated from Gujarati by H. M. Patel, I.C.S. (Retd.)

THE STORY SO FAR : Munja, the great Paramara conqueror of Malva who had routed Tailap, the king of Telengana, eighteen times, was finally vanquished by Bhillam, Tailap's Commander-in-Chief. He was taken prisoner and brought to Manyaket, the capital of Telengana.

Meanwhile, Mrinalvati, the forty-six-year old widowed sister of Tailap, with a will all her own, was virtually the ruler of Telengana. She had now issued orders for the victory parade of the prisoners, including Munja.

Chapter 4

THE BELOVED OF THE EARTH

WHEN it became widely known that Mrinalvati would witness the parade and that the usual restrictions upon public rejoicing would be withdrawn, everyone was delighted. The natural exuberance of the people, repressed so long, broke out and on the morn of the parade at every window could be seen happy men and women laughing and singing.

On the big balcony of the palace too, there had congregated a number of women dressed in rich, colourful clothes. Everyone's heart rejoiced at the sight of the unaccustomed pomp and show that had been put on. When the victorious army neared the approach to the palace, a maid went inside. That was the signal for the women to hold their breath and watch expectantly for Mrinalvati to come out.

Soon she appeared on the balcony, dressed, not in her usual clothes of fibre, but in a plain white sari. Her eyes wore an angry look and her lips were tightly closed. Her harsh expression made her look more forbidding than usual, sending a shudder of revulsion through the women present.

Mrinalvati was followed by Jakkaladevi, Laxmidevi and Vilas. Vilas, too, was wearing a white sari. Her slender, finely etched figure looked as attractive as the rising moon. Her face was suffused with eagerness and clearly showed that she was enjoying herself after a long time.

Soon strains of martial music could

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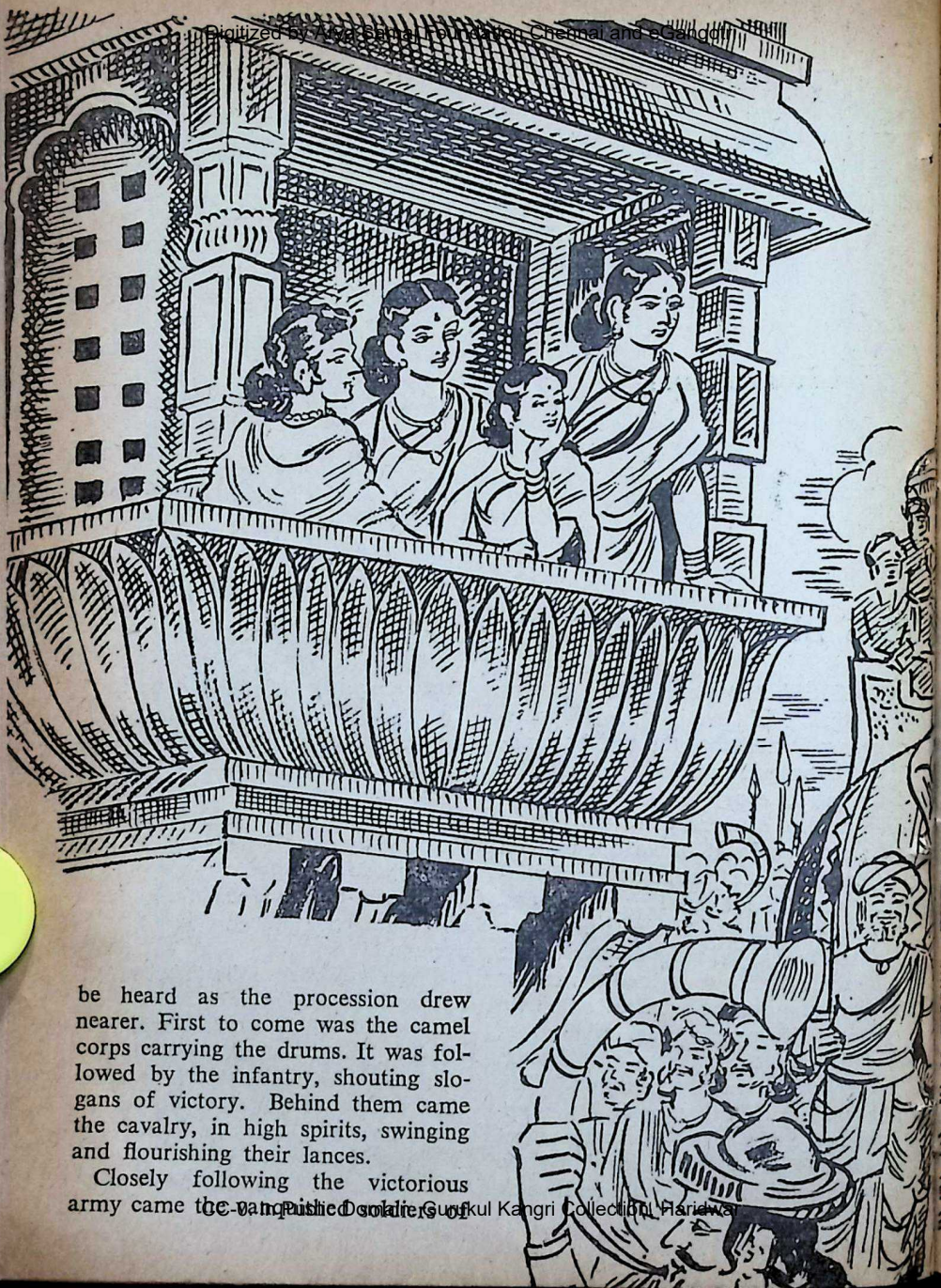

be heard as the procession drew nearer. First to come was the camel corps carrying the drums. It was followed by the infantry, shouting slogans of victory. Behind them came the cavalry, in high spirits, swinging and flourishing their lances.

Closely following the victorious army came the vanquished soldiers of

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Malwa, with hands tied behind them and their arms and uniforms stained with blood. Their headgears and weapons had been removed from them. The same soldiers, who had conquered Manyakhet only a few months earlier, were now prisoners, and with dejection writ large on their faces, they bore the taunts of the armed warriors of Telengana.

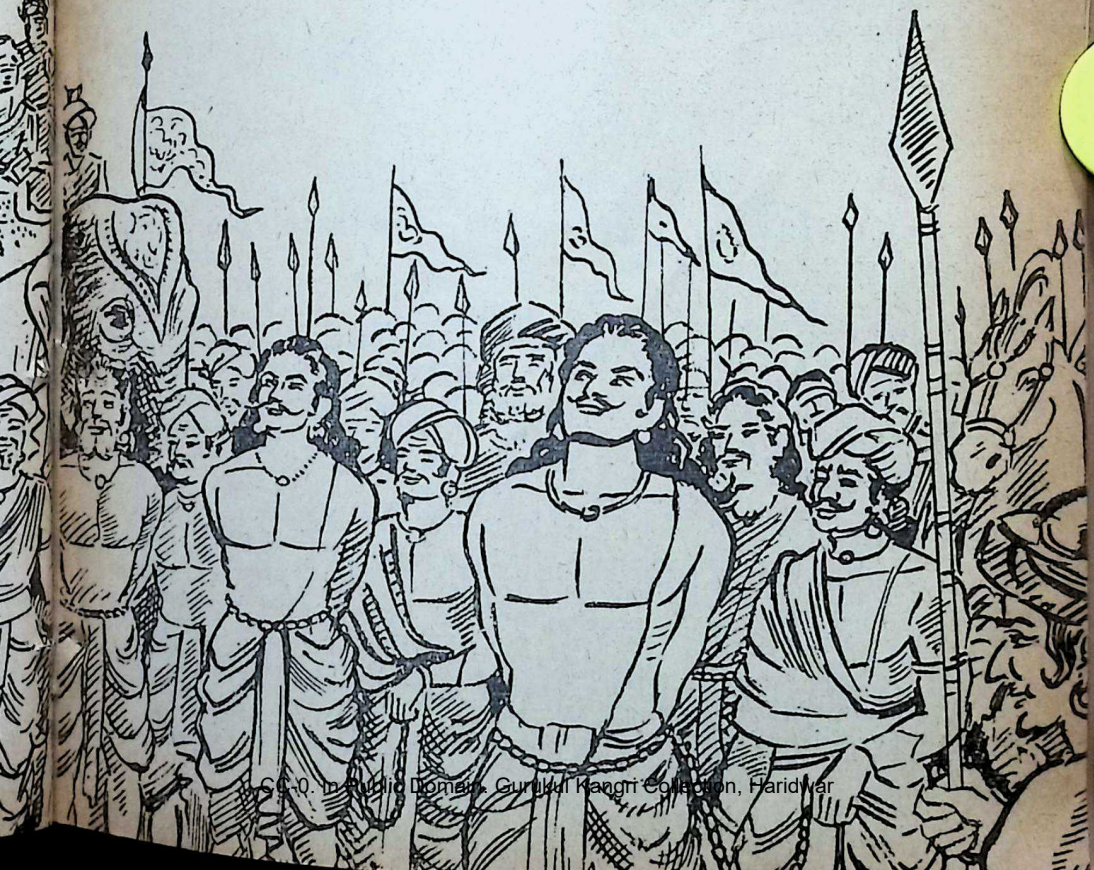
Behind the Malwa troops came the Telengi officers on horseback, followed by Tailap's generals riding on elephants. Behind them walked a company of slaves fully armed.

Mrinalvati had exiled all poets from the land, but she had not dismissed the professional minstrels from her court. These men were now marching triumphantly in the parade, happy at the opportunity to feel important.

Behind them walked fifty to sixty prisoners clad in ordinary clothes. They did not look like soldiers; they were gentle of mien and they walked with dignity.

"Look!" Laxmidevi drew Vilas's attention to this group. "These are the poets I was talking about."

Mrinalvati overheard her remark. "What did you say?" she asked gruffly.



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"Your Highness, these are Munjraj's poets."

"Who told you?"

"Mahasamant."

"So, the 'Beloved of the Earth' could not do without his poets even on the battlefield! What would you say of such a man!" There was disdain in her voice.

Vilas stared with bated breath at this queer group of men. She had heard much about poets, and because Mrinal hated them so, her interest in them became the greater. She was delighted at this opportunity to see them in the flesh, but she kept her delight to herself because she had been trained to hide her feelings.

The parade was moving forward. Behind the captive poets there came, with their own special band and flag, two hundred soldiers armed with naked swords and spears.

Behind them came the royal elephant. On its back were seated King Tailap and his general Bhillam. The crowd greeted them with shouts of joy. Only those looking out from the palace balcony watched them quietly.

Even as the elephant lumbered ahead amid loud shouts of "Victory to Tailap Maharaj!" all eyes were strained to see what came behind. The soldiers who followed had grouped themselves into a hollow square and at the centre of the square walked a man majestically. 'Could he indeed be the great Munj of Malwa?' people whispered.

"There is Munj, there is that sinner!" exclaimed Mrinal as soon as she set eyes on him from a distance and she could not prevent a note of high excitement as she spoke. A feeling of pride swept over her, an expression of satisfaction settled on her face and the grim lines there dissolved into a smile which hovered on her parted lips. Her new mood encouraged the other women on the balcony to express their thoughts freely. Jakkaladevi voiced the feelings of everyone present when she remarked: "Thank heavens, today our hearts are glad. This miserable wretch gave us no peace for many years."

"My brother, too, gave him no peace," retorted Mrinal through clenched teeth. "Today Munj's fame is laid low."

"Why do they make him walk?" asked Vilas wistfully turning to her mother.

"Because he deserves no mercy," Laxmidevi answered.

"And what about the hundreds of brave warriors who perished in the battle? Is that not sufficient cause for revenge?" commented Jakkaladevi.

"Jakkala, there is no question of revenge," said Mrinal harshly. "Truth will always triumph. He was the embodiment of untruth and that is why he lost."

"Would you say that he was a sinful man?" enquired Laxmidevi. Mrinal suspected that the question had been put sarcastically. She looked up to find only innocence writ upon Laxmidevi's face.

"Sinful? You cannot find a more baneful man on this earth. Even his touch is enough to send seven generations to hell."

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"That may be, but what an impressive figure he has!"

Munj had by then been led into the square opposite the palace.

"He looks just like any other man ..." Mrinaldevi began, then she turned her face to gaze at him.

Munj stood alone, towering above the circle of soldiers surrounding him. He was dressed only in a dhoti, the upper part of his body being left bare. His only ornaments were the manacles which locked his hands behind his back. But such was the power of his personality that everyone looking at him was struck speechless for a while. Compared to him, the soldiers around him looked like pygmies. Indeed the victorious army around him only enhanced his stature and dignity.

Physically he looked a giant and incomparably well-proportioned. His face was not merely handsome, it glowed with royal splendour. His long, black and curly hair spreading out on his broad shoulders added to the lustre of his face. His powerful neck, cocked back, gave one the impression of a cobra ready to strike. He stood with his head thrown back, proud as ever and indifferent to the world around him. His manacled hands brought into relief his muscular chest, white and firm as marble. His sinewy legs were massive pillars supporting his magnificent torso. His strength lay not merely in the muscular perfection of his physique. It looked, not the body of a mere mortal—though human, it was a form divine, it was perfection that only a painter or poet could dream of.

Like a rogue elephant, he took slow, measured steps to walk forward. There was neither self-consciousness nor sadness in him. Mrinal saw all this at one glance and became irrationally angry. It seemed to her as if it was Munj who was victorious and not Tailap; that Munj's personality made everyone look small and mean, and that even her victorious brother's personality paled into insignificance. Mrinal soon brushed away these thoughts. Her eyes and face once again assumed their stony expression.

The parade had halted momentarily in front of the balcony of the palace. Munj, at a point almost below Mrinal, waiting for the soldiers to move forward, looked around with royal disdain in his eyes.

A gasp escaped Vilas, "Isn't he a wonderful man!" Her words, though spoken softly, were caught by the royal prisoner below. Throwing back his hair with an arrogant toss of the head, Munj looked up. He cast an eye on the ladies who were standing in the balcony, throwing them all into confusion and stunned silence. Some women gripped the ledge of the balcony in fear.

Munj's arrogant glance fell first upon Vilas, then he looked at each of the women in turn. His eyes rested last of all upon Mrinal and as he smiled, it was as if the sun had risen in a clear sky. Munj's handsome face made Mrinal forget everything and she stood staring at him. She saw a perfect face, well-proportioned and expressive. His high forehead was clear and noble; his eyes, large and bright, were full of tenderness; his lips were parted in an affectionate

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smile and his features were suffused with the light of victory! Every woman was enthralled, and even Mrinal's stony heart experienced a momentary flutter.

The parade moved forward. Munj looked up again and smiled. No one had eyes for Tailapraj, nor for Mahasamant. Everyone bent forward to catch a last glimpse of Prithvi Vallabh's broad, powerful back as he walked away.

Mrinal was the first to recover from the spell. Soon the other women found their voice again and, forgetting Mrinal's presence, started praising Munj. Mrinal's face became hard again.

"Your Highness," said Laxmi, "what Mahasamant was saying, is indeed true. He really looks like the Beloved of the Earth."

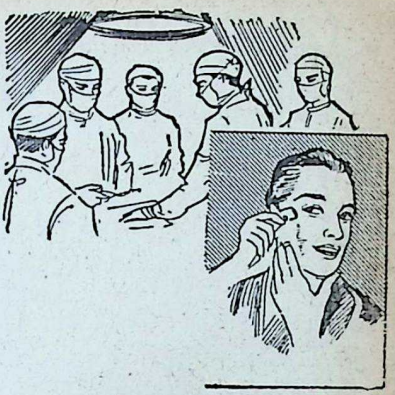
Mrinal looked at her steadily for a moment and then said rebukingly. "Laxmi, don't forget, the real Prithvi Vallabh is Tailapraj."

"But, oh, how very handsome he is!" exclaimed Vilas forgetting her long years of training in self-control.

In great anger Mrinal caught hold of Vilas's ear and twisted it. "Fool! Have you lost your senses? Did I not say that this is no place for children? What will happen to you, if the sight of every handsome man turns your head like this? Look at me, am I affected? Go, all of you, and ask God's forgiveness for letting your emotions get the better of you."

Everyone scurried away, lashed by the fury of her tongue.

[*To be continued*]



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Notes & News

GET-TOGETHER

AT an informal get-together of editors, writers, contributors, artists and friends of the Bhavan's three journals—*Bhavan's Journal*, *Bharati* and *Samarpan*—held at the Bhavan on the 29th of last month, Smt. Lilavati Munshi, Vice-President of the Bhavan, said:

"On behalf of the Bharatiya Vidya Bhavan, I welcome you to this informal get-together where I hope we shall be able to exchange a few ideas. As you all are writing in the one or the other of the Bhavan's fortnightlies, I consider you as one of us, helping us in spreading the values for which the Bhavan stands. By meeting in this way we can exchange ideas about how Bhavan's three journals can be made better and still better and contribute more to its usefulness.

"As you all must have noticed, the English *Bhavan's Journal* is running for the last ten years, *Bharati* for the last seven years and *Samarpan* since last four and a half years. *Bhavan's Journal* gives 80 pages, and other two 72 pages each, but in the special numbers of each of them, more pages are given. We would like to expand the scope of the three journals, but the restriction on newsprint is a limiting factor.

"The usual features of all the three journals are, the prayers at the beginning, Kulapati's Letters on Life, Literature and Culture, one or two serial stories and articles on many aspects of religion, spiritualism and eternal values of life, which are gathered from the writings of many eminent men and thinkers. There are also notes and news dealing with topical events, book reviews and the profiles. Articles on science, medicine, general knowledge, art, humour and sports, etc. occupy a number of pages. Poems also find their way in our Gujarati and Hindi journals.

"If I venture to make a remark, I may say that our three journals have made a mark and have contributed considerably to the propagation of cultural, educational and spiritual thoughts in the country. They are read in almost every part of India, specially the English one, and it appears that people keenly await their arrival. Generally a single copy is shared by several readers—at least five or six if not more. Having come so far, we would like to assess our gains and find out what more can be done to further our objective. I am aware that many new features could be added if we have the space for them, but the restriction on paper will not allow us to do so. What we can do is that in the subjects that we are giving, we could give a thought to what improvements could be made in the existing arrangement. This informal discussion, I am sure, will be very helpful to us specially to the departments of the three journals concerned.

"I welcome all of you once again and would like to have your valuable suggestions for our future guidance."

During the course of the discussion, quite a few excellent suggestions came forth for improving the scope of the journals. Steps are being taken to give early effect to them.

Their Holiness Jagadguru Sri Sankaracharya of Sringeri (right) and Dwaraka (left) at the Conference "Sankara-Sadas" held recently at Bangalore.

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GANDHIJI'S BIRTHDAY CENTENARY

THE Mahatma Gandhi National Memorial Trust has already taken in hand preparations for the celebration in a fitting manner of the centenary of Mahatma Gandhi's birthday, which falls on October 2, 1969.

As part of the celebrations, the Central Board of the Trust proposes to publish a complete record, State by State, of Mahatma Gandhi's movements and activities in each different State. The collection and collation of material for Greater Bombay has been entrusted to the Bombay Board of the Gandhi Smarak Nidhi (Mani Bhavan, 19, Laburnam Road, Gamdevi, Bombay-7).

Accordingly, Sri Vaikunth L. Mehta, Chairman, Bombay Gandhi Smarak Nidhi, has issued an appeal to individuals and institutions which came in contact with Mahatma Gandhi to convey to the Bombay Board information in their possession or send copies of correspondence, negatives or originals of photographs, and newspaper cuttings relating to Mahatma Gandhi and Bombay which they may have.

The Bombay Board undertakes the return, after extracting notes or taking copies, all material received in response to this appeal.

WEDDING

Sow. Vimala with Sri M. B. Kumaraswamy. Their wedding took place at Madras on 31-5-1964. The bride is the grand-daughter of Acharya T.A.V. Dikshitar, Principal, Bharatiya Vidya Bhavan's Sanskrit Mahavidyalaya, Bombay.

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SADHANA FOR SELF-REALIZATION. By Swami Pratyagatmananda Saraswati and Sir John Woodroffe (Arthur Avalon). Published by Ganesh & Co. (Madras) Private Ltd., Madras-17. 1963. 127 pages. Price: Rs. 6/-.

IN the words of the Swamiji himself, the book under notice is "not a new book—but a selective compilation of matters relating to *sadhana* already published—by my esteemed friend and collaborator, Sir John Woodroffe or by us independently."

The book deals with three main topics, namely, *mantras, yantras* and *tantras,* and discusses their inter-relationship as well as efficacy. It has been established in the book that the *mantra* is not a mere collocation of words bearing a certain meaning but a veritable source of radiant energy, which, if developed in a systematic manner, under the guidance of a *Guru,* blesses the *Sadhaka* with self-realisation.

A clear line of demarcation is drawn between the *mantra* and the prayer when it is pointed out that a *mantra* is not merely the name for the words in which one expresses what one has to say to the Divinity. Had it been so, the *Sadhaka* would have easily selected his own language without recourse to the eternal and the determined sounds on which the *mantra* is based and of which it is formed.

Yantra means a mechanism or organ for doing work in an effective, systematic manner with a particular aim in view and with a desire to achieve it. Such work naturally consists of three aspects, namely, end, means and method. In scientific terminology, the first gives formula and equation; the second diagram and design; and the third functions in accordance with assigned conditions. Thus, these three aspects are technically called *mantra, yantra* and *tantra* respectively. To state this in different terms, a *mantra* is an idea which, if expressed through a diagram, becomes a *yantra* and is realised through a *tantra.*

In the book under notice, the Swamiji has ably tried to establish the possibility of synthesis between Hindu metaphysical and mystical experience and the results of nuclear science. This particular feature of the book will find splendid welcome from the scholars of the West.

The Swamiji, an acknowledged exponent and expounder of *Tantra Shastra,* certainly deserves congratulations on this excellent achievement of his as also the publishers for its publication.

—*Dr. A. S. Gopani*

CHINESE AGGRESSION AND ITS IMPLICATIONS. By K. M. Munshi.
OUR MOTHERLAND. By Swami Vivekananda.
GOSPEL OF WORK. By Swami Rama Tirtha.
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HOW GOD CAME INTO MY LIFE (Series I & II).

Published by Bharatiya Vidya Bhavan, Bombay-7. Price: One Rupee each.

IN the tradition of our country, gift of learning, *vidya-dana,* is rated higher than the gift of wealth. And no institution in India has done so much as the *Bhavan* has in disseminating Knowledge and educating the reading public through its popular Book University series. The new series priced as low as one rupee each is another attempt further in this direction and the choice of the titles for the first bunch has been indeed judicious.

In the *Chinese Aggression* etc. the veteran statesman, Sri Munshiji, brings home the fact that it is not merely some geographical areas of the country that are at stake in the conflict but it is the whole way of life evolved by the Indian tradition that is under challenge. What is that peculiar way of life, what are the special values that have been built up

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by the genius of this land and are responsible for unusual vitality of its civilisation are questions that are dealt with in a popular manner by Swami Vivekananda in the compilation, *Our Motherland*. To become aware of this heritage and translate this awareness into active life means a strenuous discipline of mind and body which is described at length by Swami Rama Tirtha in the *Gospel*.

As a first step in this awakening to the higher purpose of life as inculcated in this Indian Dharma, we must recognise that our mental reason is not the ultimate master of our life. *Reason*, points out Sri Aurobindo, is but an instrument—and an imperfect one at that—of a higher Faculty whose ranges open up as one pushes upward above the mind. It is on these higher ranges that problems that defy solution on the mental level begin to lose their rigidity.

We have to expand not only upwards but also outwards and the unmistakable sign of this enlargement is the growing awareness of one *Life* in the universe. That this oneness of life is the truth which calls for man's immediate recognition and fealty is the central call of Dr. Schweitzer.

How the ancients in India approached this problem of man and the universe, how they conceived of God as the immanent and also the transcendent in Creation and how they worked out a solution reconciling the claims of the Spirit and of Matter on man, is touched upon in the selections from the *Upanishads* by C. Rajagopalachari. That the attempt to find the truth of ourselves is not a matter of past history but is a living problem engaging the attention of saints and sages even today is illustrated in the book on the teaching of Sri Ramana Maharshi. The truth of each one is in himself, says the Sage. It is veiled by the ego. *Erase the Ego* by a process of Self-enquiry and you will be landed at the true core of your being. This is the substance of his teaching.

It is not enough to give the teaching in so many words. Example is needed. And that is plentifully provided in the two books, *How God Came into My Life*, which give short, dramatic accounts of the radical transformations effected by Divine Grace in the lives of saints, seers and sages, of the past and the present.

—*M. P. Pandit*

THE IDEAS OF SOVEREIGNTY AND STATE IN INDIAN POLITICAL THOUGHT. By K.M. Panikkar. Published by Bharatiya Vidya Bhavan, Bombay-7. 1963. Price: Rs. 2.50. (Outside India Rs. 3).

THE author reviews the sources like the *Arthasastra* and discusses the origin of sovereignty, the nature and duties of kings, etc. The supposed pre-political stage was envisaged in the manner of Hobbes (p. 20). The king was regarded as the conserver and transformer of tradition, the upholder of *Dharma* and the maker of his age (pp. 42-43).

The revenue of the State was not treated as the private property of the ruler (p. 91). The author concludes with an examination of the survivals of ancient Indian political thinking and experience at the present day: the bureaucracy of the administering State, the comprehensive economic activity of Government, and the Panchayati Raj (pp. 104-6).

On page 14 Cleo stands for Clio, the Greek form being Kleio; on page 76 the definite article before Magna Carta may be omitted. The late Sardar Panikkar says much that is informative, critical and stimulating in about 100 pages, and we are indeed grateful to him for his admirable and convincing elucidation of the ancient Indian concepts of State and sovereignty and of their value to some extent even now.

—*Prof. R. Sathianathaier*

SANSKRIT

ŚRĪKAṆṬHASAMĀLOCANAM: Inquiry into the real authorship of the *Brahmasūtrabhāṣya* attributed to Śrīkaṇṭha. By Kattamangalam Varadācharya. pp. 90. Published by Parakāla Mutt, Mysore. (1963). Re. 1.

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IT was the celebrated 16th century polymath Appayya Dīkṣita who (discovered? and) pushed into contemporary prominence the commentary of Śrīkaṇṭha on the *Brahmasūtras* and constituted himself the champion of "*Śaiva-Viśiṣṭādvaita*", by writing a commentary of his own (*Śivārkamaṇidīpikā*) on it and propagating it among the scholars (See his Aḍayappalayam inscription which makes a reference to this Bhāṣya and its commentary).

Prima facie, however, "Śaiva-Viśiṣṭādvaita" like Śiva-Bhāgavata" implies that it is an amalgamation of Śaiva Theism with the philosophical ideology of Viśiṣṭādvaita. The latter is generally believed to have been the "special contribution" (*Kuladhana*, as our author claims it) of Rāmānuja and his predecessors like Yāmuna, going back to Bodhāyana. This, coupled with the fact of the striking parallelism in thought and interpretation of the Sūtras between the *Śrībhāṣya* of Rāmānuja and that of Śrīkaṇṭha on the Sūtras (leaving aside for the moment the persistent emphasis on Śaivism in the latter) and the adverse reference to "Pūrvācāryas" (earlier Bhāṣyakāras on the Sūtras) by Śrīkaṇṭha, has led to the general acceptance of the position, among scholars ancient as well as modern, that the Bhāṣya of Śrīkaṇṭha, comes decidedly later than not only Śaṁkara and Bhāskara but also Rāmānuja and Madhva (See my *History of Dvaita School of Vedanta and Its Literature*, Vol. i, p. 166.).

As against this prevalent belief, the celebrated Appayya Dīkṣita has ventured a hint in his *Vādanakṣatramālā* and *Ānandalaharī* that it was the *Śrībhāṣya* of Rāmānuja that was modelled upon the Bhāṣya of Śrīkaṇṭha. But curiously enough, the Dīkṣita had not argued his case with supporting evidence. The stray hint lying buried in a few of his works may affect the prestige of Rāmanuja and his Siddhānta if left unchallenged. It is but proper that a learned Viśiṣṭādvaitic scholar like the author should feel called upon to refute the Dīkṣita's contention. The result is this animated criticism of the Dīkṣita's stand, in the traditional controversial manner. Our only suggestion is that the language and style, whatever the provocation, could have been more restrained. The arguments presented by the author and the evidences marshalled by him speak for themselves. After going through the discussion here one feels convinced that the Dīkṣita had overshot his mark in trying to place Śrīkaṇṭha *before* Rāmānuja, chronologically. The evidence *against* his view is simply overwhelming while evidence *in favour* of his view is practically negligible. In these circumstances, one frankly wonders what made the Dīkṣita adumbrate such a novel theory. The author has sought to throw some light on this aspect of the question (pp. 69-79) which deserves to be probed further. Not to be outdone by the Dīkṣita, the author confronts him with a counter-theory that Appayya Dīkṣita was himself the real author of the Bhāṣya now going under the name of "Śrīkaṇṭha". Scholars are welcome to probe into it.

—*Dr. B. N. K. Sharma*

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TELUGU

MANI MANJEERĀLU (A collection of short stories in Telugu). Edited by Sri K. R. K. Mohan. Publishers: Srimukha Publications, Khojjilipet, Masulipatam (Andhra State). 164 pages. Price: Rs. 2.50.

THIS is a collection of ten fine stories in Telugu by ten different authors. The authors are quite young and have taken to writing as a hobby. The plots of these ten stories are quite different, original in structure and intention. They bring out the good and evil in the human personality and the authors have effectively shown up the dangers that beset the human spirit in its struggle to abandon brutishness and embrace nobility and sympathy. Many of these writers have a very easy, unpretentious gift of narrative, and a fertile imagination for creating character and incident. This will be a very good addition to every library and the young writers deserve our congratulations.

—*Prof. A. C. Kamakshi Rao*

KANNADA

VIRASHAIVA SADACHARA SAMGRAHA. By M. G. Nanjundaradhya. Published by Prabodha Pusthakamala, Mysore-4. Price: Rs. 1.50.

THE Philosophy of Virashaivism is one of the three important forms of Shaivism. Its founder Basaveswara was a great reformer and bold devotee. His philosophy is not merely a view of life but is also a way of life. The volume under review gives us in a brief manner the religious practices and the ceremonies which the system outlines. Ceremonial purity and ethical virtue are indispensable to spiritual realisation. The volume is well written in simple language. It is of great use to the spiritual aspirant of the Virashaiva school.

—*Dr. P. Nagaraja Rao*

TAMIL

VINOBAVIN BHOODANAPURATCHI (Vinoba's Bhoodan Revolution). By Nerur S. Sivasubramaniam. Published by Sarvodaya Prachuralayam, Tanjavur. 293 pages. Price: Ordinary Edition Rs. 2.50; Calico Bound Rs. 3.50.

THIS book is stated by the Publishers to be a translation of Suresh Ram's "Vinoba and his Mission"; and the author mentions that book as his source. The subject is covered completely and comprehensively, and with missionary enthusism and ardour which do not, however, overstep correct statement and truth. The mission, whatever its rationale and economics may be as a final solution of the ancient problem that it seeks to solve, is one which is at once invested with idealism, and is calculated to move mass enthusiasm and to light the native spark in the human heart, particularly, may we say, in the Indian heart. However, a work like this has also to deal with facts and figures of the Mission with its five-fold path of Bhoodan, Sampatdan, Shramdan, Jivandan and Gramdan, leading up to Gramraj, Shantisena and One World ("Jai Jagat"). It has also to give details of the prophet's pilgrimage which covered the length and breadth of India and also East Pakistan. All this it does; and in order to make the load of information as light as it may to the reader, it has housed the information in good get-up, print and paper, and enlivened it with several vivid photographs of the prophet and his pilgrimage, with tables of the targets achieved, and with maps and illustrations. The style is simple and lucid. But the book has no pretensions to being a creative biography. However, we may not ask of the author what he obviously does not intend to give. He has given much —a lot of information; and the essential greatness of the hero pervades the book; and we do get a picture, convincing and endearing, of the royal beggar with his merciless begging that converts the givers to beggars in search of spirituality.

—*Dr. Purasu Balakrishnan*

Edited by S. Ramakrishnan and printed and published by him for the Bharatiya Vidya Bhavan, at Associated Advs. & Ptrs., Bombay-34. Mg. Ed.: J. H. Dave; Associate Ed.: V. A. K. Ayer.
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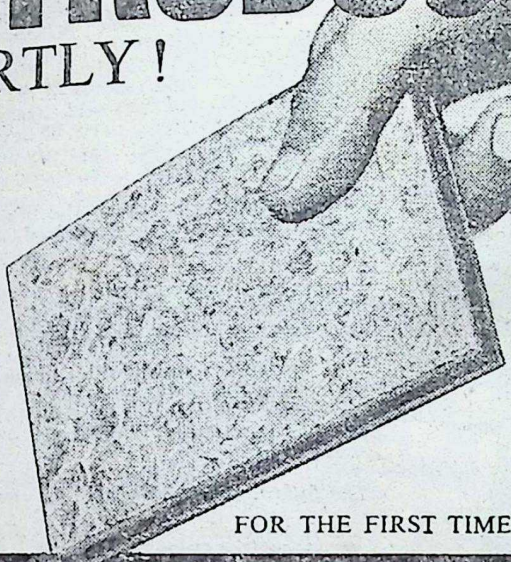

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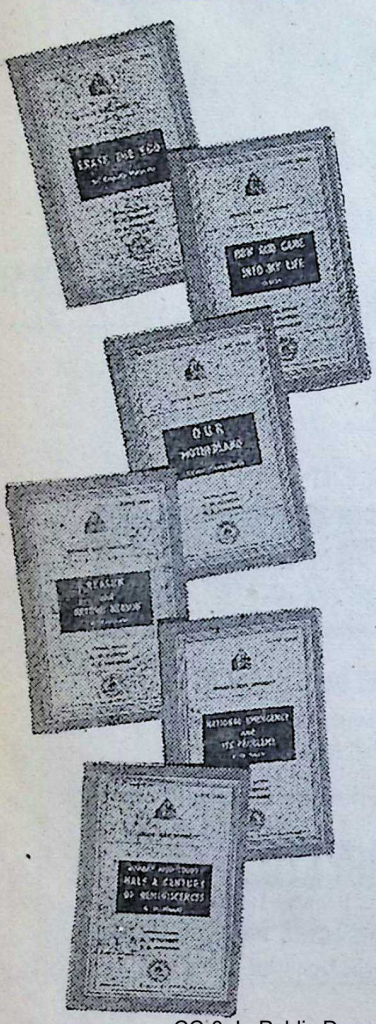

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Vol. XI No. 1

AUGUST 2, 1964

BHAVAN'S JOURNAL

FORTNIGHTLY

Devoted to Life, Literature and Culture

contents

	Page
* The Self (Prayer)	7
* Kulapati's Letter No. 315: Cleaning the Augean Stable—Kairon Inquiry	8
* Live in the Eternal—Dr. Annie Besant	13
* A Cold War for Dharma —Sri C. Rajagopalachari	14
* Thoughts from Jawaharlal Nehru: The Upanishads	17
* Freedom—Percy Bysshe Shelley	18
* My Husband and His Poems—Mrs. Mary W. Shelley	20
* Percy Bysshe Shelley, The Bard of Freedom—Sri V. A. Sundaram	22
* Shelley and Byron on the Character of Hamlet—W. D. Peck	24
* Peace and Understanding—Justice P. B. Mukharji	33
* Vedic Studies—Prof. H. D. Velankar	36
* Yogi Vemana—Sri S. N. Srirama Desikan	39
* Dakshin Bharat Yatra—3 (A Travel Diary)—A Yatrik	43
* Question Box	49
* On Making Up Your Mind —D. E. Broadbent	52
* Prithvi Vallabh: Tailap Grants a Favour—Sri K. M. Munshi	57
* Notes & News	67
* Our Bookshelf	69

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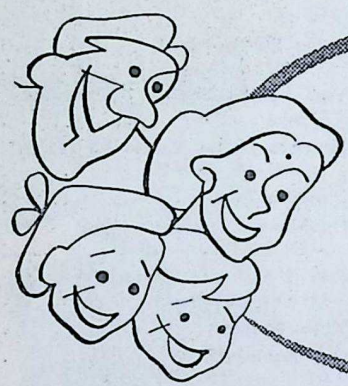

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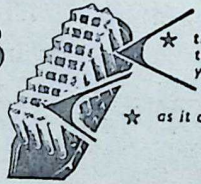

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आ नो भद्राः क्रतवो यन्तु विश्वतः

Let noble thoughts come to us from every side

—Rigveda, I-89-i

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THE SELF

न जायते म्रियते वा विपश्चिन्
नायं कुतश्चिन्न बभूव कश्चित्।
अजो नित्यः शाश्वतोऽयं पुराणो
न हन्यते हन्यमाने शरीरे॥

The knowing Self is never born, nor does it die. It sprang from nothing, and nothing sprang from it. It is unborn, eternal, everlasting and primeval. It is not slain when the body is slain.

हन्ता चेन्मन्यते हन्तुं हतश्चेन्मन्यते हतम्।
उभौ तौ न विजानीतो नायं हन्ति न हन्यते॥

If the slayer thinks that he slays or if the slain thinks that he is slain, both of them do not understand. He neither slays nor is he slain.

—*Kathopanishad* (2) 18, 19.

Vol. XI, No. 1

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No. 315

KULAPATI'S LETTER

on Life, Literature & Culture

☆ CLEANING THE AUGEAN STABLE ☆ KAIRON INQUIRY

BHARATIYA VIDYA BHAVAN,
BOMBAY.

AUGUST 2, 1964.

MY YOUNG FRIEND,

FOR years, critics of the Government, including myself, have complained about the corruption prevailing in the administration and the manner in which some Ministers were exploiting their power and influence to make money for themselves, their relatives or their Party.

Corruption in a Minister does not necessarily mean receiving a bribe himself. His sons can grow rich by exploiting his power and influence. He might receive moneys to finance his own election. He might exploit his power and influence, and also the fear-complex induced by his power, to collect funds for the Party. All these forms of rampant corruption prevail in the country. The Congress and the Government of India so far ignored it. The Lal Bahadur regime, no sooner it came into office, awoke to the danger of ignoring corruption at the ministerial level. Under the leadership of Sri Gulzarilal Nanda, it has signalized its new attitude by holding probes into the allegations against Ministers in the Centre, in the Punjab, in U.P. and in Orissa.

I must, therefore, take this opportunity to congratulate the Government of India and particularly Sri Gulzarilal Nanda, for the prompt manner in which they are moving in this matter. I only hope that this new-found enthusiasm may become a settled habit.

Sri S. R. Das, ex-Chief Justice of India, has vindicated his high reputation as a Judge by his Report in the inquiry held by him against the former Chief Minister of Punjab, Sardar Pratap Singh Kairon. In his Report,

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he has applied well-established canons of criminal jurisprudence strictly—much more strictly than is necessary in an inqury of this nature. In the previous inquiries held, Chief Justice Trevor Harris and Justice Sri Vivian Bose had a broader outlook.

A commission inquiring into the lapses of this kind cannot treat itself as a Court of Law, impersonally weighing evidence presented before it by parties. It is the duty of the Inquiry Commission not merely to adjudge, but also to investigate into the matter *suo moto*. The matter before it is not merely a controversy between the Memorialists and the persons charged with corruption. It is a controversy between the State and a powerful and influential delinquent.

In spite of Justice Das having imposed such strict limitations on himself, he has found Sardar Kairon guilty of serious lapses in the discharge of his duties as the Chief Minister of Punjab. And the Congress High Command has acted with great propriety and promptness. It did not allow Sardar Kairon and others who were privy to the lapses, to face the verdict with effrontery, as was done in the past.

The Kairon inquiry shows the enormous difficulty which faces those who want to expose misuse of power in a Minister, particularly if he is politically supported by the party.

Sardar Kairon was a strong and able administrator. He ruled Punjab with energy and resourcefulness. He set no limit to befriending his friends and crushing his enemies.

Sardar Kairon belongs to that class of administrators who put democracy in jeopardy—extremely useful, temperamentally arbitrary and never slow to let friends and relatives make money at the expense of the tax-payer. It is such 'strong' men who drive the people to pray for an undemocratic but honest government.

What Justice Das has found in his Report is but a part of what Sardar Kairon did or omitted to do in administering the State.

In the year 1960, a Committee was set up by the Swatantra Party to investigate into the situation in Punjab during the Punjabi Suba agitation. In its Report, the Committee came to the conclusion that in dealing with the Punjabi Suba agitation, Sardar Kairon and the administrative machinery under his direction, disregarded the specific safeguards provided by the law of the land and defied most canons of the Rule of Law.

It is also true that the Committee came to the conclusion that the agitation sponsored by Master Tara Singh was full of dangerous potentialities and that, but for the prompt and drastic action taken by the Chief Minister, Punjab would have exploded into bloody riots.

It never occurs to men of Sardar Kairon's temperament that strong and prompt action to maintain law and order should be taken within the four corners of law, without converting the State into a Police State. The Government of India cannot escape condemnation for turning a blind eye at the time to such activities on the part of Sardar Kairon.

For years now, Punjab had been ringing with the reports of the relatives of Sardar Kairon amassing wealth.

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The matter was raised again and again both in and outside the State Legislature. Some echoes of it penetrated even the courts of law.

It required protracted agitation in the public, toughness in the Memorialists and availability of resources to participate in a lengthy quasi-judicial inquiry, before Sardar Kairon could be brought to book.

The Government of India refrained from conducting an official investigation into the charges solemnly levelled against the Chief Minister. The Congress High Command, though it held an inquiry on a previous occasion and the verdict, believe, was that 'constructive responsibility' attached to him, took no action. Politically Sardar Kairon was too valuable to the party.

Before the Commission of Inquiry, scales were weighed heavily against the Memorialists. The Inquiry took the shape of a magnified private prosecution, all burden of proving being thrown on the Memorialists.

On the other hand, Sardar Kairon remained in complete control of the files as well as the Government servants who deposed in his favour, and was financed by the State Government.

Had the Memorialists not persisted in their charges, or had they failed to mobilise the necessary resources, their stand would have remained unvindicated, their cry for justice attributed to personal jealousy, and Sardar Kairon would have got away with it.

If a Chief Minister is charged by responsible people with well-defined, serious lapses, is it not the duty of the Government of India to investigate into those charges, collect evidence and marshal it before a Commission of Inquiry? Why should public men who want corruption to be rooted out, be placed in the position of persons shouldering the burden of a private prosecution—a burden too prohibitive to bear in such cases?

There is no justification for making a distinction between a Minister and an officer.

One should have thought that the integrity of a Minister representing the highest echelon in the administration, should be above suspicion; that his integrity is as essential as efficiency, if not more, to ensure good government; that a slur on his reputation is a slur on the Government as a whole.

And yet, as things are, a Minister charged with corruption is treated differently from an officer in a similar position. When an officer is suspected of corruption, the Special Police Establishment investigates into the case; when a Minister is charged with corruption it stands away respectfully.

Because a Minister owes his position to political importance, that is no reason why charges of corruption against him should be investigated and adjudged by his political comrades who cannot but take into account his importance to the Party.

That is why the institution of Ombudsman is indispensable to democracy, for it would have an investigating agency of its own and a duty cast on it to bring the corrupt to book irrespective of party affiliations.

Recently the institution of Ombuds-

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man as a means of combating corruption has been recognised even in the U.K. by Mr. Harold Wilson, Leader of the Labour Party. Recently he outlined proposals to "humanise the administration". He suggested the appointment of a Commissioner who would report to Parliament on the misdeeds of administrators of high rank and even inquire into the activities of public bodies as well as local bodies.

If such an institution is found necessary in the U.K. where traditions of public service are comparatively high, it is all the more necessary in a country like India where more and more power is being given to Ministers and officers, where the scope for corruption is vast and where the public opinion is neither fully vigilant nor sufficiently resourceful.

The Lal Bahadur ministry will be judged by the thoroughness with which it cleans up the Augean stable. Will it stand the test? Nothing is too valuable to be purchased at the cost of honesty.

Yours sincerely,

K. M. Munshi

I have not observed men's honesty to increase with their riches.
—Thomas Jefferson.

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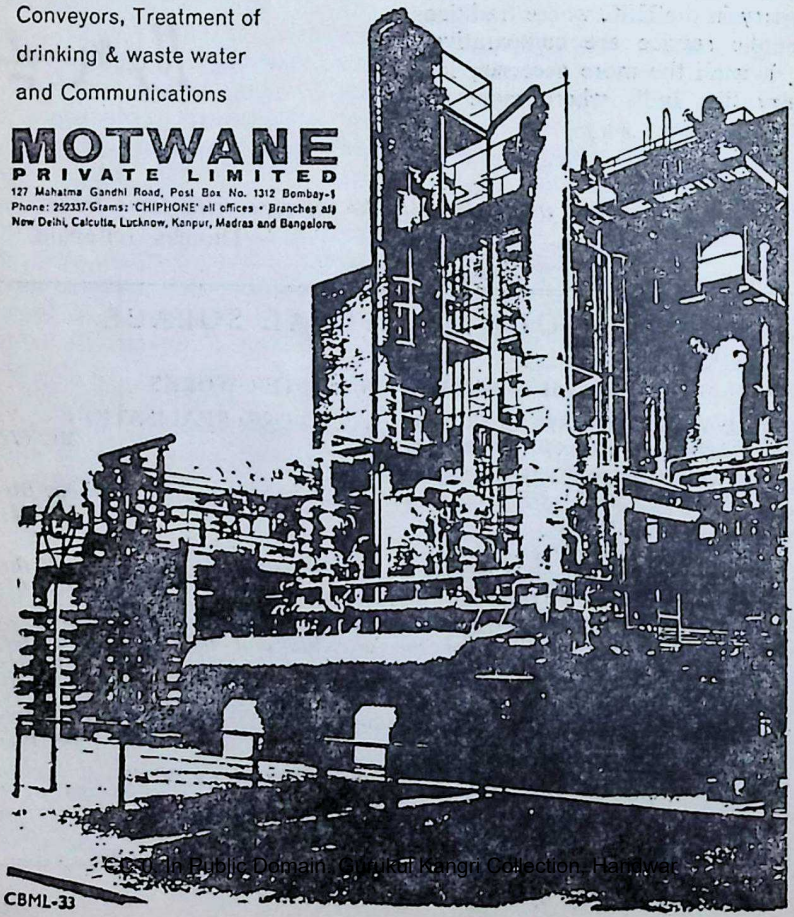

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LIVE IN THE ETERNAL

Dr. Annie Besant

LOOK forward to a future full of nobler tasks that you may do, that we have left undone; full of greater causes that you may serve, that we have not been able to find: for humanity is ever young, though men and women may grow old, and humanity is ever rising higher and higher when her children serve her generation after generation: for the world renews her youth and the age that is behind gives birth to the age that is to come. And there is no age for those who strive to live in the Eternal.

There is no joy like the joy of sacrifice for a great Cause; there is no sorrow in it, but the bliss which comes from the privilege of working for that which is greater than one's self. The God who unfolds within us pushes us onwards even when our eyes are blinded to His Glory, and it is He who is the only Worker, He who is the only Sacrifice, He who living in our hearts is the only Inspiration to Service. And just as we come to know that that is true, then it is that we know that nothing that our bodies and our brains and our hearts can do is our work at all, for all work is His alone and there is none other. And we realise that we work in His power and He is never weak: in His strength, and He is never feeble: in His youth, the strong immortal Youth who never grows old.

That power dwells within you, and that Strength is the strength of the Divine Spirit and the body is only the temple of the living God. All you have to do is to make yourselves a channel for that mighty Life in which the Universe is living. And who shall dare to say that anyone in whom that Life abides—and He abides in every one of you—that you cannot make a new Heaven and a new Earth by the God within you, from whom alone you can ever be strong, by whom alone you can ever conquer the obstacles in the way.

And that would be my word to the young and the old among you: Trust the Divine Life within you and the Divine Life within your fellow men; realise that it is in you and you will see it is in every one around you. Then you will doubt no longer. □ □

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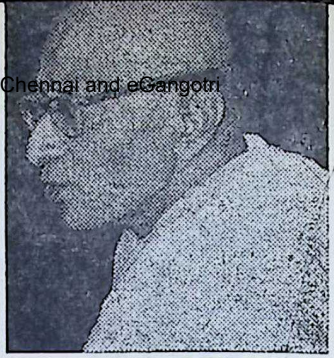
....Dharma is shield and fortress as well as sword, impregnable and invincible....



A Cold War For Dharma

C. Rajagopalachari

ALL through the ages there had been wars but Dharma kept its ground all the same. During World War II, however, mass murder of civilians was brought into the field of military operations.

"World War II bred violence and lawlessness. It was the first war in which it was taken for granted that civilians were proper targets, just as were the military.

"'It was not only the Nazis who took this for granted over Rotterdam and Warsaw; we took it for granted over Hamburg and Tokyo. We took for granted, too, the righteousness of the use of the nuclear weapon—the very symbol of indiscriminate slaughter of civilians as well as the military.

"It is not possible to conduct war in this fashion for four years and not harden the moral sensibilities of those involved.... The fury of the cold war, if not more terrible than that of the hot, proved more lasting and more subtly poisonous."

This quotation is from a recent article by one of America's distinguished historians, Henry Steele Commager, in the "Washington Post" and republished in "Progressive".

War took the shape from this time onwards of being always an all-out war without any distinction whatsoever of combatants or non-combatants, and meant destruction of property, without distinction of military or private or industrial or civilian.

The old international laws of wars were set aside and forgotten. Warfare and "Adharma" became synonymous.

Then came the nuclear weapons.

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Power grew on the back of Science and soon it assumed a monstrous, frightening size and quality.

The United States, as Kennedy represented it, soon became afraid of its own strength. So was Khrushchev also afraid of his own strength and is more and more definitely so even now and for very good reasons.

The world has now reached a stage in which, it may be said without exaggeration, destructive military power is afraid of itself and has therefore paradoxically become impotent and exists only as a general menace but incapable of planned utilisation.

As a result of this, the smaller nations who were once overawed by the bigger Powers are now no longer frightened. They simply do not mind the great Powers, what they think or what they feel. Witness Panama, Cuba, Somali, Ghana, Indonesia, Zanzibar.

The West staked everything on Science and Wealth and, we should be able to see, has strangely lost the battle and, in the spiritual sense, is in the last condition.

While thus the section of mankind that developed power and attracted all attention and admiration stands interlocked in balanced antagonism and thereby rendered impotent, should the rest of mankind simply drift, looking on the irony of it all, and doing nothing beyond borrowing machinery and technique, and laying the foundation for a similar futility for themselves?

Or should they not, drawing a lesson from what they have seen, exert themselves in a different direction for something more useful and more worthy, the negation of which brought the power-possessed to their present pass?

> The moral to be legitimately drawn from the supreme tragedy of the bomb is that it will not be destroyed by counter-bombs even as violence cannot be by counter-violence. Mankind has to get out of violence only through non-violence. Hatred can be overcome only by love. Counter-hatred only increases the surface as well as the depth of hatred.
>
> —Mahatma Gandhi

Afro-Asia must awake and arise and now stake everything on something totally different, on Dharma, a different but real kind of power. A great movement for Dharma must be started and developed in the Orient.

Science and money power must be spiritually confronted with a new kind of rivalry—a rivalry in Dharma.

Dharma is shield and fortress as well as sword, impregnable and invincible.

The nations of Asia and Africa must not lose time or faith or courage but must stake everything on Dharma and rise to complete the unseen mission of the Atom—which was to dethrone physical power by leading it to a dizzy height.

Afro-Asia must undertake to place Dharma, the true and only sovereign, on the throne.

Afro-Asian nations must do this, not only for their own good but to save the whole world from physical

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destruction as well as moral disaster.

India should take the lead in this necessary and bold venture; but lead in humility, which is Dharma's essential aspect and greatest force.

The most obvious and first step in this movement of Dharma is an attack on the false values propagated by the worshippers of Wealth and the re-allocation of highest appreciation to simple life and service to others.

Status, both individual and national, should be wrested from money and high pomp, and bestowed once again on a worthy life spent in poverty.

The successive steps will follow in easy sequence as each step is won.

Where is the great leader for such a movement, it may be asked.

The leader will come as the *Bhagavad Gita* has affirmed.

Who gave us Ramakrishna Paramahamsa when scepticism and spurious reform attacked Hindu Dharma?

The times and the need are by a law of nature creative, and out of 450 millions nature will not find it difficult to throw up a leader. But the young people should now start in a quiet but determined way, in groups specially formed for the purpose, without show or hungering for publicity, indeed with no concern for others to see or recognise it, but with faith in the power of a good thing growing by its own natural strength.

Let us build up A COLD WAR FOR DHARMA, and let it be the dedicated task of the youth of Afro-Asia.

[Courtesy: *March of the Nation*]

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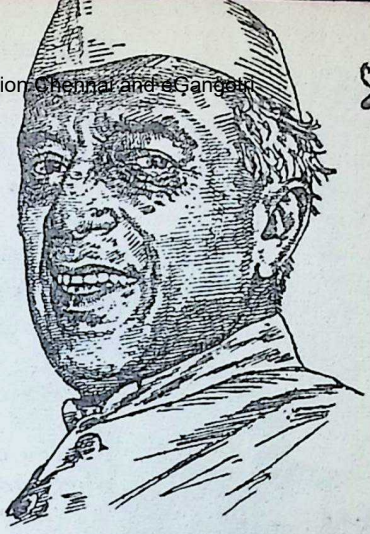

Thoughts from
Jawaharlal Nehru—4

THE UPANISHADS

THE Upanishads are instinct with a spirit of inquiry, of mental adventure, of a passion for finding out the truth about things. The search for this truth is, of course, not by the objective methods of modern science, yet there is an element of the scientific method in the approach. No dogma is allowed to come in the way.

The emphasis is essentially on self-realization, on knowledge of the individual self and the absolute self, both of which are said to be the same in essence.

The objective external world is not considered unreal but real in a relative sense, an aspect of the inner reality.

The dominating characteristic of the Upanishads is the dependence on truth. 'Truth wins ever, not falsehood. With truth is paved the road to the Divine.'

And the famous invocation is for light and understanding: 'Lead me from the unreal to the real! Lead me from darkness to light! Lead me from death to immortality.'

There is a question in the Upanishads to which a very curious and yet significant answer is given. The question is: "What is this universe? From what does it arise? Into what does it go?" And the answer is: "In freedom it rises, in freedom it rests, and into freedom it melts away."

[Selected from *Discovery of India*]

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FREEDOM

Percy Bysshe Shelley

What art thou, Freedom? O! could slaves
Answer from their living graves
This demand—tyrants would flee
Like a dream's dim imagery:

* * *

For the labourer thou art bread,
And a comely table spread
From his daily labour come
In a neat and happy home.

Thou art clothes, and fire, and food
For the trampled multitude—
No—in countries that are free
Such starvation cannot be
As in England now we see.

To the rich thou art a check,
When his foot is on the neck
Of his victim, thou dost make
That he treads upon a snake.

Thou art Justice—ne'er for gold
May thy righteous laws be sold
As laws are in England—thou
Shield'st alike the high and low.

* * *

Spirit, Patience, Gentleness,
All that can adorn and bless
Art thou—let deeds, not words, express
Thine exceeding loveliness.

Let a great Assembly be
Of the fearless and the free
On some spot of English ground
Where the plains stretch wide around.

Let the blue sky overhead,
The green earth on which ye tread,
All that must eternal be
Witness the solemnity.

[From his *Mask of Anarchy*]

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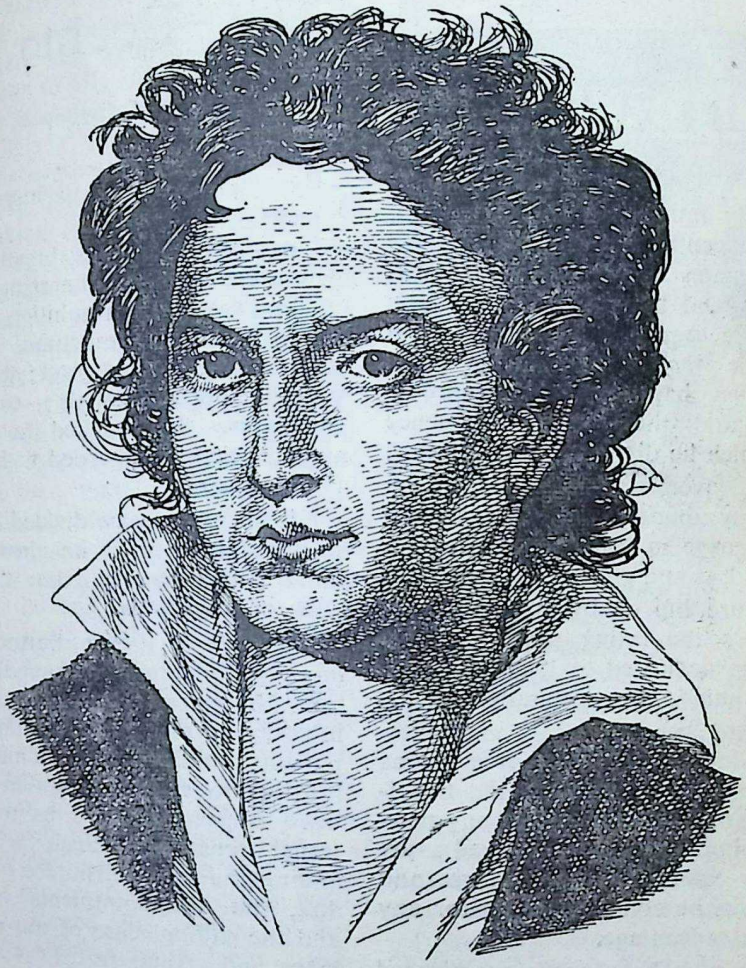

PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY

[b. August 4, 1792; *d.* July 8, 1822]

". . .I had rather be damned with Plato and Lord Bacon, than go to heaven with Paley and Malthus . . ."

—Percy Bysshe Shelley

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My Husband and His Poems

Mrs. Mary W. Shelley

THE qualities that strike anyone newly introduced to Shelley are, —first, a gentle and cordial goodness that animates all his activities; warm affection and helpful sympathy. The other, the eagerness and ardour with which he was attached to the cause of human happiness and improvement; and the fervent eloquence with which he discussed such subjects.

His conversation was marked by its happy abundance and the beautiful language in which he clothed his poetic ideas and philosophical notions.

To cure life of its misery and its evil was the ruling passion of his soul; he dedicated to it every power of his mind, every pulsation of his heart.

He looked on political freedom as the direct agent to effect the happiness of mankind; and thus any new-sprung hope of liberty inspired a joy and an exultation more intense and wild than he could have felt for any personal advantage.

Those who have never experienced the workings of passion on general and unselfish subjects cannot understand this.

Many advantages attended his birth; he spurned them all when balanced with what he considered his duties.

He was generous to imprudence, devoted to heroism.

These characteristics breathe throughout his poetry: the struggle for human weal; the resolution firm to martyrdom; the impetuous pursuit, the glad triumph in good; the determination not to despair;—such were the features that marked those of his works which he regarded with utmost satisfaction.

His poems may be divided into two classes; the purely imaginative and those which sprang from the emotions of his heart.

No poet was ever warmed by a more genuine and unforced inspiration. His extreme sensibility gave the intensity of passion to his intellectual pursuits; and rendered his mind keenly alive to every perception of outward objects, as well as to his internal sensations. Such a gift is, among the sad vicissitudes of human life, the disappointments we meet, and the galling sense of our own mistakes and errors, fraught with pain; to escape from such, he delivered up his soul to poetry, and felt happy when he sheltered himself, from the influence of human sympathies, in the wildest regions of fancy.

His imagination has been termed too brilliant, his thoughts too subtle.

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He loved to idealize reality; and this is a taste shared by few.

We are willing to have our passing whims exalted into passions, for, this gratifies our vanity; but few of us understand or sympathize with the endeavour to ally the love of abstract beauty, and adoration of abstract good of the Socratic philosophers, with our sympathies with our kind.

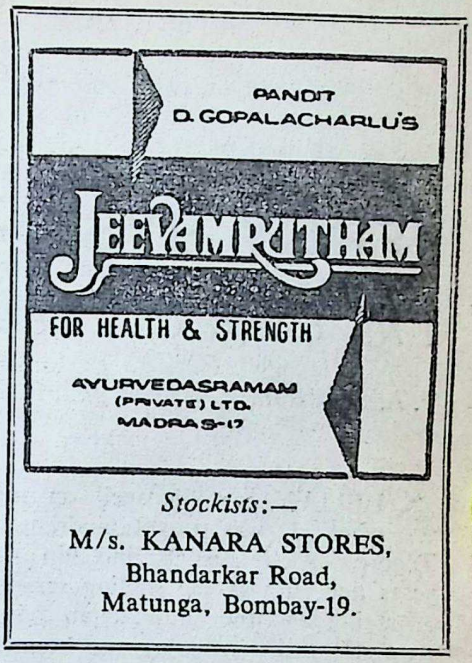
In this, Shelley resembled Plato; both taking more delight in the abstract and the ideal than in the special and tangible. This did not result from imitation; for it was not till Shelley resided in Italy that he made Plato his study. He then translated his *Symposium* and his *Ion;* and the English language boasts of no more brilliant composition than Plato's Praise of Love translated by Shelley.

To return to his own poetry. The luxury of imagination, which sought nothing beyond itself (as a child burdens itself with spring flowers, thinking of no use beyond the enjoyment of gathering them), often showed itself in his verses: they will be only appreciated by minds which have resemblance to his own; and the mystic subtlety of many of his thoughts will share the same fate.

The metaphysical strain that characterizes much of what he has written was, indeed, the portion of his works to which, apart from those whose scope was to awaken mankind to aspirations for what he considered the true and good, he was himself particularly attached.

There is much, however, that speaks to the many. When he would consent to dismiss these huntings after the obscure (which, entwined with his nature as they were, he did with difficulty), no poet ever expressed in sweeter, more heart-reaching, or more passionate verse, the gentler or more forcible emotions of the soul.

[Condensed from the Preface to Shelley's Complete Works.]



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Shelley, in proclaiming poets to be the unacknowledged legislators of the world, hit upon the truth also about the microcosm that is every man. Shelley was thinking of the profound, and often indefinable, influence that the poets, working unknown in any familiar way to the mass of the community, and generally without any immediate concern of the community in their minds, have upon the body of mankind.

—John Drinkwater

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The poetry of Shelley is so peculiarly his own that a mere fragment of a line, even though unknown to the hearer, might be recognized as his.

PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY

The Bard of Freedom

V. A. Sundaram

SHELLEY cast his spell on me when I was in Rabindranath Tagore's abode in Santiniketan 48 years ago. It was the smiling season of spring and the Santiniketan boys were celebrating with joy and boundless enthusiasm the festival of Phalgun. There was sunshine, music and laughter during the day and the lunar night, with jasmine breezes blowing, was filled with poetry. We were four at the small dining table—Rabindranath Tagore, Andrews, Pearson and myself. After dinner, for two hours the talk went on about Greek tragedies and Greek drama. Tagore was full of praise and admiration for the dramatic art of Aeschylus, Euripides and Sophocles. He spoke of Hellenic culture and of the glory of Greece. A little before midnight, the talk turned to 19th Century English lyrical poetry. He read Wordsworth's sonnets, Byron's lyrics, Keats' odes and at the end he read Shelley's *Hymn to Intellectual Beauty*. I felt a thrill on listening for the first time to Tagore's recital of Shelley. "Ah! How grand," remarked Rabindranath Tagore.

My love for Shelley began on that night in Tagore's unforgettable company and for many years it has grown deeply. Shelley's thought and the sublimity of his ideas for human freedom, for emancipation of all those who are in thraldom, his devotion to nature and of the immanence of God, have all fascinated me. I have had many opportunities to listen to the talks of high-souled men in India and England on Shelley. Swami Vivekananda, it seems, liked Shelley. His class-fellow Dr. Brijendra Nath Seal, recalled in a long conversation with me in Mysore of readings from Shelley which he gave to his friend Naren who became Swami Vivekananda later.

In Lahore, during those dark days of Punjab massacre when we heard day after day the story of Jallianwalabagh tragedy, Pandit Motilal Nehru, President of the Amritsar Congress, ended his inspiring address with the immortal lines

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from Shelley's *Prometheus Unbound* beginning with those famous lines "To suffer woes which hope thinks infinite, to forgive wrongs darker than death, to defy all omnipotent authority." It was at that time in the company of some of the noblest leaders of India, C.R. Das, Motilal Nehru, Madan Mohan Malaviya, Mahatma Gandhi, Swami Shradhanand. Andrews, Jawaharlal, and Tandon, that I spent several weeks in Lahore. I can never forget that night when Jawaharlal Nehru entered into our room reciting Keats and Shelley. For a long time in the night we were talking of the bards of freedom.

I never knew that that fine scholar and a man of vast learning and piety, the silver-tongued orator of India, Pandit Madan Mohan Malaviya was such an ardent admirer of Shelley. While we were staying in the Highlands in Mussoorie on a beautiful summer evening, when ethereal breezes were blowing from the snowy mountain heights, in a mood of ecstasy old Malaviyaji asked me to recite the *Ode to the West Wind,* which contains a prophecy for humanity. Until that moment, I never knew that Malaviyaji had enjoyed the quintessence of English lyrical poetry. It was another golden hour I spent in the immortal company of the Pandit, who has left an imperishable memorial of himself in that lovely lyric of stone—the Banaras Hindu University.

To my greatest joy, I had the privilege of welcoming Mahatma Gandhi for the third time in my cottage in the University in Kashi. While coming into the room, he gazed at the beautiful portrait of Shelley in my study. I do not know when the great Satyagrahi and liberator of India found time to read Shelley's poems. It was a wonder to me to find him quoting that celebrated line "ye are many, they are few" from the *Mask of Anarchy,* Shelley's stirring poem, with its ardent advocacy of bloodless resistance to force and fraud. Mahatma Gandhi recalled Shelley's line to a group of foreign missionaries who came to discuss international problems with him at Sewagram in the year 1936.

I think some of the most brilliant leaders of India had been captivated by Shelley's passion for freedom—Shelley is the herald of the golden age. In his *Hellas* he sings of the world's great age that begins anew. He is the prophet of liberty, equality and fraternity. English poetry had reached its high watermark in Shelley's songs of freedom.

It was an inspiration to me to visit all the places associated with Shelley's memory in that divine land of Italy and in his own native country. I visited the monuments in Rome, Via-Reggio, Venice and Geneva and other places in the Alpine regions of Switzerland. That good and great Sir Michael Sadler took me round the University College and showed me the lovely memorial to Shelley by Onslo Ford. I saw Shelleyan relics in Bodleian Library at Oxford. Shelley is among the immortals. He is a poet of all time. He would live in the minds of freedom lovers all over the world.

□□□

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W. D. PECK

SHELLEY & BYRON

on the character of Hamlet

SHELLEY: You must not let Hamlet pass.

BYRON: Who can read this mournful play without the profoundest emotion? And yet what is it but a colossal enigma? We love Hamlet even as we love ourselves. Yet consider his character, and where is either goodness or greatness? He betrays Ophelia's gentlest love; he repulses her in a cruel manner; and when in the most touching way, she speaks to him, and returns his presents, he laughs her off like a man of the town. At her grave, at the new-made grave of Ophelia, his first love, whom his own unkindness had blasted in the very bud of her beauty, in the morn and liquid dew of her youth, what is the behaviour of Hamlet? A blank—worse than a blank; a few ranting lines, instead of true feeling, that prove him perfectly heartless. Then his behaviour in the grave, and his insult to Laertes, why the gentlest verdict one can give is insanity. But he seems by nature, and in his soberest moods, fiendlike in cruelty. His old companions, Rosencrantz and Guildenstern, he murders without the least compunction; he desires them to be put to sudden death; "not shriving-time allowed." And the same diabolical refinement of revenge, when he finds the king at his prayers, induces him to wait for some more horrid time, "when he is drunk, asleep, or in his rage," to assassinate him, that "his soul may be as damned and black as hell, whereto he goes." Polonius, the father of Ophelia, he does actually kill; and for this does he lament or atone for what he has done, by any regret or remorse? "I'll lug the guts into the neighbour room."—"You shall nose him as you go up the stairs into the lobby!" But suppose him heartless, though he is for ever lamenting, and complaining, and declaiming about the false-heartedness of every one else; Richard is heartless—Iago—Edmund. The tragic poet of course deals not in your good-boy characters. But neither is he, as Richard is, a hero, a man of mighty strength of mind. He is, according to his own admission, as "unlike Hercules" as possible. He does not, as a great and energetic mind does, exult under the greatness of a grand object.

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He is weak; so miserably weak as even to complain of his own weakness. He says,

"The time is out of joint—O cruel spite,
That ever I was born to set it right."

And yet he is always boasting and bragging of his own powers, and scorning every one else, and he swears he will sweep to his revenge, "with wings as swift as meditation or the thoughts of love." For revenge was his love. But in truth he loved it, Shelley, after your own heart, most platonically; for his heart is too faint to win it fairly, and he contents himself with laughing at himself, mocking his own conscious cowardice, and venting his spleen in names, instead of doing anything like a man. So irresolute is he, that he envies the players, he envies Fortinbras, Laertes, any one that can do any thing. Weak, irresolute, a talking sophist. Yet—O I am sick of this most lame and impotent hero!

SHELLEY: And yet we recognise in him something that we cannot but love and sympathise with, and a grandeur of tone which we instinctively reverence.

BYRON: Then Ophelia, how gross are the scenes of her madness! She, too, seems as inconsistent and as false a character as her faithless lover. The graceful and gentle Ophelia changes somehow or other as shapes change in a dream, into an insane gypsy, singing no very delicate songs. Laertes is a very braggadocio kind of fellow, and as for the rest of them, king, and queen, and Polonius:—why do we, through five long acts, interest ourselves in the fates and fortunes of such pitiful beings?

SHELLEY: But do you not admire the buried majesty of Denmark "revisiting the glimpses of the moon?"

"Alas! poor ghost!" said Byron, "I had forgot it, but the ghost is as whimsical a person as any of the others. It seems to come and go without any reason at all. Why should it make all that bustle in the cellarage when it cries out "Swear!" in echo to Hamlet? Why should it appear so unexpectedly and uselessly in that scene with his mother? But ask not why, seek not reason, or consistency, or art, in the wild rhapsodies of this uncultivated genius.

SHELLEY: Are you then so orthodox in anything as to think Shakespeare a man of no art or thought—a prophet of poetry, possessed by a spirit unintelligible to himself?

BYRON: My dear fellow, who can read this very play, and call Shakespeare a thoughtful artist? Let us rise a little higher, and consider the whole play, and the play as a whole. The story, the action, after the first prologue and preparation of this ghost, remain stagnant; all the rest is stationary, episodical, useless. What is Fortinbras to the usurpation of the king, or the revenge of Hamlet, or any part of the plot?—nor do Ophelia or Polonius conduce to the main of the story, or to the progress of the interest. Add *quantum suff.*, of courtiers, players, gravediggers, clowns, and such like stuff, ridiculous and incongruous, and out of all keeping with the high-heeled, tragic strut; useless, in truth, in relation to the play considered in itself; but I suppose

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Shelley

poor Will found sufficient use and reason in the pence and praises of the gods of the galleries. And thus this will-o'-the-wisp, this meteor of genius, leads us poor mortals, who would fain analyze his nature and detect his "airy-purposes," a weary and a fruitless chase; while the simpler solution of the difficulty would be, that Shakespeare was a man of great genius but no art, and much preferred satisfying his hostess of the Mermaid with a good night's profit, to satisfying the troublesome and inquisitive readers of future ages, which he dreamed not of.

SHELLEY: But what do you exactly mean by a great genius without art? Do you mean a man who throws out in his writings some odd passages of great beauty, but leaves the whole, as a whole, rude and unformed?

BYRON: Take it that way, if you will.

SHELLEY: Well then, what do we mean by a beautiful passage or line? Is not a line, as well as your outspread heroics, or a tragedy, a whole, and only as a whole, beautiful in itself?—as, for instance, "How sweet the moonlight sleeps upon this bank." Now, examining this line, we perceive that all the parts are formed in relation to one another, and that it is consequently a whole. *Sleep,* we see, is a reduplication of the pure and gentle sound of *sweet;* and as the beginning of the former symphonizes with the beginning *s* of the latter, so also the *l* in moonlight prepares one for the *l* in sleep, and glides gently into it; and in the conclusion, one may perceive that the word *bank* is determined by the preceding words, and that the *b* which it begins with is but a deeper intonation of the two *p's* which come before it; *sleeps upon this slope,* would have been effeminate; *sleeps upon this rise,* would have been harsh and inharmonious.

BYRON: Heavens! Do you imagine, my dear Shelley, that Shakespeare had anything of the kind in his head when he struck off that pretty line? If anyone had told him all this about your *p's* and *s's,* he would just have said, "Pish!"

SHELLEY: Well, be that as it may, are there not the coincidences, I suppose you would call them, that I showed in the line?

BYRON: There are. But the beauty of the line does not lie in sounds and syllables, and such mechanical contrivances, but in the beautiful metaphor of the moonlight sleeping.

SHELLEY: Indeed, that also is very beautiful. In every single line, the poet must organize many simultaneous operations, both the meaning

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of the words and their emphatic arrangement, and then the flow and melting together of their symphony; and the whole must also be united with the current of the rhyme.

BYRON: Well, then, I'm glad I'm not a poet! It must be like making out one's expenses for a journey, I think, all this calculation!

SHELLEY: I don't say that a poet must necessarily be conscious of all this, no more than a lady is conscious of every graceful movement. But I do say that they all depend upon reason, in which they live and move, and have their being; and that he who brings them out into the light of distinct consciousness, besides satisfying an instinctive desire of his own nature, will be more secure and more commanding. But what makes this metaphor beautiful? To represent the tranquillity of moonlight is the object of the line; and the sleep is beautiful, because it gives a more intense and living form of the same idea; the rhyme beautifully falls in with this, and just lets the cadence of the emphasis dwell upon the sound and sense of the sweet word *sleep;* and the alliteration assimilates the rest of the line into one harmonious symmetry. This line, therefore, is it not altogether a work of art?

BYRON: If it is, I don't see what this has to do with the discussion about Hamlet.

SHELLEY: Why, just this. You recollect, you said Shakespeare was a great genius with no art?

BYRON: Yes.

SHELLEY: And that you meant by that, a man who would strike out two or three good lines, and purple patches of poetry in his work, but who leaves the whole unfinished?

Byron

BYRON: Yes.

SHELLEY: And we afterwards agreed that every line, or part of a line, that was good, was made good by art only?

BYRON: Well!

SHELLEY: Why, then, this is the conclusion, that a man of great genius, but little art, means only, one who is able to perceive in the small what his powers are not wide enough to comprehend in the greater.

BYRON: Well, well—for heaven's sake, what does it signify about the *words,* art, or genius? This does not explain Hamlet.

SHELLEY: Only that, if what I have said is true, and if Shakespeare is one of the most glorious names among mankind, and Hamlet one of his most famous plays, it is more than probable that he was not so blind as you would make him; and that there must be some point of view, if we could find it, some proper distance and

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happy light, in which the whole would appear a beautiful whole. I once attempted a kind of commentary upon this very play, and if you will allow me, I will read it to you.

Byron, though half provoked and half amused, with what he thought the mad and ridiculous speculations and imaginations of his friend, agreed —and Shelley read out his view of Hamlet—

"The character of Hamlet himself we must first endeavour to penetrate into, and if we can understand this central germ, we shall be better able to follow the poet in the conception and organization of his great work, and to see how every part is what it is necessarily, and bears in itself the reason of its existence and its form. The character of Hamlet, as I take it, represents the profound philosopher; or, rather, the errors to which a contemplative and ideal mind is liable; for of necessity the lessons of the tragic poet are like the demonstrations, *ex absurdo,* of Parmenides, since the mind's eye is so dull and blinded, so 'drunk-asleep,' to use Hamlet's words, as not by intuition to recognise the beauty of virtue, to prove it, as it were, by the clashing contradiction of the two opposite extremes: as, if a man derived a more sensible, or rather sensual, consciousness of health, which also is indeed a gift of the same Apollo who bestows upon us truth and beauty, from having been previously in sickness:—there is but one demonstration of the excellence of health, and that is disease.

"Purposing, therefore, to body forth a character so deeply, indeed, and pre-eminently tragic, but most hard to fix and bring down into the definite world of action, as it seemed to lie beyond it in the sphere of thought, silent and invisible, Shakespeare invented the sublime idea of the ghost; an outward and visible sign of the sudden apparitions of the mysterious world within us. The ghost of his father, clad in complete steel, revisiting the glimpses of the moon, may be considered as a great purpose coming suddenly upon a meditative mind. All the outward circumstances and actual reality, of course, immediately become necessary as the laws and conditions of the visible world into which it is translated. Now Hamlet the father was a man of action: his character is finely realized for us in two admirable lines, where, describing the appearance of this buried majesty, Marcellus says—

> 'So frown'd he once, when in an angry parle
> He smote the sledded Polack on the ice.'

But his son Hamlet, brooding over the remembrance of his father, has embarked upon a shoreless sea of melancholy. At the time when the play opens, he is about thirty years old, as we learn from the clown in the fifth act. He is by birth a German; and from indulging in the inactive habits of that deep-thinking nation, he has become "fat, and scant of breath," as the queen says. He has passed all his life at Wittenberg, famous in Shakespeare's time, as the college of Dr. Faustus, and we know that he had there been very much with the players. At the court, he still lived a recluse life, complaining of the excess

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of the times, and "walking for hours in the lobby" reading or meditating.

"The play opens with mysterious notes of preparation. We are far removed from all the stir of society" in the solitude of the open air and darkness; only distant noises from the palace come at intervals, making solitude more solitary; the soldiers of the watch begin talking mysteriously about the signs of the times, 'dreaming on things to come,' when the ghost appears. In the next scene, we come back into the pomp and pride of the world, and kings and courtiers: Hamlet is among them, but not of them. His very first words are most significant of his character, when he exclaims, 'Seems, madam! I know not seems.' Observe, too, when Horatio tells him of this wonderful appearance, how philosophical his questions are, as of a man trying to realise completely, in his own mind, the image of the thing. The mysterious contradiction between reality and ideality, one of the most profound questions of ontology, is strongly shown in the beginning of this dialogue. 'My father! methinks I see my father!'—'O where, my Lord?' cries Horatio, staring in terror. 'In my mind's eye, Horatio.' To this subject, Hamlet recurs again, in the conversation with his two good friends: 'There is,' says he, 'nothing either good or bad, but thinking makes it so.' And again in another place, where Osric asks 'if he knows Laertes?' he replies, 'I dare not confess that, lest I should compare with him in excellence; for to know a man well were to know oneself.'

"In the next scene of the first act, Hamlet, in the midst of a long metaphysical speculation, in which he had forgot all time and place, is suddenly visited by the apparition. He breaks off in terror. When the ghost had faded from him, he is left overcome with his feelings and with the weight of the commanded action. He confuses his external body with his inner self, as if he were nothing but a spirit; and when he says that he will raze out all that he learned from experience or from thought,

'And thy commandment all alone shall live
Within the book and volume of my brain':

he takes out his real tablets and writes it down.

"The levity of his expressions afterwards is most true to nature; and the mysterious movements of the ghost make flesh and blood shudder to think upon the invisible world that is around us, and within us and whose purposes, and silent operations and recoilings, are to us most awfully unaccountable.

"But the great artist, between these two more intense scenes, has interposed a gentler shade which not only relieves and alleviates the deeper interests of the tragedy, but brings out also many new views of Hamlet's character, and marks the moral of the whole more deeply. She was a beautiful young creature.

" 'Forward, not permanent; sweet, not lasting,' but not the woman to fix or seriously engage the mighty mind of Hamlet; and thus he is here also perplexed with the difference between mind and body; and she, like a dew-

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drop from a lion's mane, is shaken to air.

"The next scenes are too insignificant to require any comment, excepting, perhaps, Hamlet's letter. Many have agreed with Polonius in thinking 'beautified' a vile phrase; but it is just of a piece with his signature—'while this machine is to him, Hamlet',—and only shows in everything his metaphysical turn of thought. 'My soul's idol' sounds ordinary, but Hamlet, I do not doubt, meant it more accurately.

"Rosencrantz and Guildenstern, as Goethe well observes, are a brace of those half creatures, who taken single, would be nothing, and always take care to go in couples. How deplorable would the smiling but crooked-councilling Rosencrantz have been without the gilded and guileful Guildenstern! But here come men much more to Hamlet's taste—how heartily he welcomes them!—these are the players. The introduction of these players is one of the most admirable and artful inventions of any in all Shakespeare. They represent the whole body of literature, 'whose object is, and always has been,' as Hamlet with his usual profundity observes, 'to hold up the mirror to nature.' We have here an opportunity of learning something of Hamlet's taste, and we accordingly find him deeply delighted with the most lofty and imaginative poetry that ever swept over a theatre in tragic pall. The verses themselves, as that most excellent critic Schlegel observes, are necessarily elevated two degrees above nature to modesty of nature, that they might stand out from the rest, as a play within a play. They seem like

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a thing seen through a magnifying glass; and are, indeed, one of the most extraordinary productions of wondrous Shakespearian art. Hamlet's soliloquy, which crowns and concludes the act, is not merely the casual product of a chance situation, but, like every work of Shakespeare's mind, contains or implies a profound view of some important question—in the present case the relative situations of the two loftiest divisions of human intellect—the poet's and the philosopher's. In his next soliloquy, the famous 'To be or not to be,' we may observe developed in a grand style, the peculiarity of Hamlet's mind, its tendency to idealize everything; he quite forgets the reality of the case, and impersonates in one all the ills that flesh is heir to—

'The pangs of despised love, the law's delay,' etc.

"And this we must bear in mind against the scene at Ophelia's grave, for Hamlet was not selfish.

"After the play, he is much in the same state of uncertainty and vacillation in which the ghost left him; he recoils and swerves from action; and it is an instinctive feeling of this sort that makes him impatient even of the necessities of verification—anything necessary he feels a disposition to resist or avoid.

'For thou dost know, O Damon dear,
This realm dismantled was
Of Jove himself, and now reigns here,
A very, very—peacock.'

"'You might have rhymed,' says the man of just sense, Horatio. But there is the same lame and impotent conclusion in everything he does. Soon after this, when he tries to lash himself into exertion, reminding himself of the ghostly time of night, and graves giving up their dead, and vaunting as extravagantly as falsely, 'Now could I drink hot blood,' etc., his considerations about killing his mother, and determinations *not* to do it, are but a bitter though unconscious mockery of himself, and just an antistrophe to his curious refinements on the murder of the King.

"There is a deep meaning signified in the next scene with his mother, where, in the midst of his declamation, gazing upon the picture, the reality suddenly comes. Always his profound meditations seem without beginning or end, while he wanders in a wilderness of thought, and enterprises of great moment, while he is declaiming with the player, or tracing the dust of imperial Caesar to a bunghole, or flattering his own weakness with proving to himself the shallowness of all the actions and the actors of life, become 'sicklied o'er with this pale cast, and lose the name of action.' Whenever he does anything, he seems astonished at himself, and calls it rashness.

'Rashly, and praised be rashness for it'

as he tells his friend Horatio, he sets about his deliverance from the false ambassadors. In the next lines he gives, in my opinion, the moral of the whole:—

'Let us know
There's a divinity that shapes our ends,
Rough hew them how we will.'

"'That is most certain,' Horatio replies.

"How different is Laertes. *His* father has been murdered—but he

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at once collects the people, storms the palace, compels the king, at his peril, to account for the murder. Nothing, he cries, shall stop him, but 'my will, not all the world's.' His will he follows impetuously! he looks not to right or left, with 'considering too curiously.' But he errs on the other side. He raises the mob—he would he says of Hamlet, 'cut his throat in church.' He does kill him with a treacherous poisoned rapier. His thoughts are so fixed upon his end, that he sees not anything between.

"Now such a rash gunpowder sparks as this Laertes, Hamlet must at once have envied and despised. Well, they meet at the grave of Ophelia—for the simple young creature half by accident, and half on purpose, in her half-witted state, drowned herself. The simplicity of her girlish youthfulness, and the manner in which Hamlet had wooed her, became sufficiently evident in her ballads; her character was necessarily what it is—for in a play so full of thought, and the deepest interests of the soul, a more strong passion would have been a note, 'harsh, and of dissonant mood.'

"Hamlet, when he discovers her death, only says, 'What! the fair Ophelia!' But when this Laertes, who always so outran his thoughts with an excess of hair-brained action, leaps into the grave, and declaims with such an emphasis and phrase of sorrow,' Hamlet is thrown into a towering passion, and conscious of the weakness and vagueness of his own feelings on the occasion, he cries out, in the bitterness of his contempt, both for Laertes and himself,

—'Show me what thou'lt do!
Woul't weep, woul't fight, woul't fast, woul't tear thyself,
Woul't drink up esel? — eat a crocodile?'

"'What falseness is all this sorrow of yours!—I could do just as much, come, what shall we do?—weep, or fast, or tear our hair, or drink vinegar, or eat crocodiles to make ourselves shed false tears!' But Hamlet is ever a perfect gentleman, and his apology to Laertes is one of those gentle mellowings and softenings of a strong outline which Shakespeare so well understood. With regard to his alleged cruelty, this appearance arose from his philosophical habit of seeing everything as laws, or necessary consequences.

''Tis dangerous when the baser nature comes, between the pass and fell incensed points
Of mighty opposites.'

"What noble lines! But we have passed a hundred admirable and significant groups and views; we have missed the clown and the grave-digger. In Shakespeare 'one may suck matter out of everything, as a weasel sucks eggs,' as Jacques says. These clowns are very like their betters, they are not thinking of the thing they are about; but make themselves happy in the exercise of an endless ingenuity. Fortinbras shuts the scene. He surrounds the play as with a frame.

"It appears, therefore, that Hamlet is, in itself, a complete and reasonable whole, composed in an harmonious proportion of difference and similitude, into one expressive unity."

Shelley, as he finished, looked up, and found Lord Byron fast asleep.

[From the author's *Shelley: His Life and Work.*]

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PEACE AND UNDERSTANDING

Justice P. B. Mukharji

THE supreme issue in every age, in every place, is, always has been, and will for ever be, peace and understanding. What is peace? And what is understanding? The two are vitally inter-connected. There can be no peace without understanding, and there can be no understanding without peace.

Peace is not a negative state. Peace is positive. Peace is not absence of war. A harassed and perplexed modern world has come to think of peace in terms of the absence of war. We therefore have a sterile peace which naturally fails to inspire the human race.

Peace is not a passive attitude, nor a passive condition. Peace is dynamic. Peace is not rest. It is sustained and ceaseless activity, informed by knowledge and inspired by devotion and service.

Peace is not comfort. Peace is a purpose. It requires more purposeful planning, preparation, and service than the greatest of military operations.

Peace is not death. It is not blind resignation. Peace is life. It is an invitation to accept the challenge of death and destruction and to transform them.

Peace is not victory. It is beyond victory and defeat. There can be no peace while the sense of victor and vanquished remains.

Peace is not an interregnum between one crisis and another. It is not a temporal process. It is the perpetual condition of existence. It is the very fabric and texture of life.

Peace is creative and unitive. It creates and unites. There can be no peace without creative self-expression. Therefore, peace is always new and never monotonous. The environment and social order which denies self-expression destroys peace.

As these are some of the main features of peace, so there are also some essential characteristics of understanding. Before we discuss the problem of intercultural understanding, we should spend some time to appreciate understanding. What is understanding?

Understanding is not compromise. It is not an expedient. It is appreciation of variety. Variety means both agreeable and disagreeable differences. The capacity to stand disagreeable differences is the measure of true understanding. It does not mean surrender of one's conscience. It does not mean lack of conviction. It means the wisdom, tolerance, and patience which know that one's own life, one's own attitude, one's own problems, and one's own way of looking at values and standards and problems are not exclusive and are not the only way.

Condensed from a lecture delivered at the Ramakrishna Mission Institute of Culture, Calcutta.

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It accepts the possibility and the fact that there may be and are other ways. That knowledge is wisdom. That again is rendered effective by tolerance. Tolerance does not mean that you suffer the other fellow to live and think and act as he likes. It means a glad acceptance and acknowledgement of the same right in others as you claim for yourself. It is based on the forgotten principle of education that no lesson can be taught; all lessons must be learnt. Then there must be patience. Patience is not a disagreeable trial and a painful struggle in endurance. Patience is that expectant mood of faith which believes that seemingly oppressive differences are momentary and that the angularities of today will be the regularities of tomorrow.

It is an attitude of conviction, but with the self-confidence that, if need be, by experience and under fresh circumstances, one may be prepared to change and develop new convictions and beliefs. It means that while I wait with conviction and faith that I shall change others to my point of view, yet I do the waiting with gladness and catholicity so as not to shut the door on the reformation of my own views and convictions in the process of waiting. True understanding therefore rests on knowledge, tolerance, and patience. That is real comprehension, and that is the pressing need of the modern age.

Having clarified the main ideas of peace and understanding, let us now examine the other facet of our subject. What is culture?

Culture is the product of history, geography, biology and sociology understood in their broadest sweep. Culture is both an absolute and a relative concept. Some basic natural instincts are universal and absolute categories but have diverse and manifold expressions. These expressions are not universal or absolute, but are varied and relative to time, place, and race. These expressions are also the constituent elements of cultures.

In other words, both nature and nurture, both inherited and acquired dispositions, determine the patterns of culture. At every point of time, culture is a complex of various forces, conscious and unconscious, latent and patent. There is in it what modern psychology would call the 'collective unconscious', and it is this that makes culture indefinable and imponderable. Culture is both tangible and intangible. It has both local and universal features. Racial, religious, artistic, emotional, mental, intellectual, social, physical, and environmental processes and contexts all go to determine the resultant culture.

Intercultural understanding, therefore, demands breadth of vision and a sense of appreciation; it demands the recognition that cultures, as types of self-expression, are bound to differ, between man and man, family and family, group and group, race and race, and nation and nation; from place to place and from time to time.

Intercultural understanding is today not an intellectual luxury enjoyed by the philosopher, the historian, or the romanticist. It is not a luxury at all; but a necessity. It is a dire necessity. It is an urgent duty and responsibility for every man and every woman of this age. To understand cultures we have to

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have peace. Peace is not only relevant to culture, it is indispensable if human culture is to continue to exist.

Modern society, its methods and habits of life, its whole method of education and learning, are producing unpeaceful men and individuals and restless groups. The tempo and speed of modern life are so great that they are not conducive to peace. If we have no peace in our individual lives and individual hearts and minds then our search for peace outside in leagues of men, societies, creeds, and institutions is not going to succeed.

Successive wars, the application of science and technology to business, industry, and commerce have made us restless, nervous, competitive, impatient, intolerant, and less and less human...We have become fidgets. Fidgets cannot build and maintain peace. Neuroses, jaded nerves, and drugs are not the foundations of peace. Our whole way of life demands a radical change before we can achieve peace.

The first step towards it is education for peace. We do not educate our children, our adults, or our citizens for peace. The curriculum, the methods of teaching, and the whole educational life in schools, colleges, and universities are not poised for peace. If we teach history, sociology, and the humanities only to impress upon our children that *our* country, *our* culture, and *our* way of life are the best and that those of others are either inferior or no good, then we cannot expect the future nations to have intercultural understanding and world-fellowship.

The main reason why our international conferences so often fail is that after a lifetime's education which neglects training in peace, the participants cannot overnight become peaceful and mutually understanding. Taught, as we are, from childhood that the ideal patriotism is 'My country, right or wrong', there is no wonder we find it difficult at the international conferences to bring the nations together. So what happens there is that, like billiard balls, they meet only to strike one another and depart.

The first lesson, therefore, is that peace is not a political agreement, but a way of life. This must be learnt early and it must form part of the teaching in every school and educational institution of every nation. At the earliest stages the information should be given that there are cultures and countries other than one's own; and regular training should be given to develop due regard, respect, and appreciation for the differences.

Just as in civic education, we learn to respect our neighbour's life and habits however different from our own, and just as in a well-regulated family every member learns to respect what appears to be an idiosyncrasy in another member, so in intercultural understanding we have to reach a new level of thinking and education to achieve at least a workable international comity of nations and differing cultures. For this we need a new kind of patriotism in which a man can love his homeland without hating and decrying other people's homelands; we need well-planned, regulated education and training in patriotism of this kind. It is only then that we can and shall have intercultural understanding.

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Were the Vedic Aryans Nature-worshippers? Did they sing about morality and devotion? The learned author discusses these matters in this article.

VEDIC STUDIES

Prof. H. D. Velankar

VEDIC Sanskrit is not very different from the classical Sanskrit; the former is, however, richer and much more pliable than the latter. The same idea with slightly different shades is conveyed by a number of synonymous words and expressions in the Vedic language while classical Sanskrit is standardised as regards its use and external form, on a pattern which was adopted as correct by all top-ranking men of learning, known as the Sistas, of the ancient times.

There is, however, some slight difference, not so much of kind or quality, but only of degree, in respect of their contents, between Vedic and classical Sanskrit literary products. In Vedic literature, there is absolute freedom of thinking and preaching, so long as the social fabric of the community was left undisturbed, while in classical literature, the systems of debating and discussion were gradually established and the earlier freedom of thinking and preaching could be enjoyed only by those who were clever advocates and convincing dialecticians.

Similarly, love of pomp and ornamentation in the matter of expression of thought is almost absent in Vedic literature, which is therefore characterized by absolute frankness and sincerity of thought. Yet, owing to the slightly archaic form of the language of the Vedic work, they are generally neglected in our academic Sanskritic studies.

Queer ideas are, however, current about the contents of Vedas among the few who are compelled to read some of the hymns from the Vedic *Samhitas* and a few passages from the *Brahmanas*. These ideas were

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first expressed by European students of the Vedas, who approached them in a spirit of genuine enquiry, which was however not unmingled with a few prejudices, which are natural to men who are conscious of the superiority of their own material civilisation.

Thus they called the Vedic Aryans 'Nature-worshippers', who sought their god or gods in the natural objects around them which roused their feelings of curiosity, awe and admiration. This is however, far from being the case.

To a dispassionate reader of the Rigvedic hymns, which is the oldest part of Vedic literature, it is absolutely evident that the poets had no doubts whatsoever in their minds that all the different gods whom they alternately praised in terms of highest reverence and love, were but the different aspects of the same great eternal principle, namely, the Brahman, which lies at the foundation of the entire creation.

Another myth created by these early scholars is that the concepts of morality and devotion (*Bhakti*) were almost unknown to the Vedic Aryans. It is true that like all sincere moralists and devotees, the Vedic Aryans never made a fuss about cataloguing the rules of their moral behaviour, nor did they make a show of their humility before their Creator.

Yet, any one who reads the strong denunciation by the Vedic poets of falsehood and double-dealing, of abusive talk and faithlessness, of murderous attacks and other acts of impiety, cruelty and selfishness, will easily be convinced that our Vedic ancestors practised morality much more rigidly, of course without talking about it, than most of the civilized races of today.

As regards devotion, it must be recognized that the concept of true devotion of the Vedic Aryans and their descendants through the ages, is essentially different from that of other communities. Our devotion is a deep feeling of affection for the object of worship, a feeling which is totally unassociated with fear or awe and in which even the consciousness of one's separate existence is gradually dropped and the worshipper's self wholly merges in that of his god.

The freedom with which the Vedic poet addresses Indra or Agni, the two most prominent deities of the Vedic pantheon, shows how he regards them as an indulgent mother, a provident father, a helpful brother and a loving friend, all combined into one.

His attitude towards Varuna is slightly different. Varuna is conceived as a Master who would not tolerate the impious acts of his worshipper, acts for which the non-Aryan is condemned by the Aryan ; so the poet is always afraid lest he angers the god by transgressing his divine laws.

But the poet's attitude towards Varuna does not reflect his ideas about true devotion, even though they may come nearer to those of today's Christian ethics. They are to be found in his attitude towards Indra, who is almost an exact predecessor of Sri Krishna of the *Bhagavad Gita*. He shows the same loving indulgence to his worshipper, looking more to the motive

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and manner of an act than to the act itself.

It was also propounded as a theory by the prejudiced Orientalists of the West, that a marriage between a brother and a sister of the same parents as well as human sacrifice were known in the Vedic days and were probably prevalent among the Vedic people at some time. There could be no greater perversion of facts and misinterpretation of casual allusions than this.

What we actually have is, in the *Yama-Yami Samvada Sukta* (*Rigveda* X.10), a strong condemnation in no uncertain terms, of a demand coming from a misguided and inconsiderate sister, by her sober brother Yama, who prophetically ascribes the fulfilment of such unsocial demands to youths of ages and generations which were yet to come! Here a demand, which is categorically and summarily rejected as impossible of satisfaction according to all standards of morality known at that time, is imagined to have been an older practice of the poor Vedic people!

As regards human sacrifice, the *Purusha Sukta* (*Rigveda* X.90) is admittedly a metaphorical description of the greatest Being, the God, sacrificing Himself for the sake of creation; but this sacrifice is a mere transformation and not an annihilation. This same God is often represented as toiling and exhausting Himself for the sake of His children, namely, all the different creatures, in the *Brahmanas*, under the name of Prajapati.

As a matter of fact, both in the *Sukta* and in the *Brahmanas*, self-sacrifice i.e., sacrifice of what is dearest to oneself in the service of others, which is the very foundation of Aryan behaviour, is exalted by being set forth as an example by the Highest Being for others to follow. The story of Harischandra in the *Aitereya Brahmana* also shows how entirely repugnant was the idea of human sacrifice to the mind of the Vedic Aryan.

There are many other misconceptions about the Vedic people, their deities and their mode of living. All these however can be properly valued and set aside after due conviction, only if our Vedic literature is properly studied and interpreted with the help of those excellent standards of interpretative criticism laid down by the early Orientalists, with the sympathetic attitude of a true student, which shakes off all sorts of prejudices that are likely to cloud his judgment in such matters. □ □

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YOGI VEMANA

S. N. Srirama Desikan

VEMANA YOGI is a far-renowned Andhra poet in whom one may recognize an ardent reformer. He has laid the axe at the root of superstitious customs and beliefs. He has the courage of his conviction which enables him to track the truth to its subtlest retreats. Instead of blindly following in the footsteps of his ancestors, he winnows the grain from the chaff, and the true from the false. In his opinion one has to surrender oneself to the mounting tide of emotion without caring for the poetic traditions which are likely to crib, cabin and confine one's flight of imagination. He is the founder of a new school of thought in the domain of poetry—a school of thought which does not attach too much attention to poetic rules that fetter the free flow of numbers.

With the aid of charming similes he has been able to bring within the ambit of the people a wealth of worldly experiences. In the matter of imparting moral instruction to the young, he is an unrivalled master; none may equal him in the sphere of exposing the follies of men who, in the name of religion, beliefs and customs, have committed infinite harm to the society. His memories are cherished even by those whose feelings he has wounded, and he is held in great esteem by them for his rare poetic talents, disinterested pursuit of truth, and his heroic endeavour to uphold his noble task as a reformer in scorn of consequence.

To the young his writings serve as a code of Ethics; and to people who have attained to great maturity of understanding, they shine as a body of teachings breathing the very spirit of the Vedantic texts. In them the critics find a treasure-house of luminous observations on men and things. Poets discover in them the rare hidden springs of poetic talents of a very high order. To the devotees they are the outsprings of a god-intoxicated mystic. They unfold themselves to the readers as an inexhaustible mine of knowledge and wisdom. In short Vemana has laid the world under a deep debt of obligation by his immortal creations in various fields of human endeavour and thought. What Lucian is to the land of the Greeks, Vemana is to the world of the Andhras.

Vemana has distilled his experiences in verses which have an unaffected natural grace. The language is so simple and the similes are so homely that one begins to doubt whether he indulges in prose or poetry. Brevity is his forte, and in a few phrases he is able to compress a world of ideas. He is not without his infinite fund of humour. He employs words which are quite racy of the soil, and he wields the language spoken by the man in the street. All this is evident to one who pursues his writings which are marked by the prose rhythm of everyday life. He avoids as far as possible Sanskrit words and phrases for preserving the

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purity of Telugu. There is nothing alien to one's experience. All falls within the pale of truth and the mild concerns of ordinary life. He is brutally frank even to the extent of touching one on the raw. Some critics take exception to certain portions of his writings, which in their opinion are against their hallowed traditions. However, it must be said that there is not one Andhra either young or old who is not familiar with some slices of Vemana's writings.

Modern critics hold that too much adherence to rigid rules of grammar may spoil the beauty and mar the elegance of a language. They may even interfere with the majestic march of lofty ideas and sentiments. Vemana who has a touching faith in the fact that sublimity lies in simplicity will be held in esteem by them, for he steers clear of rules that stand as a stumbling block in the path of his poetic creations. He is a relentless critic of all systems of religion and philosophy; and in his pursuit of truth, he does not spare any of them. He does not believe in meaningless forms and ceremonies which really clog the clear stream of reason. Women too have fallen under the lash of his pen. He seems to have wandered in his loin cloth to every nook and corner of Andhra Desa and minutely observed all that happened around him.

He has not learnt anything at the feet of any master. Neither the Vedas, nor the Sastras, nor the Classics nor Grammar have been taught him by any teacher.

In his work *Kavithva Tattva Vicharam*, Chapters 10, 11 and 12, the late Dr. C.R. Reddi, Vice-Chancellor, Andhra University, writes in the following strain about Vemana:

"He has absolutely no knowledge of books. Knowledge of grammar and rhetoric is absent in his writings. Devotion to God too is not strong; but in the matter of weeding out noxious customs and beliefs, he has no equal. He puts everything to a searching analysis and there is none to equal him in the task of establishing truth with all the armoury of fine reasoning." Ardent devotee of Siva that he is, he has no hostile attitude towards Vishnu. He believes that through Yoga alone one can march to the Kingdom of God. Some are of opinion that he had become a great poet through his yogic powers. Besides, he had learnt the art of transforming rusty iron into glowing gold. His belief in alchemy finds expression in several passages of his writings. Through this marvellous art, he may have gained the homage of the ordinary folk.

He does not deal with any subject in a coherent manner; he merely gives expression to the random thoughts or reflections that flit across his mind. And so none can expect any sequence of thought in them. In several places he even contradicts himself. Occasionally he indulges in puns; and it makes us think that he too is not free from the traces of tradition.

Instead of allowing his thoughts to run into old traditional grooves, he strikes out a new path for himself pursuing the bent of his own genius. One may find a freshness and a novelty in his approach to any subject which he wants to handle. In the

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field of controversy his aim is not to triumph over his opponents, but to establish truth in all its nakedness.

With regard to his life there are two versions. Some think that he became an ascetic after having led a married life, while others hold that he entered the monastic order straightaway.

Ataveladi is the metre which Vemana employs almost throughout his writings. *Kandam, Utpalam* etc.,—these metres are occasionally used. Sri Natha has a ruling passion for SeSa metre. Tikkana indulges in *Kandam* while *Ataveladi* of Vemana has a unique charm of its own. Some are under the impression that other metres are merely interpolations. Some research scholars contend that some verses from Sumathi and Bhaskara *satakams* have been skilfully woven into the text of Vemana's writings. Vemana himself is not conscious of his own poetic creations, for so many are his verses.

With the aid of manuscripts so far available, only 4,000 verses have been unearthed and printed. In Bhandar, Madras, Berhampur, etc., Vemana's works have been published and his writings do not run under any name, but they are merely called "Vemana's Padyams". They are random and occasional verses, which do not adhere to any particular pattern in the matter of order or sequence. The modern editors have classified his verses according to the theme and the subject-matter. Vavilla and Sons have classified Vemana's 2,728 verses into nineteen distinct sections and published them; but their classification too is not perfect, for even into the sections so formed there has crept unrelated matter.

Dr. C. P. Brown (Madras Civil Service) during his services in Masulipatam, Guntur, Nellore, Cuddapah and Vizagapatnam, gathered all the Vemana manuscripts then available, eschewed all the verses which are of a controversial nature and chose only 700, and classified them under three headings—"Religious, Moral, and Satirical". He has rendered them into English and his edition was published in 1911 by Vavilla and Sons.

The poems of Vemana have been enjoying wide popularity even in the Karnataka province. Sarvajnya Murthi, a popular Karnatic poet, followed in the footsteps of Vemana and composed poems after the pattern of Vemana. This is a book called *Sarvajnya-Vemana Samvadam* in which are found parallel passages of Sarvajnya Murthi and Vemana.

The poems of Kabirdas, a famous Hindi poet, merely echo the sentiments, feelings and ideas of Vemana. One who goes through *Kabir Dhoha Vali* may be convinced of the veracity of our statement. Like Vemana, Kabir too fulminates against meaningless customs and wooden traditions. Some believe that he must have found access to the *Kural;* for in his writings too we come across the same patterns of thought and expression.

Vemana's life is shrouded in obscurity; and there is no authentic account regarding him. He is born of Kondaveedu Reddi family. He belongs to the Vema Reddi class, the members of which were petty princes.

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Tradition has it that he was born and buried in the village of Katarapalli, Kadiri Taluk, Ananthapuram District; and this tradition is strengthened by the autobiographic references in his verses. Members belonging to his family are the trustees of his Samadhi, and we hear that offerings are made at his shrine. He sings in praise of his own Kapukulam which, he says, is as pure as milk. He too is not free from the love of his clan. He addresses himself in his own verses as Vema Reddi, Vema, Vema Bhupaala and Verri Vemana; and his real name is Vemana Reddi. The fourth foot of everyone of his poems ends with this refrain *Visvadhabirama Vinura Vema.* We feel as though Vemana were addressing himself. But Dr. Brown is of opinion that he is merely addressing his elder brother who is the captain of the forces at Ghandikottai. He says that he belongs to Jangala caste of Veerasaiva persuasion and that he is born in the south-western region of Telengana. He cites his own poems in support of his own chain of argument. Brown holds the view that he belongs to the 17th century (1652-1772) and Gamble and Maclean and others strengthen Brown's view. Some assert that he must have belonged to the tenth century A.D., for grammatical rules had not then taken a definite shape. That he must have figured in the 15th and 16th century A.D. is the considered and definite opinion of Oriental scholars.

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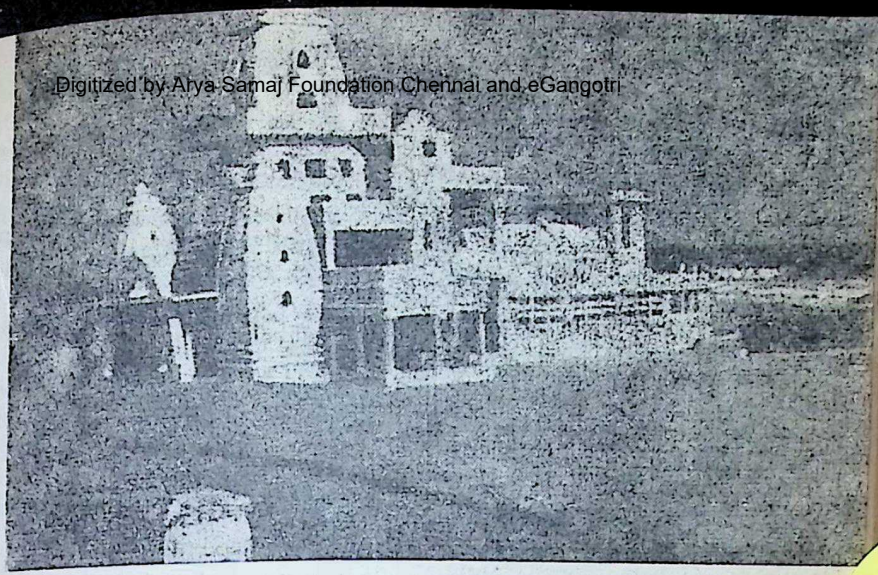

Gandhi Memorial: Cape Comorin

DAKSHIN BHARAT YATRA—3

a travel diary

by
a yatrik

[*Continued from last issue*]

ON May 20th we started for Cape Comorin in a bus—a distance of about 50 miles from Trivandrum. The tall majestic trees all around and green mountains chatting with the sky on the horizon made our journey comfortable and delightful.

On the way we visited Padmanabhapuram which is situated at 32 miles from Trivandrum. It was the capital of the former Travancore State till 1941. There is a temple of Lord Padmanabha in the town. The royal palace here is a fine monument of the art and masterly craftsmanship of Kerala. It also gave us some indication of the royal simplicity, their faith in God and love for art. The palace consists of an assembly hall, a guest-house, dancing halls, bed rooms, a huge dining hall where one thousand people can dine at a time, a bathing pool and a small temple of Goddess Saraswati. It is believed that the two lamps in this temple are kept burning without break since the last 400 years.

Our next stop was at Suchindram. The presiding deity of the magnificent temple here is Lord Siva in the form of Trimurti. As the legend goes the Trimurtis visited Sati Anusuya to

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test her chastity and by asking her to serve food without clothes forced her into a cruel dilemma. But the fountain of piety and chastity that she was, Anusuya transformed the Trimurtis into babies and served them food. In memory of this incident, Indra who was freed from the curse by the grace of Lord Siva installed the Linga representing the Trimurtis.

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The sanctum of this temple was constructed at the time of Emperor Asoka. The two inscriptions carved in Pali establish this fact beyond doubt. The temple is a loose construction with many marvels of exquisite sculptural art. Dakshinamurti, Lord Vishnu, Ganapati and Hanuman are all here to bless the devotees. The *murtis* of Hanuman and Ganesa are enormous and exciting.

Hanuman, carved in black shining stone, looks down upon us with folded hands filling our heart with faith, strength, and devotion. It is a massive but magnificent structure of 18 feet and is perhaps the most outstanding one in the temple. The Siva Linga is installed 20 feet deep in the Garbagriha. It is made of black stone and is about 3 feet high. A small separate temple of Lord Siva is situated just behind the main sanctum. The people believe that it is here that Indra worshipped Siva and got freed from the curse.

Eight miles south of Suchindram is Kanyakumari. This small but beautiful village is situated at the southernmost tip of India. Its population is mostly fishermen. Kanyakumari had gained a unique position in the country as it is touched by three seas—the Arabian Sea, the Indian Ocean and the Bay of Bengal. Sunrise here is a sight for Gods to behold.

At a distance of a furlong in the sea is the famous Vivekananda rock, where the Swamiji sat in meditation on his visit to Kanyakumari. A memorial to Mahatma Gandhi stands on the right side of this stone. It was constructed at a cost of Rs. 3 lakhs.

The town takes its name after the presiding deity Kanyakumari whose renowned and elegant temple is located in the heart of the place. According to legend, Goddess Parvati performed *tapas* here before her marriage to Lord Siva. This shrine is famous since pre-Christian era.

In the evening we returned by bus to Trivandrum. This capital city of the Kerala State is proud of its temple of Lord Padmanabha Swami, which indisputably is one of the most outstanding temples of South India. Lord Vishnu, from whose navel a lotus came out and gave birth to Brahma, is the presiding deity here. This temple was built by the kings of Travancore State who worship Lord Padmanabha as their family deity.

The deity is in a lying posture. It is so imposing and huge that we have to look at it by three doors to have complete *darshan*. It is made of *saligrams* brought from Nepal.

The small village of Warkala is situated at about 25 miles from Trivandrum. The temple of Lord Janardana here is small but comely. The idol of Lord Janardana is carved out of black stone and is so magnetic in its charm that it is only with difficulty we were able to turn our eyes elsewhere. In the *prakara* sur-

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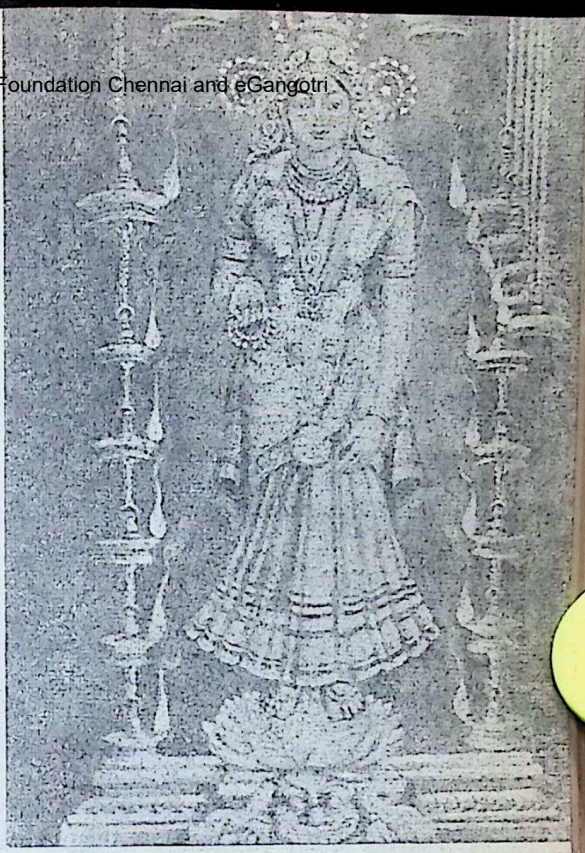
rounding the main sanctum are carved beautiful figures including the ten *avatars* of Vishnu. The small temples of Ganapati, Siva and Nags add enchantment to the place.

At the other end of it are located the Ashrama and Samadhi of the late Narayana-guru—that great social reformer and spiritual philosopher, who was a friend of the lowliest and the lost and who lived and died for the upliftment of the downtrodden Harijans. And the grateful people as a token of their love and regard for the Swamiji have built a memorial on a hill near the *ashram*. Thousands come here to pay their respect to the memory of Swamiji.

We reached Kottayam in the afternoon on 22nd. We had a bath in the cool and fresh waters of the local river. Our next destination was Vaikom which is 23 miles away from Kottayam. We reached there by bus which ran through the road surrounded by beautiful trees. We went to offer prayers in the Siva temple here. The noteworthy feature of this temple is the 20-foot high brass lamp posts. These, along with the wooden lamp posts surrounding the temple, are capable of lighting one lack twenty-five thousand lamps at a time!

It is said that a *rakshasa* by the name of Kharasura so pleased Siva after mighty penance that Siva presented him with three *lingas*. Kharasura installed one *linga* each at Vaikom, Ettumanoor and Kadichiruthy.



Devi Kanyakumari

Ettumanoor, having another Siva temple is situated 4 miles away from Kottayam. The temple is equally beautiful with many pictures on the wall. Nearby, there is a temple of Sri Krishna Govinda and one of Laxmi. The idol of Sri Krishna is carved out of *pancha-dhatu*. A temple of Sasta, who it is said, was born out of Lord Vishnu and Siva is also to be seen here.

The village of Thekkady is 75 miles away from Kottayam. Once again, the journey was made pleasant and smooth by nature. After 20 miles of ride on a pukka road, our bus en-

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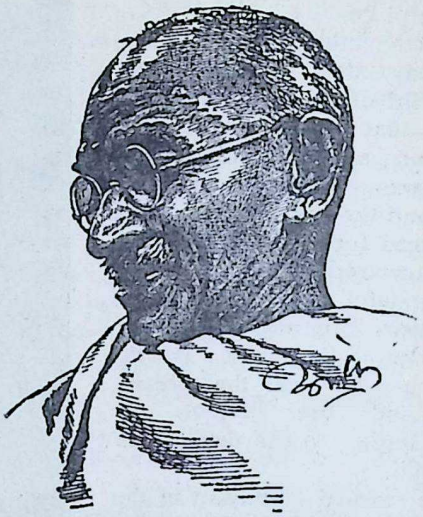
SOCIALISM OF MY CONCEPTION



M. K. GANDHI

Socialism is very much in the air today. It has gripped the attention of thinking people of our country.

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tered the western ghats. The ranges of mountains with their enormous trees and green vegetation added charm to our ride. It was green, green, everywhere including our hearts, which made us aware of His presence.

Suddenly we entered a region of rubber plantations and there were hundreds of them all around the road. After some time, the palm trees replaced them. As the road was rather curved, the driver of the bus became more cautious. There are tea gardens 3000 feet above. They too are a bewitching sight.

On our way we saw the Periyar river. It is almost of the size of the Tapi river of South Gujarat and flows through a mountainous region. We enjoyed a river-ride of 12 miles in a government launch. It indeed was a gratifying and thrilling experience. We saw black monkeys perched on trees and herds of elephants of all sizes. Unmindful of our presence, they were enjoying their lives. So absorbed were they in their innocent and happy life that even the powerful drone which our launch caused did not make them look at us even once,

We reached Ernakulam in the morning of the 24th. It has a population of over one lakh and kind nature has bestowed its generosity in the form of rich vegetation. This along with many facilities of a modern city, makes this town very attractive. The High Court of Kerala is situated in this town. This was the capital of the former Cochin State.

On the next day we went by bus to the temple of Goddess Bhagawati of Chottanikkara. This temple is very popular and people from distant parts of the State come here for *darshan*. The temple is relatively small but exquisitely built.

The popular conception is that the Devi is Vana Durga. There are two deities springing out of a pedestal, one of which, made of granite (*Pancha-dhatu*) is the Narayana Murti and the other, made of laterite (*Rudraksha Shila*) is the Devi. We came across a number of haunted women in the temple. They all come here for *bhajan* in the firm belief that the Devi will disentangle them from evil spirits and rid them of all afflictions. Many astounding stories are current about the power and greatness of this temple.

Next we visited Tripunithura. The grand palace of the Maharaja of Cochin here is of special attraction for the tourists. We went to offer prayers at the temple of Santana Gopala Vishnu. There are many lamp-posts in this temple. There are imposing stone idols of Jaya and Vijaya—door-keepers in the main temple. The Vishnu idol is carved out of *pancha-dhatu*. The atmosphere of this temple is beautiful, serene and devotional.

From the temple we came to the sea-shore and went in a launch to the Bolghatty Island on the opposite side. On the Island, the place of former British Residents has now been turned into a Rest House.

[To be continued]

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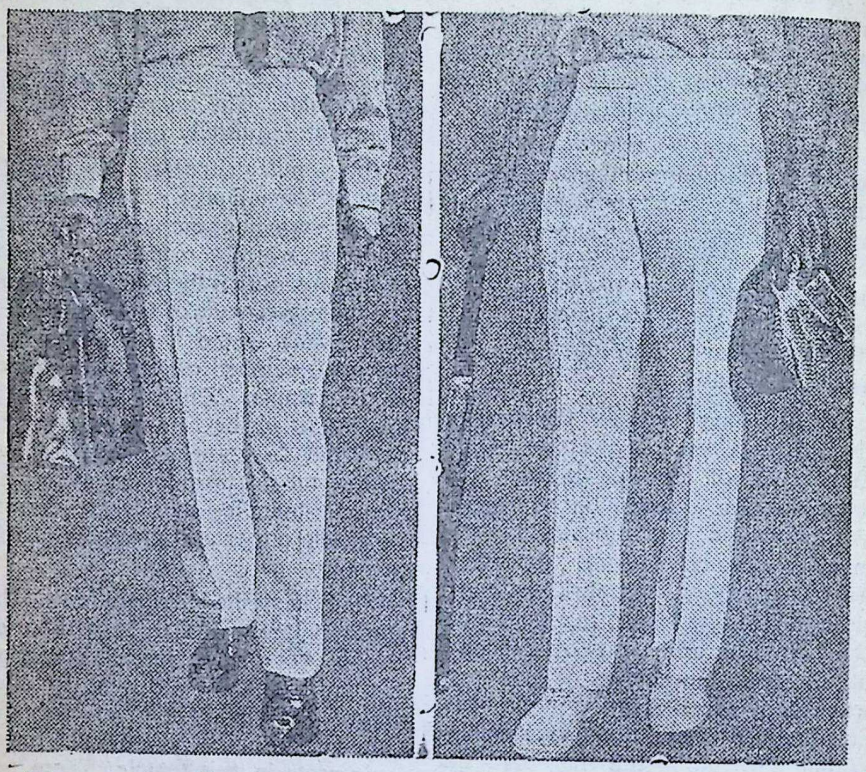
Business or Pleasure



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ANSWERS BY

K. M. MUNSHI

1154

Sri Lalchand Kewalram, Bombay-16.

Q: An evening paper of Bombay has advised young persons to elope if their parents do not consent to their so-called love marriages. Is it not contrary to Indian culture and tradition?

A: Whoever advises elopement is an enemy of the institution of the family and wants to disrupt society. He undermines the healthy traditions of Indian culture.

If parents do not consent to a young man and woman marrying and if they are genuinely in love with each other, they must be prepared to remain unmarried till the parents come round.

1155

Sri D. V. Raghavachary, Karimnagar.

Q: Like the Bible for Christians and the Koran for Muslims, is there any book for Hindus?

A: Hinduism is *Sanatana*, eternal. Its teachings are not confined to one book nor to one founder. But in a general way, the *Upanishads*, the *Brahmasutra* and the *Bhagavad Gita* are called *prasthana traye*—the three scriptures of high authority. The *Vedas* are believed to have been communicated by the gods to the *rishis*, that is, inspired sages.

1156

Smt. Sathabhisham, Perur.

Q: I have a devout mind. But my husband is an agnostic. Whenever I mention the name of God, he asks me to show proof of His existence. I am unable to do so. Will you kindly show us both the right way?

A: The existence of God cannot be proved by logic or laboratory tests. He can be known by sharpening our supra-physical powers of cognition. The sharpening can only come by faith and experience. Faith can only be acquired through humility, which, in its turn, can only come through suffering or by studying the life and teachings of those who have lived in faith.

If you are in earnest about finding out whether there is God or not, take the trouble of praying for six months and reading the *Bhagavad Gita*. If you are not in earnest, you can never find anything, much less God.

1157

Kum. Lakshmidevi, Gauri, Bidanur.

Q: If God is in our heart, why do people go to the temple, on pilgrimage, etc. to realise Him?

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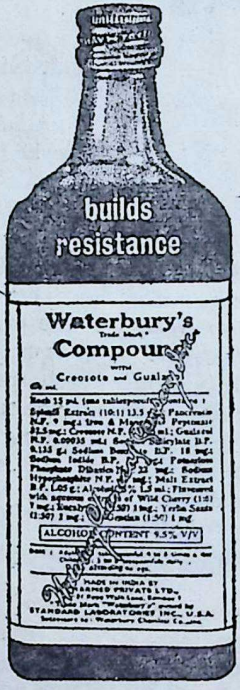

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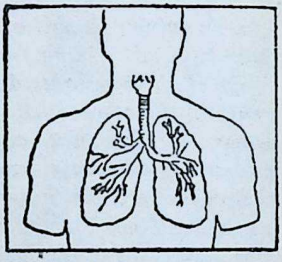

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A: It is easy to say that God is in our heart, but it is very, very difficult to realise it in life. Till then, we must take external aids and activities to train ourselves into the habit of living in the presence of God. Temples and pilgrimages are necessary to acquire this habit.

1158

Sri K. N. Singh, Venkatagiri Town.

Q: *In the discharge of my daily chores, I have to speak lies and sometimes deceive others. Whenever, therefore, I sit for worship I am unable to concentrate because the thought immediately comes to me whether there is any use in worshipping God when I am not true to Him in my life. Please advise me what I should do to cultivate steady concentration.*

A: You have to lapse into untruth to serve your worldly ends, but when you worship God, you feel your conscience pricking you. It is a good sign. It shows that some day you will be strong enough to resist temptations. If you give up your worship, you will have thrown away your life-belt and accepted defeat. If you worship God with faith, He will lead you by the hand and save you from lapses. You must cultivate the habit of living in His presence during as many waking hours as you can.

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on making up your mind

D. E. Broadbent

In this fascinating article, the author explains within the four corners of the existing state of our knowledge how the brain works. Quite a few theories are brought into the discussion. One is yet not sure whether it is a single channel or many channelled—Ed.

IN many cases, the modern world requires men and machines to work together as a team. The machine provides physical strength, speed, or the ability to perform vast numbers of routine operations without error. The man brings to the partnership his adaptability and his power to decide between different courses of action.

One example of a system of this kind is the modern machine for sorting letters in the Post Office.

A man is needed to read the address on the envelope of a letter, and to press a series of buttons indicating which way the letter should go. The rest of the process can be fully automatic; purely mechanical devices will take the letter away and put it with other letters going to the same place.

The speed with which the man makes his decision about each letter, however, decides the speed with which the whole system can operate.

When work is so arranged as to reduce the physical effort and time needed to execute decisions, a fresh importance is given to the time taken by the man in his choice of the correct action.

For this reason there has recently been a greatly increased interest in the 'reaction time' which elapses between the occurrence of some event and the response of a man to that event.

The first and most obvious fact about reaction time is that it gets shorter when the probability of having to make that particular reaction gets greater. The more likely an event is, the quicker one responds to it.

Suppose I get a man to look at a screen on which numbers can be flash-

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ed, and provide him with a set of push-buttons so that he can indicate which number has appeared. If there are only two possible numbers and two buttons, he will take perhaps a quarter of a second to make up his mind which key to press.

If there are eight possible numbers and eight buttons, he will probably take over a half second—more than twice as long.

This means that the machinery in our brains, which connects the sight of the number to the pressing of the button, cannot consist simply of a set of quite independent links, one for each combination of sight and action. A machine like that would take just as long to respond to a signal, no matter how few alternative signals might have had to be considered.

What sort of processes can we imagine that would take longer when there were more choices?

One might suppose that the brain considers each possibility in turn, one at a time until it reaches the right one.

This would obviously take longer when there are more possibilities, but we do know that it cannot as a general rule be the way that these decisions are taken.

The reason is that a process of this sort will take a time which is proportional to the number of possible actions; adding one extra choice will increase the time by the same amount no matter how many choices there are already.

So, if this view were true, the reaction time when there are four possibilities ought to be half way between the times for two and for six possibilities.

This is not what is usually found; it is much more common to find that the time for the four-choice situation is half way between the times for two and for eight possibilities.

That is, the time increases by the same amount whenever the number of choices is doubled.

This relationship has sometimes been called Hick's Law, after Dr. W. E. Hick of Cambridge. It means of course that one extra push-button makes very little difference if there are already a large number to be considered.

This kind of law is a familiar one in some fields of engineering, as well as in the study of human behaviour.

The maximum speed at which messages can be sent over a mechanical communication system—a radio or teleprinter channel, for instance—is related in just this way to the probability of the messages.

The reason is, crudely, that if a message is very common and happens frequently, one can arrange some very brief code signal which will be quite adequate to convey the message.

However, if a message is one which only occurs very rarely, a more cumbrous and lengthy code is required.

On the average the best possible arrangement of the code will be one in which the time taken for a message increases equally every time the probability of that message is divided by an equal amount.

So one is led to wonder whether the brain acts like one of these man-made systems: whether it forms a single channel or pipeline for con-

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veying information from the eyes, the ears, and other senses to the muscles.

If so, is there something in our heads that carefully adjusts the code, which the brain uses, so as to secure maximum efficiency in the particular situation?

A certain amount of evidence to support the pipeline theory of the brain comes from experiments in which two signals are delivered to a man, one just after the other, and he is asked to react to both.

In such cases he often makes a very slow response to the second signal, as if the pipeline was blocked by the first signal and the second one had to wait for a clear passage.

People playing games frequently make use of this kind of effect, by doing something which makes their opponent start some counter-action—whereupon they make a quite different move before the opponent can recover.

Experiments on this point form a whole topic in themselves, because there is some evidence that the eyes and ears only take in information from the pipeline intermittently rather than continuously; and there is also a possibility that with very considerable practice a man may be able to split himself into two separate channels, each working rather slowly. But the general trend of the results is in favour of the view that the brain acts as a single channel.*

In recent years, however, some awkward results have begun to appear from experiments.

If a man has to push buttons in response to numbers, the link between stimulus and response is rather indirect and unnatural. It is very understandable that the reaction time can be reduced by using stimuli and responses which have a more obvious connection with each other: for instance, putting a small lamp beside each button, and making the lighting of the lamp the signal for pressing the button. But this not only speeds up reaction time; it also reduces the amount of extra time needed for improbable signals.

In extreme cases, with well-practised men using extremely natural actions such as pressing down with a finger that has been touched, there may be no difference at all between the time to react to one of two possibilities and the time to react to one of eight. When this sort of result appears, it is quite clear that the brain is not acting as a single channel which adjusts its code to match the probabilities of the messages going through it.

Various theories have been put forward for these rather uncommon and abnormal experimental results. There is the possibility that in these cases the links connecting the sight of a certain light and the action of pressing a certain button do become completely fixed and independent of each other: like the quite separate wires which link subscribers on a hand-operated telephone exchange.

On this view highly learned associations become automatic and almost reflex, while less well-learned actions

* Even today there are men in India who can perform eight actions or more simultaneously and accurately. They are called *Ashtavadhanis*. Ed.

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are decided upon by a more conscious process which is indeed single-channel and limited in its rate of deciding between alternative courses. There are other theories, too, but the one which I personally prefer is due to Stone of Cambridge.

According to this idea, each possible signal arriving at the eye or ear does have a quite separate link within the brain to the corresponding action. When one of the signals arrives, the appropriate link becomes active. However, there is a certain amount of random activity going on in all the links all the time, and so if one were to look at them very briefly, it might happen that the most active link was not the correct one. The longer one went on looking, the more likely it would be that the link with the greatest total activity was the right one. A quick glance at a landscape does not distinguish between trees shaking in the wind and the more sustained motion of a car: a longer look does so more certainly.

So one can think of the brain as setting a certain critical time after which it will make the response according to the link which has been most active; and the setting of the critical time will for a certain percentage of errors have to be longer if there are more alternatives, because that will give greater scope for chance factors. The more trees there are, the longer one must look to be sure that one saw a car. The process which fixes the time must consider the whole situation, not just part of it, and so the time for one reaction does depend on all the others.

The mathematics of this view are complicated, particularly as there are several possible variations on it, but it seems clear that it does explain Hick's Law. It does say, when you work out the implications, that reaction time will increase roughly equally whenever we double the number of alternative actions. But of course the amount of the increase will depend upon the amount of random irrelevant activity in the appropriate parts of the brain, and one can well imagine that this is less in practised and natural tasks. So this theory explains all the present results with a single mechanism.

In addition, it predicts that in certain cases Hick's Law will only be approximately true; and further experiments ought to be able to test this possibility.

The present atmosphere in this field is therefore one of busy investigation rather than settled conclusion. However, there are enough findings already to be of some use to the designers of machines, and there are also certain broad conclusions about the workings of the brain. We do know that even such simple decisions as the sorting of a letter are not to be explained solely by the independent associations or nervous connections which earlier psychologists and physiologists conceived. The brain is more complex than that. But by measurements of this sort we hope to uncover its secrets.

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Prithvi-Vallabh

THE BELOVED OF THE EARTH

Translated from Gujarati by H. M. Patel, I.C.S. (Retd.)

THE STORY SO FAR: Munja, the great Paramara conqueror of Malva, who had routed Tailap, the king of Telengana, eighteen times, was finally vanquished by Bhillam, Tailap's Commander-in-Chief. He was taken prisoner and brought to Manyakhet, the capital of Telengana.

Meanwhile, Mrinalvati, the forty-six-year old widowed sister of Tailap, with a will all her own, was virtually the ruler of Telengana. At the victory parade of the prisoners, hard-hearted as she was, she experienced a momentary flutter seeing the handsome face of Munja.

Chapter 5

TAILAP GRANTS A FAVOUR

MRINAL too left the balcony walking with resolute steps. She was proud of her complete control over her senses. Undoubtedly Munj was handsome. No ordinary individual would be able to resist his attraction, but hadn't she remained beyond the power of his magnetic charm?

Presently, her conscience posed her a question which she had least expected: "But what made you gaze at him so long?" She attempted to find an answer to that question. "I was only looking at my brother's enemy. What other reason could possibly be? Surely I had no other thought in my mind. I merely wanted to observe how a man who had touched the nadir of evil, looked. I was not attracted by him. I was in full command of my faculties." She smiled and was lost in contemplation of her own character.

The drums beat faster for a time and stopped. She guessed that the parade had come to an end. She walked slowly towards the palace gates. The great excitement that she had experienced earlier on account of this unparalleled victory had vanished and she felt herself at peace. She was happy that neither joy nor sorrow could touch her. Yet, why was it that in some unaccountable way she was feeling restless and depressed? She laughed away the fear. What place had she in her heart for sadness or

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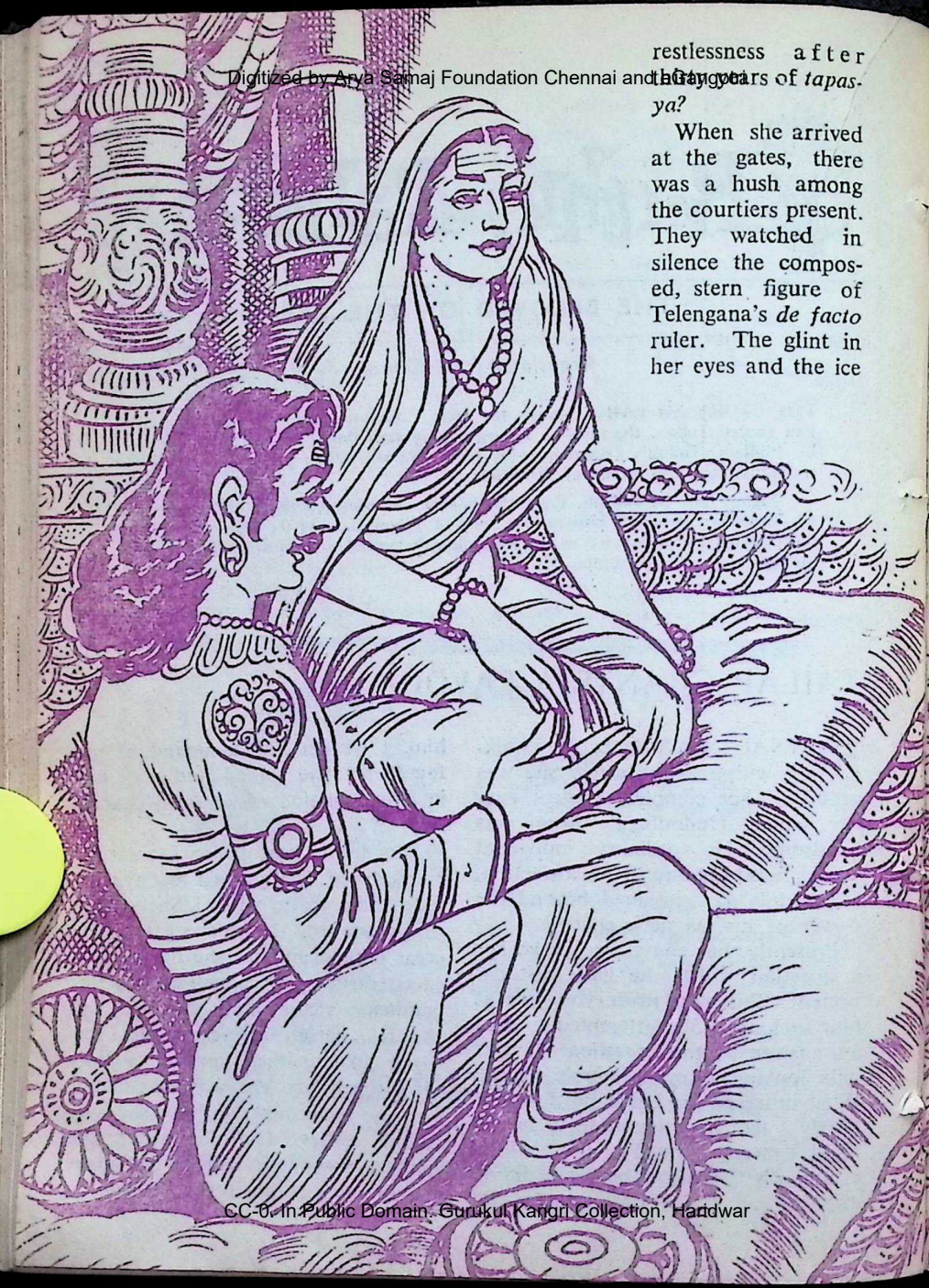

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restlessness after thirty years of *tapasya?*

When she arrived at the gates, there was a hush among the courtiers present. They watched in silence the composed, stern figure of Telengana's *de facto* ruler. The glint in her eyes and the ice

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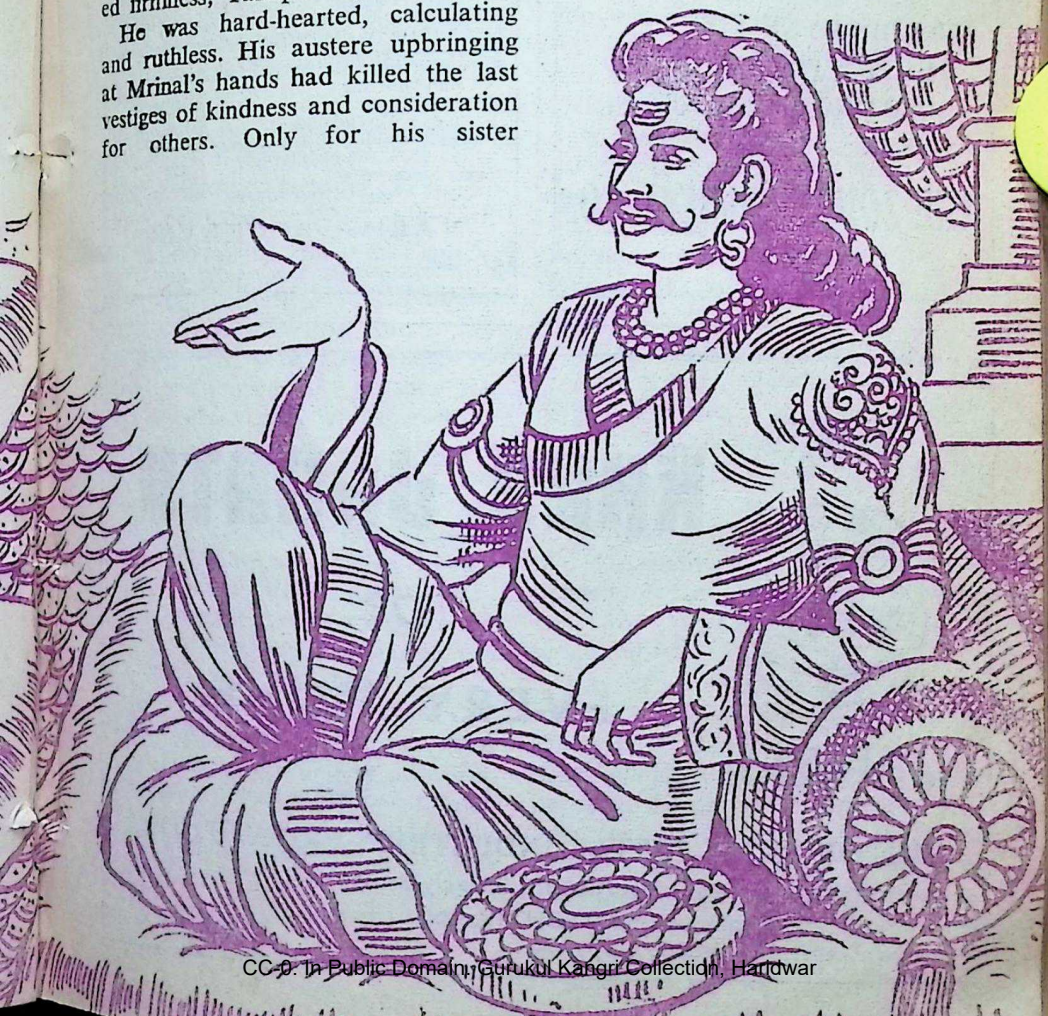
in her expression were sufficient indication of what was in store.

Her brother Tailap, who had just arrived, prostrated himself before her and touched her feet in reverence.

Tailap resembled Mrinal in features and build, and his face was free from pock marks. His body was well-knit and sturdy. His eyes were small and deep-set. While Mrinal's face reflected firmness, Tailap's showed cruelty.

He was hard-hearted, calculating and ruthless. His austere upbringing at Mrinal's hands had killed the last vestiges of kindness and consideration for others. Only for his sister did he have genuine affection and respect. She it was who had brought him up with the love of a mother and educated him with the affectionate firmness of a father. It was she who had inspired him with the ambition to become an emperor. Tailap had complete confidence in Mrinal's intellectual and moral integrity.



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"Well done, my warrior brother!" exclaimed Mrinal. "May you live for a hundred years, and be the undisputed conqueror of the world."

"May your blessings come true!" replied Tailap, as he stood up. Then pointing to Bhillamraj, he said. "Be pleased to bless Mahasamant also. It is because of his bravery that you see me alive and Munj captive."

Mrinal smiled thinly. "Bhillamraj has already told me about it. He has all my blessings. May he live long and continue to be the leader among our generals."

Bhillam bit his lips, bent down and touched her feet.

"Come, brother, remove your armour and make yourself comfortable," Mrinal said.

"I would like you to come with me," Tailap said turning to Bhillam. "I have some work for you."

Brother and sister, followed by Bhillam, went inside the palace. The crowd outside gradually dispersed.

Jakkaladevi greeted her husband silently and without any outward gesture: only her eyes expressed her joy at his safe return. Even though she was middle-aged, she felt bashful like a young bride eagerly awaiting her husband's return. As Tailap shed his armour and weapons, she took them away from him.

Tailap and Mrinal sat down side by side on the floor and reclined against soft bolsters. Bhillam sat cross-legged facing them. Jakkaladevi waited for a signal from her sister-in-law to sit down, but receiving none, left the room.

"Tell me, Mrinal, what shall we do with Munj?"

Mrinal stared at the ground for a moment before replying—and Munj's smiling, attractive face appeared before her eyes.

"We must impose the severest punishment on so vile a man."

"Tomorrow I will have him beheaded," said Tailap and his cruel eyes were afire with revenge.

"He is no ordinary enemy. He has done his worst to harm you. He has widowed the women of our country. Did he not as a conqueror make you wash his feet in the open court in his capital? Did he not have his court-poets compose poems to ridicule you and me to tarnish your glory? He must be put to slow death. Then only will I consider that he has been punished suitably." Then, turning to Bhillam, she asked "What do you suggest?"

"Your Highness," replied Bhillam, "I do not think that it is proper for us to kill a ruler who is our prisoner. By all means make him suffer as much as you like, but he must not be beheaded."

"Mahasamant, does it matter whether an enemy is killed in battle or hanged? I see no difference between the two," interjected Tailapraj contemptuously.

"My dear brother, I think Mahasamant is right. What do we gain by killing him? He must be humbled. We must punish him so that his figure becomes reduced to a scarecrow, his arrogant smile gives place to a grimace of abject surrender. He should beg of you again and again for mercy. Only then would I feel that he has paid the penalty for the humiliating

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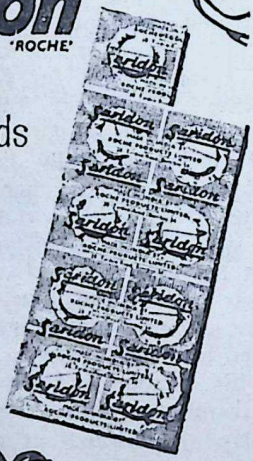

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defeats he had inflicted upon you eighteen times in battle."

Tailap was delighted. "You are quite right, sister. But if what people say is true, it will not be an easy task to break his pride."

"Nonsense!" was Mrinal's contemptuous rejoinder. "Let me see how long he is able to maintain his pride and arrogance."

"You?" asked Tailap with surprise.

"Yes, I. In Avanti, his capital, he has circulated lies about me, slandered me in song. I would like to see whether he has the courage to repeat them to my face. Where is he being kept?"

"In the cellars of the palace."

"Very well, I will go and see him this very evening. What shall we do with the others?"

"I have asked Kartavirya to enquire of Munj's generals if they are prepared to serve under me. Those who refuse will be put to the sword tomorrow. The rest of the prisoners will also be put to death tomorrow."

"I entirely agree."

This important matter settled, Tailap turned to Bhillamraj and said, "While the venerable sister is here, I would like you to ask of me a boon. I cannot reward you adequately for the service that you have done to me."

"It is kind of you to say so, Maharaj," replied Bhillam. "Whatever I did, I did as my duty, not for a reward."

"Mahasamant," interrupted Mrinal. "It is your right to ask whatever you wish."

"Your Highness, if I were to ask something which for some reason you are unwilling to give, will not both of us be unhappy?"

"I have faith in the King's generosity and in your good sense. I do not believe that you will ask for something which it is not possible for him to give."

Smiling affectionately, Tailap urged. "Do not hesitate to ask what you want. There is nothing that I hold dearer than your friendship."

After a little hesitation, Mahasamant said, "Your Highness, there is only one desire in my heart and you are aware of it."

"What is that?"

"That my daughter Vilas should be married to Prince Satyashraya at an early date."

Mrinal burst out laughing.

"Mahasamant, I must say you are an extraordinary person. Did it take you so long to ask this favour? We are already agreed that these children should marry."

"Yes, but what I would like is that the marriage should take place as early as possible."

"That also I have decided," said Mrinal.

"When will it be?"

"Next month. I have even had the auspicious day and moment fixed. We will celebrate the wedding at the same time as this victory."

"Bhillamraj," interjected Tailap, "ask of me another favour. You are making me feel ashamed. Is there not something else for me to give and make you happy?"

Bhillam did not quite know what to say. He understood Tailap better than he did himself! Tailap was vain. He wanted to have the pleasure of

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being able to say that he had conferred whatever was asked of him. At the same time, Bhillam knew that if he asked for something which Tailap did not like to give, he would feel resentful. Or if he gave it, he would withdraw it the next moment.

Laxmidevi and he were anxious to go back to their homeland, but what would be the point in expressing that wish? Rather than inviting the humiliation of having his request turned down, he preferred the humiliation of a servile position.

Just as he reached this conclusion, there came to his mind like a flash the promise he had given when he had thrown Munj to the ground and disarmed him. Munj had whispered to him, "Bhillam, I don't care what happens to me, but look after my poets!"

In the joy of victory he had forgotten this request. Now he remembered it.

Munj's request had only served to increase Bhillam's respect for him. In the moment of defeat, when any other man would fear for his own life, this man had the magnanimity to think only of his friends. How great was the difference between Munj, the beloved of the world, and this man, Tailap, now his victor! Bhillam made up his mind: he now knew what to ask.

"Maharaj, there is nothing that I am in need of in your kingdom, but since you wish it, I would like to make one request."

"What is it? Tell us quickly," replied Mrinal, looking rather suspiciously at Bhillam.

"Please spare the lives of the poets of Malva."

Tailap smiled while Mrinal frowned, somewhat puzzled. "Is this all that you desire?" asked Mrinal in a tone of contempt.

"Yes, my ancestors were patrons of poets. I have never been able myself to follow in their footsteps, but now I have an opportunity to serve them which I should like to take."

"What will you gain by letting such useless people continue to live on this earth?" inquired Mrinal.

"Bhillamraj," added Tailap, "there are so many more valuable things that you can ask for. Why then are you keen on saving the lives of these foolish poets?"

Bhillam was firm. "Maharaj, it is for you to decide whether you would be pleased to grant my request or otherwise. I asked only because you pressed me to do so."

"But what will you gain by having them released?" persisted Tailap.

"You do what you like with them—only spare their lives."

"Very well," said Mrinal, "we might ask them to turn their Muse against Munj."

"As you please."

"I spare their lives. Are you satisfied? But they will not be allowed to move about freely."

"As you wish. I shall keep them imprisoned in the cellar of my palace," replied Bhillam. He felt that it would be wiser to say nothing more and asked permission to leave.

"You may go."

After Bhillam left, Mrinal turned to her brother. "Tailap, I do not trust this man."

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"I think he is guileless. It is his wife who gives him no peace. That is why I wanted him to ask a favour of me so that he may have something to mollify her. But he is so impractical."

Footsteps were heard outside and a young man, about twenty years of age, walked in. His features resembled Tailap's. His straight, strong, slim body was hidden beneath costly armour. There was a dignified look on his face. A small crown on his head added to his natural dignity. He bowed deeply to Mrinal and then to Tailap. Then he sat down.

"Satyashraya, my son, what have you been doing?"

"Father," replied the prince in a grave voice, "for the moment I have imprisoned Munj in the palace cellar and General Bhimraj has been asked to stand guard."

"You have done well."

"I also have ordered a wooden cage to be fashioned."

"Well done, my son. By the way your marriage has been arranged."

"Yes, Sire."

"It is fitting that your marriage should be celebrated along with the victory celebrations," remarked Mrinal. "You may now go and rest."

"Thank you," replied Satyashraya and got up to go.

"But wait! Do not forget to meet Vilasvati."

Satyashraya bowed in assent and left the room.

[*To be continued*]

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Notes & News

THE GOOD JOURNALIST

KULAPATI MUNSHI inaugurated the new session of the Bharatiya Vidya Bhavan's College of Journalism, Advertising and Printing on July 14.

Welcoming the fresh batch of students, Kulapati Munshi said they had become members of the Bhavan family which he said was bound together by the bond of affection, ideals and activities. He expressed satisfaction and pleasure at the good progress the College had made.

Continuing Munshiji said that in spite of difficulties like food shortage in the country, India was developing fast and he asked the students to play their parts well in her economic, political and social advancement. The knowledge and professional training in Journalism, Advertising, Marketing, Sales Promotion, Public Relations and Printing which they would get at the College, would be in greater and greater demand in the days to come.

Maintaining that Journalism was a major force in the present-day world, Kulapati Munshi called upon the budding journalists to keep their minds open and develop a proper perspective and correct points of review in their work.

As it was, journalism in modern India was passing through a 'funny' phase as politicians' speeches took the place of really newsworthy material. Munshiji stressed that the Indian journalist must possess Indian background and be well posted with his country's traditions and culture. Merely trying to copy the methods and techniques of the Western press would not help. His mind should be firm, balanced and incapable of being misled, he said.

Continuing, Munshiji said that a good journalist, like Walter Lippman of the U.S.A., must make the people think. His approach must be practical and pragmatic, and passion and prejudice should have no place in his writings.

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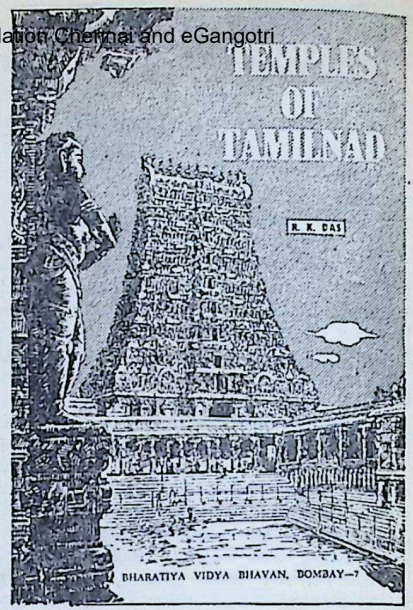

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SWAMI SIVANANDA in the engaging little book *Sri Krishna,* explains the rationale of *avatar* as the descent of God for the ascent of man: the Divine assumes a human form, works out the difficulties in human conditions and shows the way for man's self-upliftment. After giving a rapid account of the life and teachings of Lord Krishna Swamiji concludes with the exhortation of the Teacher to Uddhava to make the most of the precious human birth attained after a long, long series of inferior births.

Our Duty on taking this rare birth contains pointed instructions from the late revered Chandrasekhara Bharati of Sringeri Pitha compiled from his discourses. To a great extent, he says, man is the architect of his destiny. There is no real conflict between Fate and Free-will; what was free-will yesterday is fate tomorrow. Know your potentiality, do not reason about things that lie beyond it, seek elevating company and take to the Path of *atmic* bliss.

The details of the requisities of the pilgrim of this path, the necessity of a qualified Guru, the choice of the correct line of *sadhana,* e.g., Japa, Dhyana, etc., and, the different forms in which spiritual progress is signalised, are the key-topics in Dr. Ranade's *Gospel.*

Example is always better than precept. And appropriately we have, next, a faithful account of *Gandhiji* as a *spiritual seeker* by his authentic expounder, Sri R. R. Diwakar. He describes graphically how Gandhiji refused to compartmentalise life into politics, religion, profession, and insisted on treating the whole as one field for the application of the Truth of God he sought after. One of the most interesting passages relates to the description of the Inner Voice to which he delivered himself without question. It is irrelevant to ask here whether there are not, in the subtler domain, *voices* and *voices.*

Ray Hauserman gives in his book *Answer to the Quest* an account of another saint Sree Sree Thakur Anukul Chandra who sees the solution of all ills in the cultivation and radiation of Love—pure, selfless, causeless. The author reports on the Thakur's talks with a company of American enquirers on marriage, status of women, feuds in Christianity, prophets etc.

In the modern world even the spiritual man has a duty to his fellowmen. *Peace on Earth* containing the Encyclical issued by the late Pope John XXIII —the first Papal Encyclical to be addressed not only to the Catholics but to all men of good-will—pleads for the establishment of right relationship between man and man, man and state, state and state, states and world community. The Pope rightly ends with the words: "There can be no peace between men unless there is peace within each one of them."

—*M. P. Pandit*

SARDAR PATEL: India's Man of Destiny. By P. U. Patel. Published by the author at Asian Court, 13, Nepean Sea Road, Bombay-6. 275 pages. Price: Rs. 15.

THE chief qualifications of P. U. Patel to write the biography of Sardar Patel lie in his innate modesty and utter frankness. He is modest enough to confess that he had no intimate acquaintance with Sardar, having met him only on three occasions. But he has avidly read everything written about the architect of India's consolidation. The writer makes no secret of the fact that Maulana Abul Kalam Azad's book *India Wins Freedom* provoked him into writing this defence of Sardar

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against malicious criticism. The result is an eminently readable book bringing into focus the diverse facets of Sardar's career. There is a piquant picture of Sardar as a lawyer who never allowed judges or magistrates to cross the bounds. His conversion to the Gandhian creed is etched with understanding. The Bardoli Satyagraha is described vividly; it was no village Hampden fighting the cause of an oppressed peasantry. It was the forerunner of the mass civil disobedience movements that rocked the country in the thirties; and it was but natural that Sardar who had become the Chief of Staff of the Satyagraha army should have presided over the Karachi session of the Congress after the spectacular victory of the Gandhian methodology. When the Congress plumped for a parliamentary programme, it was Sardar who became the Chairman of the Parliamentary Board and foraged the country like a Marlborough smashing British-inspired opposition to smithereens. With the acceptance of office, Sardar's responsibility increased and he invested a party of agitators with a sense of ruling power. Then came the second world war and the Congress went into the wilderness. The negotiations leading to the Transfer of Power are sketched vividly by the author. Describing Sardar's role as free India's first Deputy Prime Minister, the author shows how he consolidated freedom and changed the very map of India. Never in the history of the world has any country owed so much to the administrative genius of one individual. The biographer refutes the insinuations and innuendoes contained in Maulana Azad's book. It is indeed a great tragedy that an authoritative biography of this great patriot and statesman is yet to see the light of day. But from P. U. Patel's book emerges the figure of the indomitable Sardar, imperious but never imperial, who along with Gandhiji and Nehru constituted the triumphant tripod of national leadership at a critical juncture. The book will be valued for having cleared many misconceptions about one who was a great captain of his people in war and peace alike. The production values are excellent.

—*R. P. Aiyar*

A TIME TO BE HAPPY. By Nayantara Sahgal. Published by Jaico Publishing House, Bombay-1. 1963. 276 Pages. Price: Rs. 3.

NAYANTARA SAHGAL'S *A Time to be Happy* has already won her the acclaim of critics of the English-speaking world and established her as one of the promising young Indian writers in the English language. The book is no epic, but is written competently, has an interesting story to tell, the characters are alive and not mere types and their variety and vitality give to the novel an authenticity and an interest that are pleasantly exciting.

The main characters are drawn from an upper middle class U.P. Zamindari family and the executive upper crust —Indian as well as British. The Indian freedom struggle forms the background and the narrator is one who, born to riches, comes under the spell of Gandhiji and rejecting a life of luxurious ease and family affections, participates in the movement. He is naturally looked upon as a harmless eccentric by his more complacent relatives and friends. A good book to while away a pleasant hour or two.

—*K. S. R.*

LECTURES ON GANDHIAN PHILOSOPHY. By U.N. Dhebar. Published by Annamalai University, Annamalainagar P.O., S. India. 58 pages. Price: Rs. 2.

THE volume under review is a detailed and inspiring account of the teaching of Mahatma Gandhi by one of his prominent followers, a well-known figure in Indian public life, thrice President of the Indian National Congress and six years Chief Minister of Saurashtra. The lectures were delivered at Annamalai and also at Kurukshetra.

The three lectures are comprehensive in their scope. In the first he outlines his interpretation of Gandhiji's

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doctrine of *ahimsa* and discusses whether it can be adopted for the new and dynamic situations in the country. In the second lecture Sri Dhebar elaborates and examines the place of non-violence as a pre-condition necessary for human survival which is at stake today because of the alarming developments of nuclear physics. In the third lecture we have a picture of the future economy of India in terms of Gandhiji's scheme of constructive programme.

In an appropriate way Sri Dhebar pays his tribute to the world-famous sociologist, Pitirim Sorokin, the Director of the Research Centre in Creative Altruism at Harvard. Sorokin dedicates his work on the "Reconstruction of Humanity" to the deathless Mohandas K. Gandhi. Dhebar draws on Sorokin. (It might interest the readers of this book that an Indian edition of Sorokin's book is available in the Bhavan's series.) Sri Dhebar's booklet is a very useful companion to similar ones by C. Rajagopalachari and R. R. Diwakar produced by the Bhavan. The volume carries an appreciative foreword from Dr. C. P. Ramaswami Aiyar.

—*Dr. P. Nagaraja Rao*

DISCOVERY OF VYASA AND VALMIKI. By P. K. R. Kurup. Published by Guruvayurappan Publications, Guruvayur (Kerala). Price: Inland Re. 1; Foreign Rs. 2.

THIS book is best described as an excursion into research in Sanskrit literature. The author's theses are: (i) that Vyasa is a greater poet than Valmiki, (ii) that Valmiki is a myth and (iii) that the real author of the Ramayana is the great Sanskrit dramatist Bhavabhūti himself, who created a mythical "Ādi-Kavi" in Valmiki and fathered his own *Rāmāyana* upon him as the "Ādi-Kāvya"—for the sake of achieving vicarious celebrity or for belittling Vyāsa's prestige as Kavi-Vedhas.

The main obstacle to Sri Kurup's novel theory is the yawning difference in style and language between Bhavabhūti as we know him through his dramas and the *Rāmāyana* as we have it. No student of the earlier and later cantos of Kālidāsa's *Raghuvamsa* can fail to be impressed by the identity of thought, language and style that runs through the entire work. We cannot therefore accept Sri Kurup's finding that these later cantos were additions by Bhavabhūti himself to Kālidāsa's work! Kalidasa has shown himself a poet of brevity and suggestion while Bhavabhūti is a poet of expression and elaboration. The two are not in *pari materia*. The one cannot enter into the other's garb.

Sri Kurup has well-nigh exploded the myth of *Ramayana* being the only Ādi-Kāvya, historically and literally. We may draw his attention to a significant verse in the *Mahābhārata* itself which seems to have eluded his attention, and one in which it is referred to as "a Kāvya unexcelled by other poets":

Asya Kāvyasya Kavayo na samarthā viśeṣaṇe/(Ādiparva).

Sober criticism must admit that both the epics are entitled to be ranked as "Ādikavyas" or classical national epics of our country, each great and incomparable in its own setting. What Sri Kurup is justified in disputing therefore is this one-sided glorification of Valmiki all along. His work is to be welcomed, notwithstanding its heat and passion and somewhat overloaded style, as an attempt to restore the balance between the two great poets of India. This could very well have been done without dragging in Bhavabhūti into the bargain. Let us hope Sri Kurup himself would do so over again.

—*Dr. B. N. K. Sharma*

KANNADA

SIVANANDALAHARI (2nd edition).

SOUNDARYALAHARI (3rd edition). Text and translation by Swami Somanathananda. Published by Sri Ramakrishna Ashram, Mysore-2. Price: 50 paise each.

THE *Soundaryalahari*, ascribed to Acharya Shankara, is celebrated not only for the high devotion and inte-

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sity of aspiration for the Divine that are embodied in its lyrical verses but equally for the occult content of its first part which makes it a guide-book for the adherents of the Sri Vidya. Swami Somanathananda draws attention to these features of the poem in the course of his illuminating preface. His translation is fluent and his notes helpful.

Sivanandalahari, also ascribed to the Acharya, lauds the glory of Lord Siva in a hundred verses of surpassing beauty. The imagery employed, the poetic excellences of some of the verses and above all, the rhythms in which the seeking soul pours forth its love and surrender to its Maker, establish the Hymn as a work of religious as well as literary importance.

Both the books, presented with the text and translation, are thoughtfully priced low. —*M. P. Pandit*

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BHARATA YATTIRAI (Travels in North India). By Pulavar Puravalan. Published by Puravalan Padippaham, T'Nagar, Madras-17. Pages 147. Price: Rs. 2.

THIS book begins with a bang but ends with a whimper. The bang lasts only as long as the author's preface and sounds hollow. The whimper starts with the book proper. A pilgrimage through North India may be a personnal achievement, immensely worthwhile and satisfying; and the author has apparently done this at considerable sacrifice. But this will not be enough to produce a worth-while book. And the present book is but a travel-guide. We have here short categorical accounts of various places, with all mundane details complete. An insight into the level of the book is at once given by the twelve appendices which are concerned with matters like the distances of places from one another, the number and names of ghats, the names and charges of hotels, and the like. The whole book is replete with such information; and occasionally we have a mythological or religious cross-reference. If one can appreciate the difference between fare like this—to which, indeed, we have been treated by many worthies in Tamil—and books like Stevenson's *An Inland Voyage* or *Travels with a Donkey*, one may be said to possess a sense of style and true literary values.

—*Dr. Purasu Balakrishnan*

BOOKS RECEIVED

PRACTICE OF YOGA: By B. D. Limaye. Published by Sri Aurobindo Circle, 332-A, Bhaskar Bhuvan, Shukrawar, Poona-2. pp. 102. Rs. 2/-

CRUMBS FROM HIS TABLE: By Ramananda Swarnagiri. Published by Sri Ramanasramam, Sri Ramanasramam P. O., Tiruvannamalai (S. India). 1963. pp. 52, Re. 1/-.

Edited by S. Ramakrishnan and printed and published by him for the Bharatiya Vidya Bhavan, at Associated Advs. & Ptrs., Bombay-34. Mg. Ed.: J. H. Dave; Associate Ed.: V. A. K. Ayer.
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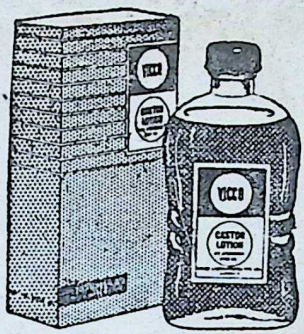

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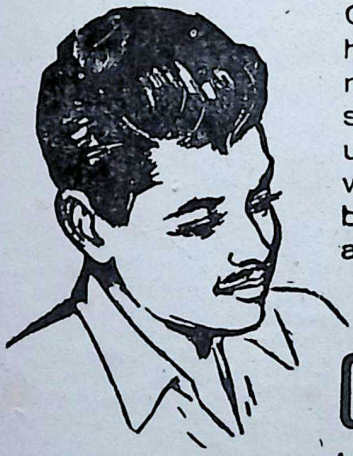

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AUGUST 16, 1964 DECENNIAL NUMBER Vol. XI, No. 2

22/8/64

CONTENTS

	Page
* Lord Hari (PRAYER)	5
* Kulapati's Message	6
* Re-dedication	7
* Messages	8
* Bhavan's Journal: Its Mission —Sri S. Ramakrishnan	12
* Kulapati's Letter No. 316 Our Parliamentary Government in Operation	17
* Prayer for Harmony [Paippalada Samhita]	24
* The Spirit [Chandogya Upanishad] ...	27
* Lord Viswanatha—Bhagwan Vedavyasa	28
* Mother Annapurna—Adi Sankaracharya	31
* Self-harmony [Dhammapada]	37
* On the Use of Money [Bible] ...	39
* A Prayer to Ahura Mazda	41
* The Lord's Name—Guru Nanak ...	43
* Vedantism—Swami Vivekananda ...	45
* This Land of Ours—Sri Aurobindo ...	49
* The Devotee—Mahatma Gandhi ...	51
* Move Onward, Brother! —Dr. Rabindranath Tagore	53
* National Dharma—Swami Rama Tirtha	55
* Hara Hara Mahadev—Sister Nivedita	62
* The Greatness of Guru —H.H. Jagadguru Sri Sankaracharya of Dwarka	63
* Tradition and Progress—H. E. Cardinal Valerian Gracias	69
* Lamp of Auspiciousness—Swami Chinmayananda	73
* About Overdoing Things—Sri C. Rajagopalachari	77
* Vishnu Sahasranama—Mahamahopadhyaya S. Kuppuswami Sastri ...	81
* Jainism and the Modern World —Sri Rishabhchand	85
* Sanskritic and Dravidian Civilisation —Dr. C. P. Ramaswami Aiyar ...	89
* Personalities I Have Known —Smt. Vijayalakshmi Pandit	102
* Democracy and the Individual —Dr. Karan Singh	109
* Search for a Way of Life —Justice J. M. Shelat	113
* Advent of Independence: Final Phase —Sri V. P. Menon	121
* Augustan Month—Sri R. P. Aiyar ...	143
* Need for Fostering Vedic Study —Dr. Sampurnanand	145
* Gandhi-Nehru Era—Dr. R. R. Diwakar	150
* Krishnavatara (Part IV): The Righteous War—Prologue—Sri K. M. Munshi	156
* A Vision of India's Beauties —Dr. Purasu Balakrishnan	169
* Towards Equality of Opportunity— Sri Asoka Mehta	177
* A National Clean-up—Sri Rajmohan Gandhi	189
* The Diplomat Today—Sri K. P. S. Menon	193
* The Weed (A Short Story)—Amrita Pritam	200
* Planets and Gems—Sri V. A. K. Ayer	209
* Prithvi Vallabh: Chapter 6. Rasnidhi —Sri K. M. Munshi	213
* Kanchi (Art Supplement. Illus. by "Silpi")	221
* Bhakta Dhruva (in Pictures)	229

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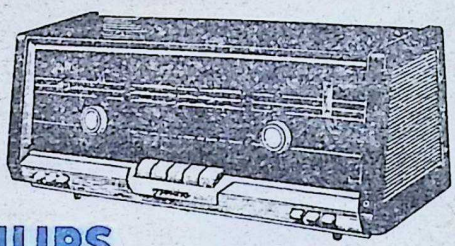

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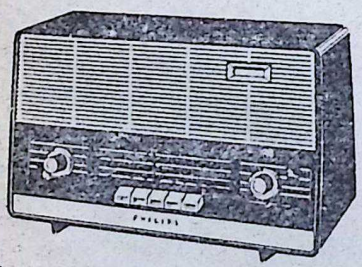

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आ नो भद्राः क्रतवो यन्तु विश्वतः।
Let noble thoughts come to us from every side
—Rigveda, I-89-i

BHAVAN'S JOURNAL

Lord Hari

देवो नः शुभमातनोतु दशधा निर्वर्तयन् भूमिकां
रङ्गे धामनि लब्धानिर्भररसैरध्यक्षितो भावुकैः।
यद्भावेषु पृथक्विधेष्वनुगुणान्भावान् स्वयं बिभ्रति
यद्धर्मैरिह धर्मिणी विरहते नानाकृति र्नायिका॥

May Lord Hari bless us—Hari who, preparing Himself to enact in ten different roles (Dasavatara) in the theatre (Sreeranga) in His abode, is being observed by the audience, (Devotees) who have obtained the full happiness and, Whose Spouse (Mahalakshmi) plays with Him various roles that correspond to His and possessing the modes appropriate to His.

—*Sri Vedanta Desika*

Vol. XI, No. 2

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Kulapati's Message

Today the BHAVAN'S JOURNAL is entering its eleventh year.

We, of the Bhavan's family, can look back with some satisfaction on the achievements of this ten-year-old child.

In 1954, when the **Journal** was launched, with considerable hesitation, its print order was of the order of 3,000 copies: in 1964, the print order has risen to 60,000 copies. The Hindi edition **Bharati** and Gujarati edition **Samarpan** have been later additions for which the print order is presently 20,000 copies. And each copy, on an average, is being read at least by five to six people.

Issue after issue, the **Journal** has sought to provide food for thought, stimuli for noble aspirations and higher endeavours. It has striven to give a vision of the grandeur that was Bharat as also of the greatness that is her destiny for the morrow.

The **Journal** has evidently filled a void. There is too much talk of our material backwardness, too little of the cherished values which have been handed down to us by our ancestors. Our home and social life and our educational institutions nowadays are not noted for their emphasis on cultural, moral or spiritual values. If, under these conditions, the **Journal** can slake a thirst for inspiring values of Truth, Love and Beauty, it would have justified its existence.

We claim that the Bhavan is a family, and in this family, we also include the subscribers and readers of the **Journal**, its mouthpiece. This is not a fanciful claim. I regularly receive personal letters from someone or the other reader of the **Journal**—so touching in its tone and content—indicating that a bond has sprung up between those who work for and those who are interested in the aims of the Bhavan.

This was proved beyond doubt when in 1962 hundreds of readers of the **Journal** from all over India and abroad came forward to enlist themselves as Associates of the Bhavan's Silver Jubilee Committee. Thus, the **Journal** has been able to bring together a large number of readers in pursuit of the values for which the Bhavan stands. This bond needs to be strengthened and the family widened. More and still more people have to be brought into the fold.

Will it be too much to expect each reader of the **Bhavan's Journal** to help spread the message of Truth, Love and Beauty and widen the Bhavan's family by enrolling at least two more subscribers to the **Journal** to mark its decennial year?

I look forward to the print order crossing one lakh copies in the near future, thus taking the message of the Bhavan to five to six lakhs of people every fortnight.

Bombay,
August 15, 1964

K. M. Munshi

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Re-dedication

Bhavan's Journal, this day, enters the eleventh year of its humble service in the cause of Life, Literature and Culture.

In His infinite mercy, God has carried 'this little flute of a reed over distant lands, hills and dales, and hast breathed through it melodies eternally new'.

The **Journal's** birth and growth and the ease with which many of its intricate problems have solved themselves reinforce our faith that we are no more than tiny instruments of God. How true is the statement: तेन विना तृणमपि न चलति—Not even a blade of grass moves except according to His will; that अहं सर्वस्य प्रभवः मत्तः सर्वं प्रवर्तते—He is the origin of all; from Him all (the whole creation) proceeds.

With this eternal, cardinal truth as our guiding star, the Bhavan embarked upon the publication of this **Journal.**

The grace of God, the blessings of the godly and the good-will of all those here and elsewhere who cherish the fundamental values of **Satyam, Sivam, Sundaram** are the priceless assets of the Bhavan.

Holy personages have blessed us with their benedictions; noble-hearted and thinking men have bestowed upon us their good wishes. Benefactors and well-wishers, advertisers and newsagents, friends and co-workers, our numerous readers and many other members of the Bhavan's far-flung family have extended their generous support to us all along. To them all, in India and abroad, we are beholden.

On this memorable occasion in the life of our **Journal,** we re-dedicate ourselves to the cause to which we have pledged.

Our fervent prayer to the Almighty is:

> 'Give us the strength to raise our mind high above daily trifles;
>
> 'Give us the strength to make our life fruitful in service'.

August 15, 1964.

—*Bharatiya Vidya Bhavan*

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Messages

The decennial celebration of the **Bhavan's Journal,** blooming with the largest circulation among periodicals devoted to the service of Indian path towards the attainment of eternal values, may, we pray, give fresh vigour to the Journal in directing its attention more and more to the dissemination of moral principles and devotion.

—His Holiness Jagadguru
Sri Sankaracharya of Kanchi

His Holiness is very glad that the Journal of the Bharatiya Vidya Bhavan of Bombay has successfully completed ten years of its existence and is entering on its 11th year. It has undertaken the noble work of broadcasting the immemorial culture of Bharata Varsha throughout the world and also for the benefit of the sons of the soil who have unhappily strayed away from it.

It is a very difficult task to interpret our culture in a way which can be appreciated by those who are fascinated by the western civilization and in performing that difficult task, care should be taken to see that simply for earning their appreciation the salient features of our sound culture are not diluted or adapted to suit their tastes. His Holiness has directed me to convey to you His Hearty Blessings and His hope that the Journal will grow more and more in its usefulness to the public.

Secretary to His Holiness Jagadguru
Sankaracharya of Sringeri

Wish **Bhavan's Journal** complete success in its noble mission of spreading Bharatiya Culture.

—His Holiness Jagadguru
Sri Sankaracharya of Dwarka

The **Bhavan's Journal,** through its spiritual and cultural writings is serving our country rightly and on its 11th birthday I convey my heartiest benedictions and wish that the Journal serve more and more for the philosophic uplift of the human race.

—His Holiness Jagadguru
Sri Sankaracharya of Puri

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The Mother sends Blessings to **Bhavan's Journal** on the occasion of its completion of 10 years.

The Secretary, Sri Aurobindo Ashram.

In a world that, to a large extent, seems to ignore spiritual values, we congratulate the **Bhavan's Journal** on the occasion of the 11th birthday anniversary of its excellent review, and wish it Ad **Multos Annos!**

(H. E. Valerian Card. Gracias
Archbishop of Bombay)

My good wishes to **Bhavan's Journal.** For ten years you have delighted your readers but the best is yet to come as you grow in years and wisdom.

(The Right Reverend C.J.G. Robinson
Bishop of Bombay)

With its impressive record of ten years' work for the cultural education of our people, it can look forward to a long career of usefulness in its chosen field. It has my best wishes for the continued success of its mission.

(Swami Ranganathananda
Ramakrishna Mission Institute
of Culture, Calcutta)

The Prime Minister sends his good wishes for the special Decennial Number of the **Bhavan's Journal** which is being brought out on August 15, 1964 to mark the completion of 10 years of its existence.

Private Secretary to Sri Lal Bahadur
Shastri, Prime Minister of India.

It is heartening to see that **Bhavan's Journal** with its spiritual and national objective has progressed to its present great position and is celebrating its Decennial festival by

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a Special Number. My congratulations to Shri K. M. Munshi and his devoted workers.

C. Rajagopalachari

(Bharat Ratna C. Rajagopalachari)

Bhavan's Journal has made a place for itself in the cultural life of India. It is unique in the nature and character of its contents. I am writing to send my cordial good wishes for the continued success of the Journal.

C. V. Raman

(Bharat Ratna Sir C. V. Raman)

I am glad that the **Bhavan's Journal** has completed ten years. It has been doing admirable work for the religious, moral and educational uplift and progress of our people and I hope that it will continue this work on a much greater scale in the years to come.

P. V. Kane

(Bharat Ratna Mahamahopadhyaya Dr. P. V. Kane)

It is to me a source of great satisfaction that the **Bhavan's Journal** has completed ten years of its most useful service to the public and to the cause of authentic Indian culture. On this occasion, let me convey to the Journal my sincere congratulations and my best wishes for its continued prosperity. The Journal has been largely instrumental in fostering and maintaining a discerning appreciation and love for all aspects of the Indian cultural heritage.

C. P. Ramaswami Aiyar

(Sir C. P. Ramaswami Aiyar)

I am happy that **Bhavan's Journal** is now entering the eleventh year of its publication. Through this, the Bharatiya Vidya Bhavan has been rendering great service in the cause of the exposition and popularisation of our incomparable legacy of literature, philosophy, culture, art and religion. I wish the Journal all success.

Jaya Chamaraja Wadiyar

(Jaya Chamaraja Wadiyar
Governor of Madras)

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Bhavan's Journal has been a great success during the few years of its existence in its avowed aim of inculcating in the minds of the public the fundamental moral values of life. The simplicity of approach to the various subjects dealt with in the publication which characterises the articles in the **Bhavan's Journal** has rightly contributed to the popularity of the Journal. The masterly way in which religious subjects, especially our Hindu Puranas are dealt with reawakens in the minds of the readers a sense of devotion and pride in our great Indian heritage.

On the occasion of the completion of ten years of its life I cannot do better than wish that the **Bhavan's Journal** may increase its circle of influence and become the torchbearer of the renaissance of our heritage.

Rama Varma

(Sri Rama Varma
Maharaja of Travancore)

I am glad that the **Bhavan's Journal** is completing 10 years since it was published. I hope the **Journal** will continue to make valuable contributions in the fields of life, literature and culture.

I wish the **Journal** all success.

M. C. Chagla

(Sri M. C. Chagla,
Union Minister for Education)

I am glad the **Bhavan's Journal** is completing ten years of publication. During these years, the Journal has been bringing out interesting and valuable articles based on the spiritual and cultural heritage of India. I wish the Journal many more years of creative service.

Humayun Kabir

(Prof. Humayun Kabir,
Union Minister)

Bhavan's Journal is unique in its mission of applying the searchlight into the rich heritage of India's past and interpreting her lofty culture to India herself and the rest of the world. It is doing a real service by inculcating in the minds of the present and the future generation the noble ideas of Indian ideals for which India stands.

K. Padmanabhan

(Mannathu Padmanabhan,
Kerala Liberation leader)

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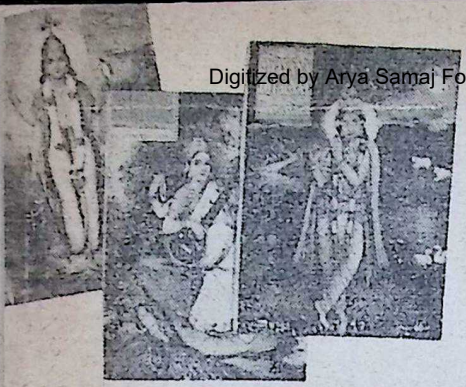

BHAVAN'S JOURNAL: its mission

S. Ramakrishnan

TEN years ago, on the 15th August 1954, our Kulapati, ushering in the *Bhavan's Journal* with his blessings, wrote: "Bharat has a heritage and a mission in history. It should be the privilege of this *Journal* to interpret this heritage and be the instrument of its mission."

What is this heritage of Indian Culture? What is it that is distinctive, unique about it? Why and how has Indian culture survived through the centuries, defying external shocks and internal stresses on all fronts, while the cultures of Egypt, Syria, Persia, Greece and Rome are only museum pieces now?

Indian culture has an inherent vitality. It has been re-lived, re-kindled and re-integrated from age to age; it has shaped the conditions of every age and has been shaped by them. Valmiki, Vyasa, Manu, Yagnavalkya, Buddha, Mahavira, Panini, Patanjali, Sankara, Ramanuja, Madhva, Vallabha, Nanak, Tukaram, Tulsidas, Chandidas, Chaitanya, Purandaradasa, Mira, Narsi, Kalidasa, Kamban, Vemana, Bhattathiri and a host of others, not to speak of Sukadev, the author of *Srimad Bhagavata,* are living influences eternally operating on Indian life. Sri Krishna's exhortations to Arjuna continue to provide the greatest of all forces, the signpost of self-fulfilment to the best among men.

Indian culture is embodied in the "Collective Unconscious" of the nation, governed by *Sanatana Dharma,* the ancient, yet Eternal Religion, symbolised by the Vedas, the *Upanishads* and the *Gita.* It is exhaustive in its provision for spiritual self-building and self-finding suited to all levels of men. Indian culture is comprehensive, not exclusive, and takes into account the here as much as the hereafter. It has a genius for evolving a synthesis between science and spirituality, between worldly desires and other-worldly aspirations, between the idealistic and the pragmatic. It has the wisdom, tolerance and catholicity to realise that one's own religion, one's own way of life and one's own way of looking at values are certainly not the only way. It has also the tenacity to devise, for self-preservation, protective armour in the shape of customs and manners, when exigencies compel it to do so, and the wisdom not to be hide-bound but to relax them when the danger has been warded off.

Indian culture is not a sterile, stagnant pool, but a fertilising river, receiving tributaries from diverse sources in its onward flow down the centuries. That makes it ageless, full

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of vitality and dynamism. The windows of its mansions open out in all directions so that breezes from all lands blow into it; but it refuses to be blown off its feet. Our Sages have said: आ नो भद्राः क्रतवो यन्तु विश्वतः "Let noble thoughts come to us from every side."

To us in India, Religion has not been a pastime or a profession. It is our life-blood, vitalising every part of our self. It is here in our country that our ancients proclaimed that Religion is one though religions are many. This accounts for the wonderful phenomenon, witnessed only in this land, of various sects, apparently hostile, living in perfect harmony.

As Swami Vivekananda said:

"Here is the India whose soil has been trodden by the feet of the greatest sages that ever lived. Here first sprang up inquiries into the nature of man and into the internal world. Here first arose the doctrines of the immortality of the Soul, the existence of a supervising God, immanent in nature and in man. This is the land from where, like the tidal waves, spirituality and philosophy have again and again rushed out and deluged the world, and this is the land from whence once more such tides must proceed in order to bring life and vigour to the decaying races of mankind."

No wonder, therefore, that Max Muller exclaimed:

"If I were asked under what sky the human mind has most fully developed some of its choicest gifts, has most deeply pondered on the greatest problems of life and has found solutions of some of them which well deserve the attention of even those who have studied Plato and Kant, I should point to India. And if I were to ask myself from what literature we in Europe may draw that corrective which is most wanted to make our inner life more perfect, more comprehensive, more universal, in fact, a life more truly human, again I should point to India."

Just as in the West they have made wonderful discoveries in things material, similarly, Hinduism has made still more marvellous discoveries in things of religion, of the spirit, of the soul. But we have no eye for these great and fine discoveries. We are dazzled by the material progress that Western science has made. I am not enamoured of that progress. In fact, it almost seems as though God in His wisdom had prevented India from progressing along those lines so that it might fulfil its special mission of resisting the onrush of materialism.

—Mahatma Gandhi

●●●

Modern society everywhere, its methods and outlook on life, its whole approach and bearing have been conditioned by the two successive, brutal wars and its offspring the cold

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are proving to be more lasting and more subtly poisonous. Modern society, by and large, is solely fed on, and lives for, material values and creature-comforts. Alas! The so-called 'progressive' sections of society have all but banished religion from life and silenced the promptings of the inner voice.

Yet, it cannot be denied that the present is an age pregnant with mighty possibilities. Science has unlocked the many hidden mysteries of nature and placed in man's hands colossal, unprecedented power. But this Power is being shamelessly used for dominating others. Power, ambition and firmness in the hands of the wise, sober and straightforward is a boon and a blessing; power, ambition and firmness in the hands of the foolhardy, the greedy or the unscrupulous is a catastrophe and a curse.

The general human reaction to this situation was poignantly voiced by General Omar Bradley of the United States when he said:

> "We have too many men of science, too few men of God. We have grasped the mystery of the atom and rejected the Sermon on the Mount. The world has achieved brilliance without wisdom, power without conscience. Ours is a world of nuclear giants and ethical infants. We know more about war than we do about peace, more about killing than we do about living."

If the great achievements of modern science have to be turned to good account, man must know how to

Here is a vast peninsula of nearly two million square miles; two-thirds as large as the United States, and twenty times the size of Great Britain; 320,000,000 souls, more than in all North and South America combined or one-fifth of the population of the earth; an impressive continuity of development and civilization from Mohenjo-daro, 2900 B.C. or earlier, to Gandhi, Raman, and Tagore; faiths compassing every stage from barbarous idolatry to the most subtle and spiritual pantheism; philosophers playing a thousand variations on one monistic theme from the Upanishads eight centuries before Christ to Shankara eight centuries after him; scientists developing astronomy three thousand years ago, and winning Nobel prizes in our own time; a democratic constitution of untraceable antiquity in the villages, and wise and beneficent rulers like Asoka and Akbar in the capitals; minstrels singing great epics almost as old as Homer, and poets holding world audiences today; artists raising gigantic temples for Hindu gods from Tibet to Ceylon and from Cambodia to Java, or carving perfect palaces by the score for Mogul kings and queens—this is the India that patient scholarship is now opening up, like a new intellectual continent, to that Western mind which only yesterday thought civilization an exclusively European thing.

—Will Durant

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use this power wisely and well. This he cannot be trusted to do without the postulate of enlightened religion, the essential prerequisite for purposeful, peaceful, sane, co-operative living. This in turn calls for a new thinking, a reassessment of values and a reversal of priorities. As Albert Einstein a few years ago remarked: "A new type of thinking is essential if mankind is to survive and move to higher levels."

The tidal wave of hedonism which threatens to foul the best in man in modern times has to be arrested by a persevering moral and spiritual effort. "Mind is the World" said Bhagwan Ramana Maharshi, the sagacious Sage of Arunachala. The fact of the matter is that in the wake of the dazzling and awe-inspiring achievements of science, the inescapable need for educating the mind has been neglected. But without it, it will not be possible to make man listen to the music of the Moral Law and tread the right path.

This is the challenge which faces mankind today. We are at the crossroads. If we pause wisely and tread the right road, we can hope to build a world based on Truth, Love and Beauty.

The Bhavan whole-heartedly subscribes to this postulate; the following has been the Faith of the Bhavan from its inception:

"In a world falling to pieces under the impact of an amoral technological avalanche, the Bhavan tries to hold fast to the fundamental values for which our culture stands—*Rita, Satya, Yagna* and *Tapas*: Faith in God who informs the Cosmic Order; Truth which is accord between mind, word and deed; Dedication which offers all movements of life as an offering to God; Sublimation which purifies the body and mind and transmutes instincts, passions and emotions into things of beauty."

> **Alas! can we ring the bells backward? Can we unlearn the arts that pretend to civilize, and then burn the world? There is a march of science; but who shall beat the drums for its retreat?**
>
> —Charles Lamb

As the mouthpiece of the Bhavan, it has been the steadfast endeavour of the *Bhavan's Journal* to try to live up to this Faith. It has been its great privilege to strive to interpret this heritage through the sayings and writings of great masters, past and present, and be the instrument to carry the message, every fortnight, to hundreds of thousands all over the country and abroad.

In this great mission, the *Bhavan's Journal* draws its inspiration from the Master-Spirits of the world who speak with the Voice of God. We are sustained by the encouragement of all good men and true, who crusade for the Spirit and echo in their hearts the ancient prayer:

Lead us from falsehood to Truth;
Lead us from darkness to Light;
Lead us from death to Immortality.

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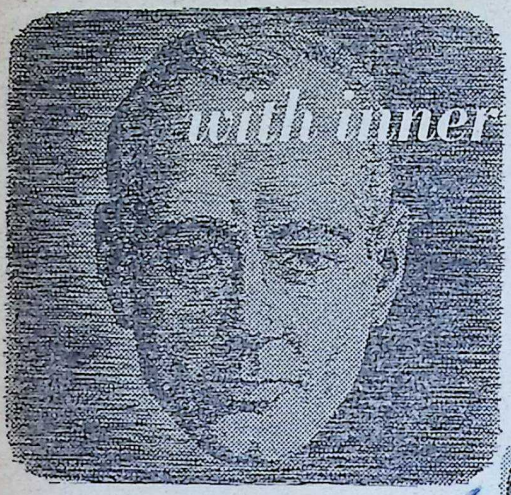

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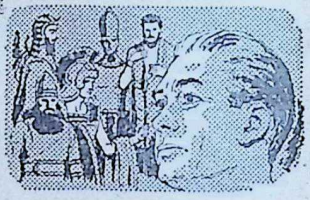

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KULAPATI'S LETTER
on Life, Literature & Culture

No. 316

OUR PARLIAMENTARY GOVERNMENT IN OPERATION

BHARATIYA VIDYA BHAVAN,
BOMBAY.
AUGUST 16, 1964.

MY YOUNG FRIEND,

PARLIAMENTARY Government in India may be considered under four heads:

(a) scope of parliamentary control in India;
(b) factors circumscribing Parliamentary Sovereignty;
(c) Parliamentary Government in actual operation; and
(d) adverse pressures undermining parliamentary democracy.

Parliamentary Government first took shape in Great Britain through a historical process. It operates successfully in almost all the Commonwealth countries with local variations. The main features of Parliamentary Government as operating in Great Britain are well-known. The majority party or majority coalition in the Parliament forms the Government. Its leader is called upon by the Head of the State to take the office of the Prime Minister, who forms the Cabinet executive. A Cabinet once formed, functions as long as it carries the support of the majority in the Parliament.

I. *Scope of Parliamentary Control in India.*

The Constituent Assembly of India rejected the Presidential system as prevailing in the U.S.A. and preferred the Parliamentary system of government at the Centre and in the

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States. The reasons which led to this preference were many. But the most important was that Parliamentary Government provides for a continual assessment and control of the activities of the Executive by the Parliament and at the same time eliminates friction between the two organs, thereby contributing to a more stable and effective government.

Our Parliamentary system is embodied in Articles 79 to 122 of Part V of the Constitution.

Our Constitution vests the Parliament with certain legislative powers affecting the whole country. The Parliament can alter the boundaries and names of the States. The legislative spheres of the Union and the States have been separately indicated, important subjects affecting the life of the country being placed in the Union or Concurrent Lists of the VIIth Schedule.

The residuary powers with regard to legislation and taxation are with the Union. (Articles 248, 249, item 97, Union List).

Article 250 empowers the Parliament to legislate on any matter in the State when a proclamation of Emergency is in operation. When Emergency is proclaimed under Part 18 of the Constitution, the Constitution assumes more or less a unitary form.

The Constitution has also accepted two features of pre-Independent India which, in practice, secures administrative unity throughout the country:

(1) The Central Services of highly trained civil servants belonging to a single cadre who occupy the thousand top-most posts in the Union and the State Governments.

(2) The Union control of finances through direct collection of certain taxes, allocation of taxes so collected to the States, the auditing of State accounts, the direction of expenditure on planning and development.

This economic control is strengthened by an extra-constitutional organ, the Planning Commission. Since 1956, the Commission and the Central Ministers meet all the Chief Ministers of the States at regular intervals under the name of the National Development Council. The N.D.C. is a forum for implementation of national policies in the economic field throughout the country. But if the N.D.C., instead of laying down a plan from time to time, lays down policies or undertakes the implementation of them, it will be a Super Cabinet, reducing the Cabinet and thereby the Parliament, to mere agencies for rubber-stamping its decisions.

In substance, therefore, the Parliament has an effective legislative control over the whole country.

II. *Factors Circumscribing Parliamentary Sovereignty.*

In Great Britain, Parliament is supreme. Its powers cannot be questioned in a Court of Law. In India, it is the Constitution which is supreme.

The powers of the Indian Parliament are therefore circumscribed in many respects:

(1) Part III of the Constitution provides a code of justiciable Fundamental Rights largely borrowed from the Bill of Rights in the U.S.A. Any law, which includes a bye-law or an

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order, can be questioned in appropriate courts if it takes away or abridges the Fundamental Rights or, if it is otherwise *ultra vires* of any of the provisions of the Constitution.

The judiciary at the higher level, with the Supreme Court at the apex exercising vast powers for upholding and safeguarding the Constitution, is, for all practical purposes, independent.

(2) Though the American type of Presidential Government was rejected by the Constituent Assembly, the President, under our Constitution, is vested with express powers. He is not a nominee of the party in power, but is independent of it. He is elected by the electoral college consisting of the elected Members of Parliament and elected Members of the Legislative Assemblies of the States, a workable substitute for his election by adult franchise. He is not removable except by the process of impeachment.

As the Supreme Commander, his actions are questioned only by "the law made by Parliament". In an emergency the President exercises extraordinary powers and authority in several matters. He is also vested with certain supra-Ministerial powers which include, among other things, the right to dismiss the Ministry which has lost the confidence of the Parliament, to dissolve the House of the People, if, in the opinion of the President, it has lost the confidence of the people and to obtain, where necessary, the opinion of the Supreme Court on a Constitutional issue.

Thus, the Constitution of India envisages composite machinery in which Parliamentary democracy has to function within the framework provided by the Fundamental Rights guaranteed to the citizens and by the presidential authority responsible for upholding the Constitution and securing the defence of the country.

Though the powers have been distributed between the Centre and the States, in view of the unitary features referred to above, the Constitution is quasi-federal. However, in times of national emergency, it could be converted into a Unitary one, when the President can assume powers over the States, subject to Parliamentary control. The basic principle of the Constitution can aptly be described as "convertible federalism".

III. *Parliamentary Government in Actual Operation.*

Parliamentary democracy, under our Constitution, has been in operation in India for over 16 years now. Its most remarkable feature, as compared to the position in U.K. or in U.S.A. or in some of the Commonwealth countries, is that the Parliamentary Government has functioned under one-party rule, that of the Congress.

That the country has not been able to throw up a two-party system so essential to make a success of parliamentary democracy is, therefore, a legitimate concern of those who want our Parliamentary democracy to succeed.

In fact, many students of politics attribute the country's ills to the absence of such a system.

It must be recognised that in India one-party control of the Parliament

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has been a matter of historical accident. When the transfer of power came, the Indian National Congress, built up since 1885 by generations of eminent and dedicated leaders, was led by Gandhiji, the greatest of them all. It had a fairly disciplined organisational set-up. It had an overwhelming popular appeal because of the fact that it had succeeded in achieving freedom.

Once Partition was decided upon, so far as India was concerned, the power was transferred by Britain, in fact, to the leaders of the Congress who commanded an overwhelming majority in the Constituent Assembly which, under the Indian Independence Act, also functioned as the first Parliament of Free India.

In the result, the Indian Parliament, in spite of the serious situation created by the Partition, was able to take over the apparatus of the State without a perceptible break. This ensured both institutional continuity and the smooth running of the political democracy. Whereas many countries in Asia and Africa, which attained freedom after World War II, for want of such a well-organized and popular party, either succumbed to political anarchy or submitted to authoritarian or military dictatorship, India emerged as a stable democratic State.

For well-nigh sixteen years, the Parliament and the State legislatures are practically the instruments of the Congress Party leadership.

It must, however, be stated that, by and large, the ruling party has observed democratic forms and processes. The three General Elections of 1952, 1957 and 1962, were conducted with fairness and in an orderly manner. The Rule of Law and the Independence of the Judiciary have been largely maintained. Parliamentary procedure has been generally respected. The Press has a large measure of freedom, in no way less than in U.K. or U.S.A.

The one-party rule, however, continuing for so long a time has resulted in the Constitution being deprived of its sanctity through repeated amendments—seventeen so far. And in several cases, the Amendments have curtailed the Fundamental Rights of the people. It has also enabled the Government to place increasing sectors of life under bureaucratic control, making parliamentary control remote and slender, if not illusory.

At the same time, it must be remembered that India is a developing country, economically as well as politically. The one-party rule has saved us from the dangers arising from our political immaturity as well as from the adverse pressures which threaten parliamentary democracy all over the world.

In the British Parliament, views presented by different parties have a fair chance of being adjusted under the pressure of parliamentary discussion. In the Indian Parliament, which only registers the decision taken elsewhere, no such adjustments are possible.

The role of the effective opposition, in consequence, has passed to extra-parliamentary pressures exerted by the Press, and on occasions, by

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extra-constitutional activities such as walk-out in the Legislatures, or strikes, mass-demonstrations and hunger-strikes.

May be the present form of our parliamentary democracy is a necessary stage which can better serve the ends of an infant democracy in an under-developed country till a strong opposition party pledged to the Constitution comes into existence.

IV. *Adverse pressures undermining parliamentary democracy.*

Looking at hard facts, we will find that several countries in the world failed in developing parliamentary forms of government or had to give them up, due to certain well-defined pressures.

These pressures fall into three broad categories:

(a) pressure of external danger;
(b) pressure of internal disintegration; and
(c) pressure of overpowering ambition of the ruling class.

These pressures, where they are not wisely resisted, have destroyed parliamentary democracy in several countries.

When there is a pressure of actual or threatened danger to national existence, the normal functioning of a Parliamentary Government, in the nature of things, becomes inadequate and the executive has, of necessity, to assume large powers.

Another pressure, and often the most insidious one, which cripples democracy or prevents its growth, arises from internal disintegration. This pressure assumes many and subtle forms like civil war or "tribalism" —by which I mean overpowering sectional urges.

In Congo, we see "tribalism" in its primitive form. In U.S.A., it takes the form of ethnic conflicts; in India, Hindu-Muslim conflicts or linguistic and regional jealousies.

In the grip of "tribalism", political leaders fail to maintain national integrity and strength through well-regulated democratic pressures.

International Communism, in furtherance of its sinister aim to dominate the world through its well-disciplined organisations in every country, never fails to take advantage of the freedom which people enjoy under a Parliamentary Government, to secure its destruction. This fact would assume formidable proportions when internal disintegration creates unstable conditions.

In some countries, the ambition-pressure of the ruling junta undermines or overthrows parliamentary democracy by fomenting tension in the name of danger from neighbouring countries or antagonism of a non--existing colonialism or economic inequalities or exploitation. Under such circumstances, military dictatorship or authoritarian rule is easily imposed on the people.

These considerations show that democracy, as a way of life, has to learn to arrest these pressures with patience and courage. In so doing, the forms and processes of democracy might undergo a change from time to time. However, they would not endanger parliamentary democracy if four conditions are fulfilled:

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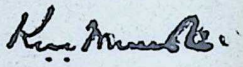
(1) the central values which make for fundamental freedoms are respected by the government and the political parties;

(2) the Government remains responsive to public opinion, expressed freely in the Parliament and outside;

(3) the psychological barriers fostering "tribalism" are progressively broken down by public opinion as well as by constitutional and law and order processes; and

(4) economic advance is secured, not through bureaucratic agencies, but in a way which would enable the people voluntarily to participate in the adventure with enthusiasm, and *no faster*.

Yours sincerely,



I have always considered that the substitution of the internal combustion engine for the horse marked a very gloomy milestone in the progress of mankind.

—Winston S. Churchill

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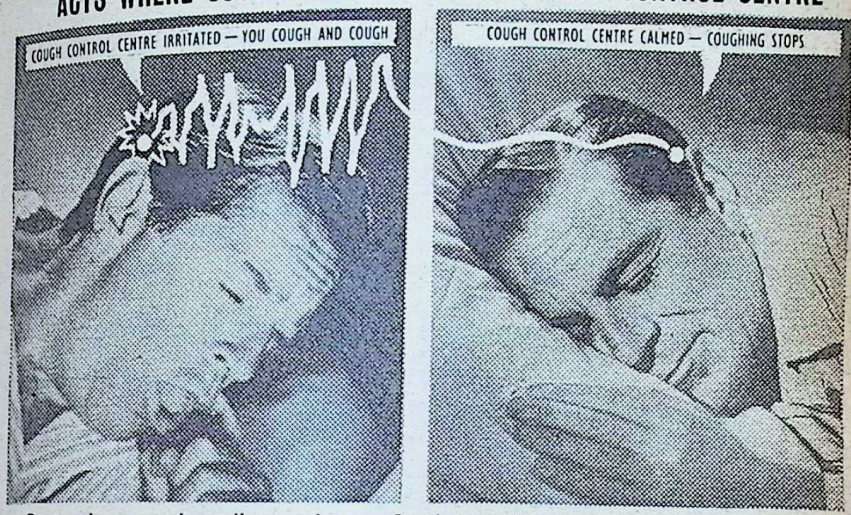

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COUGH MIXTURE *acts where coughs begin*

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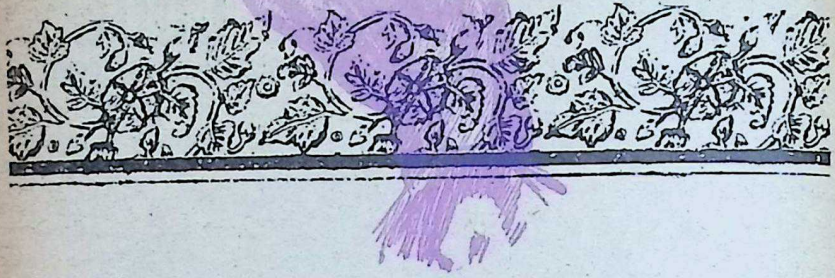

PRAYER FOR HARMONY

सहैव वो हृदयानि सह विज्ञानमस्तु वः। सहेन्द्रो वृत्रहा करत् सह देवो बृहस्पतिः॥१॥

May you be possessed of united hearts, may your knowledge be collectively applied; for Indra slew Vritra by united efforts and for Brihaspati gained brilliance in union.

समानमस्तु वो हृदयं समानमुत वो मनः। समानो अग्निर्वो देवः सह राष्ट्रमुपाध्वम्॥२॥

May you be possessed of harmonious hearts; and may your minds move equally; may your access to divine Agni be universal and may you serve the state collectively.

संजानीध्वं सहृदयाः सर्वे संमनसः स्थ। नष्टो वो मन्युर्जीर्णेर्ष्या सह जीवाथ भद्रया॥३॥

May you live together in grace, with your anger gone, and your jealousy wiped out, being all possessed of equal hearts, equal knowledge and equal minds.

यथा पुत्रः प्रवावदः पितृभ्यां वदति प्रियम्। एवा यूयमन्योन्यस्मै जिह्वया वदत प्रियम्॥४॥

As the babbling child speaks sweet words to its father, so may you speak sweetly to one another.

सहैव वो धान्यानि समानाः पशवश्च वः। सह पृथिव्यां वीरुधः सह वः सन्त्वोषधीः॥५॥

Together may you possess these wealths, these cattles, these earthly creepers and these herbs.

सह दीक्षा सह यज्ञो विवाहोवः सहासति। सह प्रफर्वा नृत्यन्तु सह वः स्त्रिय आसताम्॥६॥

May your initiations, your sacrifices and your marriages be together performed. May the damsels dance together and may your wives live together (in peace).

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सहैव वो वीर्याणि सहान्यान् रक्षयाध्वै। सह पतत्रिणीमिषुमन्यस्मै हेतिमस्यत ॥७॥

May you by your collective valour protect each other. May your arrows be discharged to fly in a flock and to strike the enemy.

सं वत्स्यामि समितिं मधुना वाचमांजिषम्। युष्माकमन्ये शृण्वन्तूदितं संगते जने ॥८॥

Together may we gather in the meeting-place, uttering nectar-pouring words. May your rivals listen to the words uttered for the people assembled.

युष्मानमित्रा वृणतां युष्मान् प्रतिजना उत। युष्मे ज्ञातित्वं प्रेप्सन्त्वमृतं मर्त्या इव ॥९॥

May the unfriendly ones welcome you, and also your rivals (do so) to you; and (may they) desire for your friendship as a mortal being desires for nectar.

संसमिद्धः समाकरं सह यूथा गवामिव समानमस्तु वो मनो ज्येष्ठं विज्ञानमन्वित ॥१०॥

Equally spirited up may we work together like cattles in a herd. Possessed of harmonious hearts may you attain the highest knowledge.

इदं यदेषां हृदयं तदेषां हृदये भवत्। अथो यदेषां हृदयं तदेषां हृदि श्रितम् ॥११॥

May what is in (your) hearts pervade the hearts of others, and may what is there in others' hearts be infused in your hearts.

समानमस्तु वो मनो श्रेष्ठं विज्ञानमत्वित। इदं यदेषां मन एषां यानि मनांसि च।
सध्यगिन्द्रो तत्कृणु रथे पादाविवाहितौ ॥१२॥

Possessed of harmonious hearts may you attain the supreme knowledge. O Indra, make the mind of these people together with the minds of others turn in the same direction, like steps falling harmoniously in a walk.

—Paippalada Samhita,
Book IX, Hymn 4 (*Atharva-Veda.*)

[Translation by Sri Dipak Bhattacharya]

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THE SPIRIT

[*Chandogya Upanishad*]

SVETAKETU left his father's house at the age of twelve and, having learnt the Vedas, he returned home at the age of twenty-four, very proud of his learning and having a great opinion of himself.

His father, observing this, said to him: "Svetaketu, my boy, you seem to have a great opinion of yourself, you think you are learned and you are proud. Have you asked for that knowledge whereby what was not heard is heard, what was not thought is thought, and what was not known is known?"

"What is that knowledge, father?" asked Svetaketu.

"Just as by knowing a lump of clay, my son, all that is clay can be known, since any differences are only words and the reality is clay.

"Just as by knowing a piece of gold all that is gold can be known, since any differences are only words and the reality is only gold.

"And just as by knowing a piece of iron all that is iron is known, since any differences are only words and the reality is only iron."

Svetaketu said: "Certainly my honoured masters knew not this themselves. If they had known, why should they not have told me? Explain this to me, father."

"So be it, my child.

"Place this salt in water and come to me tomorrow morning."

Svetaketu did as he was commanded, and in the morning his father said to him: "Bring me the salt you put into water last night."

Svetaketu looked into the water, but he could not find it, for it had dissolved. His father then said: "Taste the water from this end. How is it?"

"It is saltish."

"Taste it from the middle. How is it?"

"It is saltish."

"Taste it from that end. How is it?"

"It is saltish."

"Look for the salt again and come again to me."

The son did so, saying: "I cannot see the salt. I only see water."

His father then said: "In the same way, O my son, you cannot see the Spirit. But in truth He is here."

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Lord Viswanatha

BHAGWAN VEDAVYASA

गंगातरङ्गरमणीयजटाकलापं गौरीनिरन्तरविभूषितवामभागम् ।
नरायणप्रियमनंगमदापहारं वाराणसीपुरपतिं भज विश्वनाथम् ॥

Adore Viswanatha, Lord of Varanasi, Whose matted hair is made lovely by the waves of Mother Ganga; Whose left side is eternally adorned by Parvati; Who is beloved of Narayana and Who is the destroyer of the pride of Manmatha.

वाचामगोचरमनेकगुणस्वरूपं वागीशविष्णुसुरसेवितपादपीठम् ।
वामेन विग्रहवरेण कळत्रवन्तं वाराणसीपुरपतिं भज विश्वनाथम् ॥

Adore Viswanatha the Lord of Varanasi Who is beyond description; Who manifests himself in many qualities; at Whose feet Brahma, Vishnu and other gods worship; and the left side of Whose body is verily his spouse.

भूताधिपं भुजगभूषणभूषितांगं व्याघ्राजिनांबरधरं जटिलं त्रिणेत्रम् ।
पाशांकुशाभयवरप्रदशूलपाणिं वारणसीपुरपतिं भज विश्वनाथम् ॥

Adore Viswanatha the Lord of Varanasi, Who is the lord of *bhutas;* Who wears the serpents as ornaments all over the body, Who is clothed in tiger's skin and Whose hair is matted; three-eyed and wears the noose, goad, *abhaya,* boon and the trident in his hands.

शीतांशुशोभितकिरीटविराजमानं भालेक्षणानलविशोषितपंचबाणम् ।
नागाधिपारचितभासुरकर्णपूरं वाराणसीपुरपतिं भज विश्वनाथम् ॥

Adore Viswanatha, the Lord of Varanasi Who shines with moon adorning his crown; Whose third eye in the forehead destroyed

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Manmatha and Whose ears shine with ear-ornaments in the shape of serpent kings.

पञ्चाननं दुरितमत्तमतङ्गजानां नागान्तकं दनुजपुंगवपन्नगानाम् ।
दावानलं मरणशोकजराटवीनां वाराणसीपुरपतिं भज विश्वनाथम् ॥

Adore Viswanatha, the Lord of Varanasi, Who is the lion for the elephantine misfortune, a Garuda for the serpentine Asuras; and the great-fire for the forest of death, sorrow and old age.

तेजोमयं सगुणनिर्गुणमद्वितीयमानन्दकन्दमपराजितमप्रमेयम् ।
नादात्मकं सकलनिष्कलमात्मरूपं वाराणसीपुरपतिं भज विश्वनाथम् ॥

Adore Viswanatha, the Lord of Varanasi, Who is lustre incarnate; with and without qualities; One without a second; the source of bliss; unconquered; incomprehensible; Who is Shabda-brahman; and with and without limbs.

आशां विहाय परिहृत्य परस्य निन्दां पापे रतिं च सुनिवार्यमनः समाधौ ।
आदाय हृत्कमलमध्यगतं परेशं वाराणसीपुरपतिं भज विश्वनाथम् ॥

Adore Viswanatha, the Lord of Varanasi, Who; after giving up desire, abuse of others, love of sin and after controlling the mind thus, alone as the great God can be brought to the lotus of the heart.

रागादिदोषरहितं स्वजनानुरागवैराग्यशान्तिनिलयं गिरिजासहायम् ।
माधुर्यधैर्यसुभगं गरलाभिरामं वाराणसीपुरपतिं भज विश्वनाथम् ॥

Adore Viswanatha, the Lord of Varanasi, Who is free from evils like desire yet loves *bhaktas*, Who is the abode of dispassion and peace yet Who has Parvati as his helpmate; Who is sweet; courageous and lovely, shining by his neck.

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MOTHER ANNAPURNA

Adi Sankaracharya

नित्यानन्दकरी वराभयकरी सौन्दर्यरत्नाकरी
निर्धूताखिलघोरपापनिकरी प्रत्यक्षमाहेश्वरी।
प्रालेयाचलवंशपावनकरी काशीपुराधीश्वरी
भिक्षां देहि कृपावलम्बनकरी मातान्नपूर्णेश्वरी॥

O Mother Annapurneswari Who gives eternal happiness, Who is the giver of boon and protection, Who is an ocean of loveliness, and the destroyer of all heinous sins, Who is Maheswari in person, Who purifies the entire race of Himavan, and is the supreme ruler of Kasipura, and who offers the safe shelter of mercy to all —offer me alms.

नानारत्नविचित्रभूषणकरी हेमाम्बराडम्बरी
मुक्ताहारविलम्बमानविलसद्वक्षोजकुम्भान्तरी।
काश्मीरागरुवासिता रुचिकरी काशीपुराधीश्वरी
भिक्षां देहि कृपावलम्बनकरी मातान्नपूर्णेश्वरी॥

O Mother! Who wears in her hands ornaments studded with a variety of jewels, who is beautifully clothed in golden garments, who has high breasts and waist decked with suspended garlands made of pearl, who is fragrant with the frankincense of Kashmir and is the manifestation of all beauty, who is the sovereign ruler of Kasipura and giver of the safe shelter of mercy to all—O! Annapurneswari, give me protection.

योगानन्दकरी रिपुक्षयकरी धर्मैकनिष्ठाकरी
चन्द्रार्कानलभासमानलहरी त्रैलोक्यरक्षाकरी।
सर्वैश्वर्यकरी तपःफलकरी काशीपुराधीश्वरी
भिक्षां देहि कृपावलम्बनकरी मातान्नपूर्णेश्वरी॥

O Mother Annapurneswari! Who affords the happiness resulting from the practice of Yoga, who causes the extinction of all enemies, and who makes Her devotees steadfastly follow Dharma, who possesses the splendour of the moon, the Sun and the fire, and is the protector of the three worlds, and the bringer of all prosperity, who gives proper reward to penance, who is the lordly ruler of Kasipura, and the giver of the safe shelter of mercy to all—give me alms.

कैलासाचलकन्दरालयकरी
गौरीह्युमा शंकरी
कौमारी निगमार्थगोचरकरी
ह्योंकारबीजाक्षरी
मोक्षद्वारकवाटपाटनकरी
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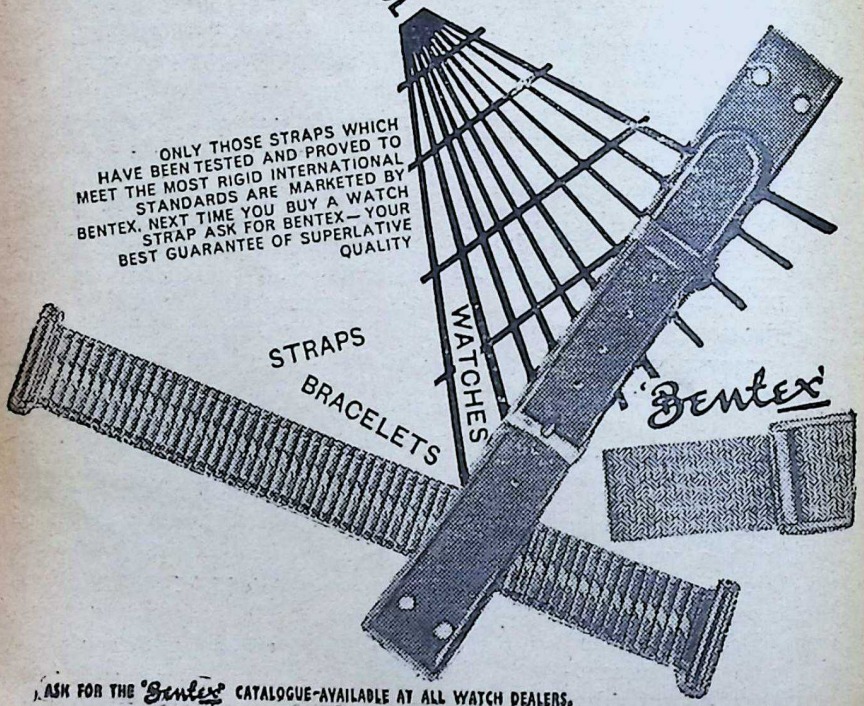

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भिक्षां देहि कृपावलम्बनकरी मातान्नपूर्णेश्वरी ।।

O Mother! Whose abode is in the caves of Mount Kailasa and who is of golden hue, who, being Uma, is the consort of Lord Sankara, and is eternally young, who reveals the meaning of scriptures, who has adopted Onkara as her symbolic letter and opens the door to salvation; who is the supreme ruler of Kasipura and who offers the shelter of mercy to all—O Annapurneswari! give me alms.

दृश्यादृश्यविभूतिवाहनकरी ब्रह्माण्डभाण्डोदरी
लीलानाटकसूत्रखेलनकरी विज्ञानदीपाङ्कुरी ।
श्रीविश्वेशमनःप्रसादनकरी काशीपुराधीश्वरी
भिक्षां देहि कृपावलम्बनकरी मातान्नपूर्णेश्वरी।।

O Mother Annapurneswari, who is the bestower of all visible and invisible blessings, and contains the entire Universe in herself, who playfully stages, the mock-serious drama of this world, who brightens the torch of scientific learning, who pleases the mind of the Lord of the Universe and is the great sovereign of Kasipura and the giver of the shelter of mercy to all—offer me protection.

आदिक्षान्तसमस्तवर्णनकरी शम्भोस्त्रिभावाकरी
काश्मीरा त्रिपुरेश्वरी त्रिनयनी वि श्वेश्वरी शर्वरी ।
स्वर्गद्वारकवाटपाटनकरी काशीपुराधीश्वरी
भिक्षां देपिह कृपावलम्बनकरी मातान्नपूणश्वरी।

O Mother! who has invented the letters ranging from अ to क्ष, who accounts for the three manifestations (creation, protection and destruction) of Sambhu, who is besmeared with saffron and is the better-half of the three-eyed destroyer of Tripura, who is the sovereign to the entire earth and embodies herself in the nature of the goddesses of the night, who causes the gates of heaven to open, who is the sovereign ruler of the earth and offers the shelter of mercy to all —O Annapurneswari! save me.

उर्वी सर्वजनेश्वरी जयकरी माता कृपासागरी
वेणीनीलसमानकुन्तलधरी नित्यान्नदानेश्वरी ।
साक्षान्मोक्षकरी सदा शुभकरी काशीपुराधी-
श्वरी भिक्षां देहि कृपावलम्बनकरी
मातान्नपूर्णेश्वरी ।

O Mother Annapurneswari, who identifies herself with earth, being sovereign to all, who ensures success and is motherly to all, who is an ocean of kindness and has a single braid with black beautiful hair, who provides the means of subsistence always to everybody, who accords salvation by herself, and does what is auspicious at all times, who is the great ruler of Kasipura and gives the shelter of mercy to everyone—protect me!

देवी सर्वविचित्ररत्नरचिता दाक्षायणी सुन्दरी
वामा स्वादुपयोधरा प्रियकरी सौभाग्यमाहे-
श्वरी ।
भक्ताभीष्टकरी सदा शुभकरी काशीपुराधी-
श्वरी
भिक्षां देहि कृपावलम्बनकरी मातान्नपूर्णेश्वरी।।

O Mother! who is radiant being ornamented with a host of rare jewels, who is the lovely and charming daughter of Daksha, occupier of the left side, who has attractive breasts, pleasing and agreeable manners and precious virtues, who grants all that is prayed for by the devoted and does auspicious things at all times, who is the supreme ruler of Kasi and giver of the shelter of mercy to all—O Annapurneswari! Save me!

चन्द्रार्कानलकोटिकोटिसदृशी चन्द्रांशुबिम्बाधरी
चन्द्रार्कानिसमानकुण्डलधरी चन्द्रार्कवर्णेश्वरी।

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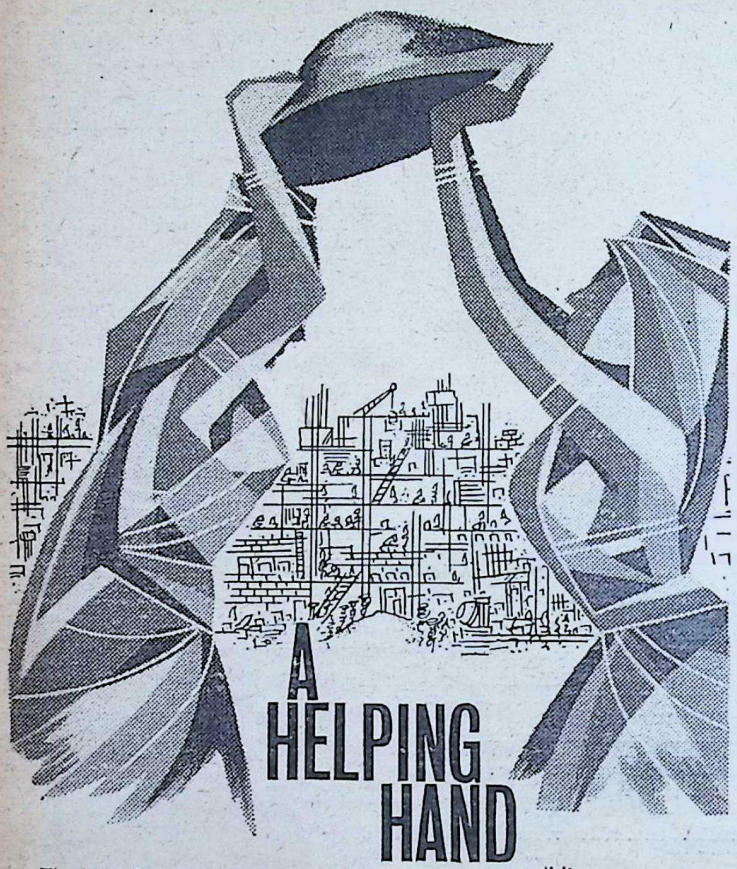

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मालापुस्तकपाशसाङ्कुशधरी काशीपुराधीश्वरी
भिक्षां देहि कृपावलम्बनकरी मातान्नपूर्णेश्वरी ॥

O Mother Annapurna! who equals (in splendour) crores of moons, suns and fires put together, whose lips resemble Bimba fruit and are as pleasant as moonlight, who wears ear-rings refulgent like the sun, moon and the fire, whose glamour of beauty equals that of the Sun and Moon, who holds a garland, a book, a rope and a goad (in her hands) who is the great sovereign of Kasipura and giver of the shelter of mercy to all—O Goddess! Save me!

क्षत्रत्राणकरी महाऽभयकरी माता कृपासागरी
सर्वानन्दकरी सदाशिवकरी विश्वेश्वरी श्रीधरी।
दक्षाक्रन्दकरी निरामयकरी काशीपुराधीश्वरी
भिक्षां देहि कृपावलम्बनकरी मातान्नपूर्णेश्वरी॥

O Annapurneswari! who guards like the Kshatriyas and drives away all fears, who is motherly with an ocean of kindness and causes happiness to everybody, who does propitious things at all times and is the sovereign to earth and the abode of all loveliness, who brought great distress to Dakshaprajapati, who cures all ailments, and is the great ruler of Kasipura and the giver of the shelter of protection to all—O mother, give me help!

अन्नपूर्णे सदापूर्णे शङ्करप्राणवल्लभे।
ज्ञानवैराग्यसिद्ध्यर्थं भिक्षां देहि च पार्वति ॥

O Parvati! replete with the element that sustains life (अन्न), always full (and never exhausting); O! mistress of the life of Sankara, help me for the attainment of knowledge and abstinence.

माता च पार्वती देवी पिता देवो महेश्वरः।
बान्धवाः शिवभक्ताश्च स्वदेशो भुवनत्रयम् ॥

Parvati is the divine mother to me and Maheswara is my divine sire. My kith and kin are the devotees of Siva and all the three worlds are native to me. □□□

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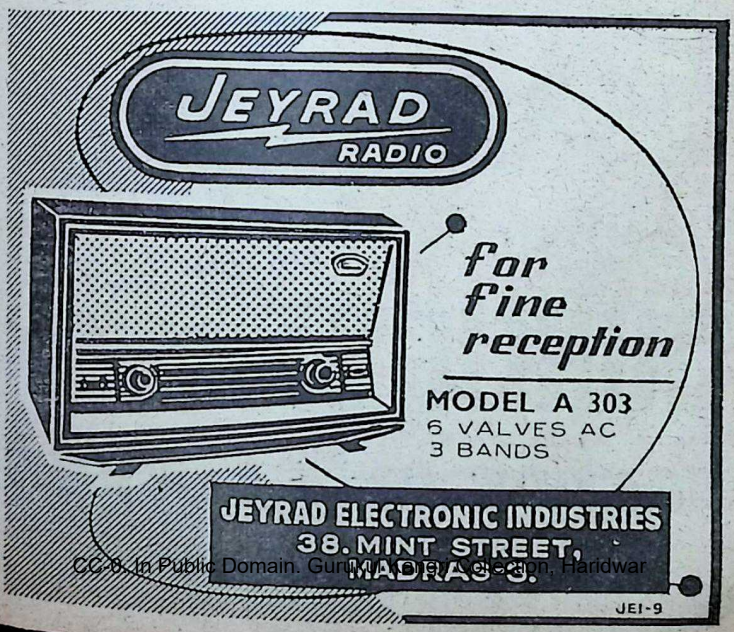

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self-harmony

[From Dhammapada]

As rain breaks through an ill-thatched house, passions will break through an unwise mind.

As rain cannot break through a well-thatched house, passions will not break through a wise mind.

Think not of the faults of others, of what they have done or not done. Think rather of your own sins, of the things you have done or not done.

The wise man is not moved by praise or blame, even as a great rock is not moved by the wind.

Overcome anger by peacefulness; overcome evil by good. Overcome the mean man by generosity; and the man who lies by truth.

If a man should conquer in battle a thousand and a thousand more; and another man conquer himself, this would be the greater warrior; because the greatest of victories is the victory over one's own self.

In days gone by, this mind of mine used to stray about wherever selfish desire or lust or pleasure would lead it. Today this mind does not stray and is under the harmony of control, even as a wild elephant that is controlled by the trainer.

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On the Use of Money

[*A Parable from the Bible.*]

THERE was once a rich man, who dressed in purple and the finest linen, and feasted in great magnificence every day.

At his gate, covered with sores, lay a poor man named Lazarus, who would have been glad to satisfy his hunger with the scraps from the rich man's table.

Even the dogs used to come and lick his sores.

One day the poor man died and was carried away by the angels to be with Abraham.

The rich man also died and was buried and in Hades, where he was in torment, he looked up; and there, far away, was Abraham with Lazarus close beside him. "Abraham, my father," he called out, "take pity on me! Send Lazarus to dip the tip of his finger in water, to cool my tongue, for I am in agony in this fire."

But Abraham said, "Remember, my child, that all the good things fell to you while you were alive, and all the bad to Lazarus; now he has his consolation here and it is you who are in agony. But that is not all: there is a great chasm fixed between us; no one from our side who wants to reach you can cross it, and none may pass from your side to us."

"Then, father," he replied, "will you send him to my father's house, where I have five brothers, to warn them, so that they too may not come to this place of torment?"

"They have Moses and the prophets; let them listen to them."

"No, father Abraham," he replied, "but if someone from the dead visits them, they will repent."

Abraham answered, "If they do not listen to Moses and the prophets, they will pay no heed even if someone should rise from the dead."

—*St. Luke* 16: 14-15, 19-31.

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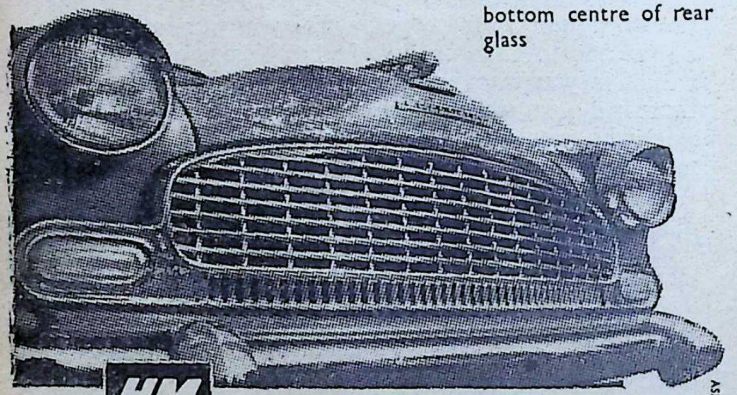

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A PRAYER TO AHURA MAZDA

MAY the Creator of Wisdom teach me His ordinances through Good Thought that my tongue may have a pathway.

For You will harness the swiftest steeds, stout and strong by the prompting of Your praise. that Ye may come hitherto, O Mazda, Right and Good Thought. May Ye be ready for my help.

With verses that are recognized as those of pious zeal, I will come before You, with outstretched hands, before You, O Thou Right, with the worship of the faithful man, before You with the capacity of Good Thought.

With these prayers I would come and praise You, O Mazda and Right, with actions of Good Thought. If I be master of my own destiny as I will, then I will take thought for the protection of the wise in the same.

Those actions that I shall achieve, and those done aforetime, and those, O Good Thought, that are precious in thy sight, the rays of the sun, the bright uprisings of the days, all is for your praise, O Right and Ahura Mazda.

Your praiser, Mazda, will I declare myself and be, so long, O Right, as I have strength and Power.

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The Lord's Name

Guru Nanak

Were my span of life to extend to a million years,
And if I could live upon the air alone,
Never assailed by sleep, in a deep dark cave
Where neither the light of the sun nor the light of the moon,

Could pierce down to distract me,
Even so my God, I could not know Thy price,
Nor say how great is Thy Name;
True is the Formless One and Self-Existent,
On hearing the Word, one utters the Word;
If the Lord wills, then one has longing for Him.

Were I slashed to shreds and ground into pulp,
Wasted by fires and reduced to ashes,
Even so my God, I could not know Thy price,
Nor say how great is Thy Name.

Were I to hover like a bird soaring
Through skies innumerable,
And vanish beyond the range of mortal vision,
Self-sustained, not needing food or drink
Even so, my God, I could not know Thy price,
Nor say how great is Thy Name.

Had I studied unmeasured loads of books,
And become the master-scholar of their lore,
And had I a pen to write with the speed of the wind,
A pen filled with inexhaustible ink,
Even so my God, I could not know Thy price,
Nor say how great is Thy Name.

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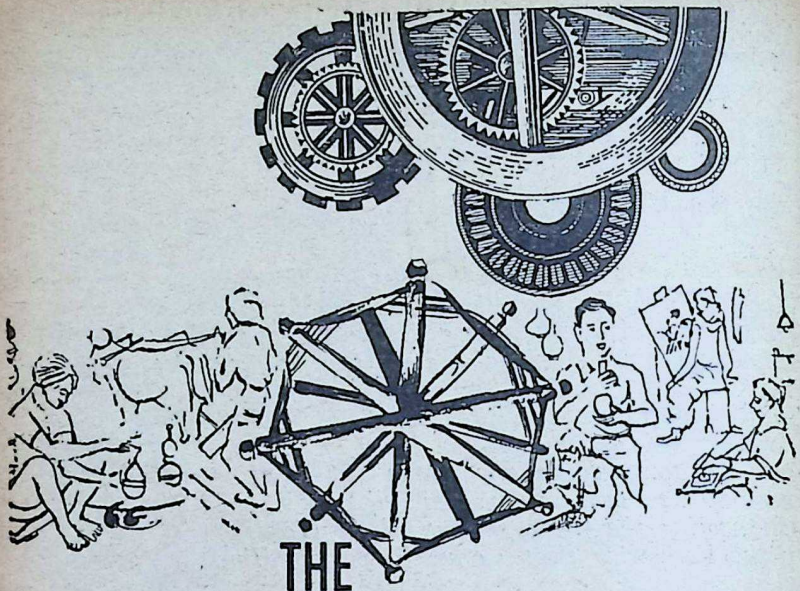

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...crushing all aggression,
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Today, let us reiterate our faith
in the path we are following.
Let us once more think of India
that we are striving to build
-of a society where exploitation,
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and where individual freedom, initiative
and efficiency will have a fair play.

...ON TO OUR CHERISHED GOAL

The Director of Publicity, Government of Maharashtra, Bombay

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VEDANTISM

Swami Vivekananda

THERE is but one entity in the whole world.

It is a unit world. The diversity is only eye-service. It is all one.

The idea of unity and what we call monism—without duality—is the idea in India.

This doctrine has been always in India; it was brought forward whenever materialism and scepticism broke down everything.

When Buddhism broke everything down by introducing all sorts of foreign barbarians into India—their manners and customs and things—there was a reaction, and that reaction was led by a young monk, Sankaracharya.

And instead of preaching new doctrines and always thinking new thoughts and making sects, he brought back the Vedas to life; and modern Hinduism has thus an admixture of ancient Hinduism, over which the Vedantists predominate.

But, you see, what once dies never comes back to life, and those ceremonials of Hinduism never came back to life.

The ancient sacrifices and the ancient gods, they are all gone: modern India belongs to the spiritual part of the Vedas.

Buddhism was the first sect in India.

They were the first to say: 'Ours is the only path. Until you join our church you cannot be saved.' That was what they said: 'It is the correct path.'

But, being of Hindu blood, they couldn't be such stony-hearted sectarians as in other countries.

But the Hindu idea is not to join anybody. Wherever you are, that is a point from which you can start to the centre.

It—Hinduism—has this advantage: its secret is that doctrines and dogmas don't mean anything; what you are is what matters.

If you talk all the best philosophies the world ever produced, but if you are a fool in your behaviour, they do not count; and if in your behaviour you are good you have more chance.

This being so, the Vedantist can wait for everybody.

Vedantism teaches that there is but one existence and one thing real, and that is God.

It is beyond all time and space and causation and everything.

We can never define Him.

We can never say what He is ex-

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cept that He is Absolute Existence, Absolute Knowledge, Absolute Blissfulness.

He is the only reality.

Of everything He is the reality: of you and me, of the wall and of everything everywhere.

It is His knowledge upon which all our knowledge depends; it is His blissfulness upon which depends our pleasure; and He is the only reality.

And when man realizes this he knows that, 'I am the only reality, because I am He—what is real in me is He also.'

So that when a man is perfectly pure and good and beyond all grossness, he finds, as Jesus found: 'I and my Father are one.'

The Vedantist has patience to wait for everybody.

Wherever you are, this is the highest: 'I and my Father are one.' Realize it.

If an image helps, images are welcome.

If worshipping a great man helps you, worship him.

If worshipping Mohammed helps you, go on. Only be sincere; and if you are sincere, says Vedantism, you are sure to be brought to the goal.

None will be left.

Your heart, which contains all truth, will unfold itself chapter after chapter, till you know the last truth, that 'I and my Father are one.'

And what is salvation?

To live with God.

Where?

Anywhere.

Here this moment.

One moment in infinite time is quite as good as any other moment.

This is the old doctrine of the Vedas.

[From his speech in California, 1901]

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TO BE HONEST I DON'T EITHER! It's like this: when I can easily get to my money I am tempted to spend it. And most often I do.

But if I deposit a part of my income as life insurance premium, it stays unspent until I really need it. What's more, even if I should not live long enough, I know my family will be able to live in comfort.

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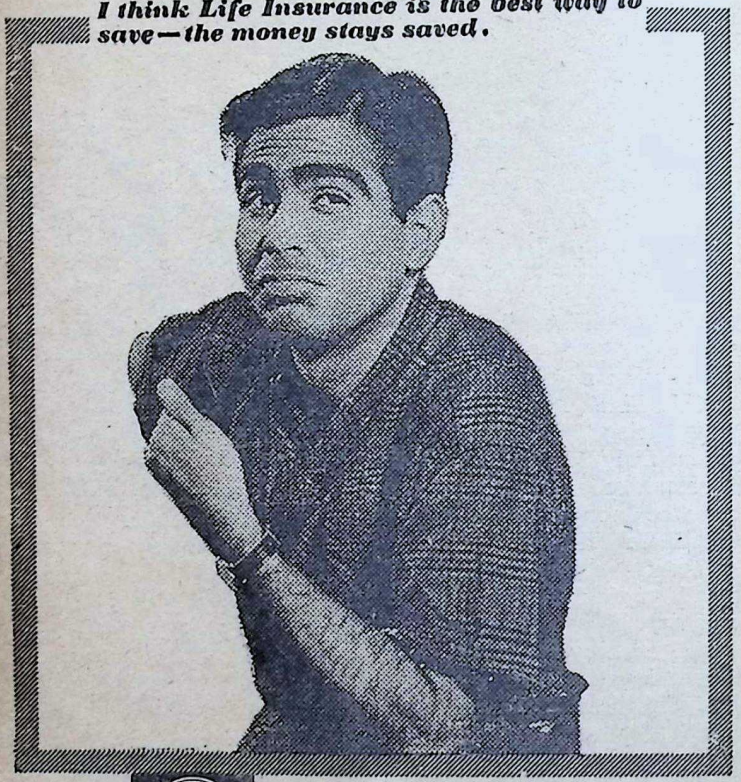

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THIS LAND OF OURS

SRI AUROBINDO

We bless....this land of ours which has been even as a mother unto our nation.

We bless her sunlit skies; her cool, fragrant breeze; her green fields holding the promise of plenty to her starving people; her rushing rivers carrying the produce of distant lands to her rural homes, snow-capped mountains revealing the glory and majesty of God to her devotees; her orchards resonant with the song of her birds; her woods offering safe shelter to her beasts; her changing seasons that bring health and joy to man and freshness and fertility to mother-earth.

We bless this land — the land of many seasons, the land of many rivers, many mountains, many forests, many living things, and many races of men, — this our own, our Motherland, where our fathers lived and worked, every grain of sand wherein is a witness unto the life and labours of those whose blood flows through our veins; every floating cloud on whose sky, and every breath of whose passing breeze, all bear a thousand recollections of the past of our race.

This is the light which illumined the last vanishing gaze of our fathers and our mothers.

This the air unto which their last breath was made over.

Blessed be this land, this our own, our Motherland, instinct with the lives, the memories, the successes and the failures, the disciplines and the cultures and the hopes and the aspirations of our race.

Blessed be this our own, our Motherland, which holds the promise of a far more glorious future for her sons than what had ever been theirs in the past....

[Courtesy: *Sri Aurobindo Ashram.*]

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THE DEVOTEE

Mahatma Gandhi

He is the devotee.....
Who is jealous of none;
Who is a fount of mercy;
Who is without egotism;
Who is selfless;
Who treats alike cold and heat, happiness and misery;
Who is ever forgiving;
Who is always contented;
Whose resolutions are firm;
Who has dedicated mind and soul to God;
Who causes no dread;
Who is not afraid of others;
Who is free from exultation, sorrow and fear;
Who is pure;
Who is versed in action and yet remains unaffected by it;
Who renounced all fruit, good or bad;
Who treats friend and foe alike;
Who is untouched by respect or disrespect;
Who is not puffed up by praise;
Who does not go under when people speak ill of him;
Who loves silence and solitude;
Who has a disciplined reason.

[Courtesy: *Navajivan Trust*]

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Move Onward, Brother!

RABINDRANATH TAGORE

See where travellers go
singing of victory.
They walk on the road, arm in arm.
While the sound of cheer is coming,
who can be at home,
engaged in petty cliques?
The world is big, time is fleeting,
dynamic is the spirit of man.
Those sitting at home are not men who count.
Give up, brother, your false pretexts.
Move onward, move onward, brother !

Call the man who lags behind,
take him along with you.
If nobody comes, go on alone,
treading the path that's noble.
False love will weep and call you back,
tear away delusion's bonds.
You will have to strive at the risk of life,
tears, brother, are of no use.
Move onward, move onward, brother!

For a long time we've been like beggars,
standing outside the world's high road.
Those who go ahead turn pitying eyes,
the dust of their feet fly in the air.
Get you up all, leave the bed of dust,
you must join men on the forward path,
If you can't do that, brother, then look down,
there yawns the deep gulf below.
Move onward, move onward, brother!

[*Translated from Bengali by Abinash Chandra Bose*]

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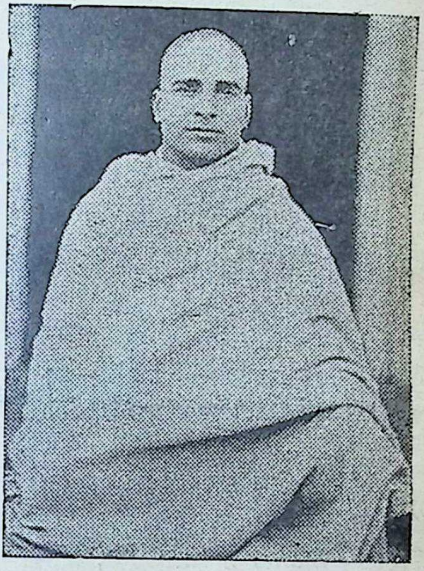
Our personal and local Dharma must never be placed higher than

national dharma

SWAMI RAMA TIRTHA



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A child can never reach youth except when he passes through boyhood. A person can never realise his unity with God, the All, except when unity with the *Whole Nation* throbs in every fibre of his frame.

Let every son of India stand for the service of the Whole, seeing that whole India is embodied in every man.

Almost every town, stream, tree, stone, and animal is personified and sanctified in India.

Is it not high time now to deify the entire Motherland and let every partial manifestation inspire us with devotion to the Whole?

Through *Prana Pratishtha* Hindus endow with flesh and blood the effigy of Durga. Is it not worthwhile to call forth the inherent glory and evoke fire and life in the more real Durga of Mother India?

Let us put our hearts together, the heads and hands will naturally unite.

Let every man have equal liberty to find his own level.

Head as high as you please, but the feet should be always on the *common ground*, never upon anybody's shoulders or neck, even though he be weak or willing.

When I sing the dignity of Shudra labour, I am not exalting *Tamas* over *Rajas* and *Sattva*. I simply say, enough have we decried *Tamas* in India, and by the very act of resenting and resisting it, developed it dreadfully in our midst. Let us learn to use *Tamas* and make it glorious that way. How could the gardens grow if we threw away the dirty manure and not used it? *Tamas* is the coal, without which there can be no fire and steam (*Rajas*), and no light (*Sattva*).

And in proportion to the large

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basis of the *Tamas* quality is the intensity and power of the *Rajas* fire, and *Sattva* light, in a country which movement can evolve; a view in remarkable harmony with the conclusions of modern phrenology; where it is found that for heroic greatness and energy of character, no development of the moral and intellectual organs, however favourable, is sufficient without a powerful basis in the animal or *Tamas* energies of man.

It is for this that Mahadeva, the Great Lord, was depicted as the Lord or Ruler of *Tamas* by the Hindus.

If we are born in critical times of Indian History, let us be thankful, for our opportunities for service are more abundant.

The work for us is more unique, more poetic and dynamic.

It is said that those who sleep well, wake well. India has had a long sleep; her wakefulness is going to be most remarkable for that.

All that we have to arouse among the Indian people is: a spirit of appreciation and not criticism, the sentiment of fraternity, the instinct of synthesis, the co-ordination of functions and aristocracy of labour.

Oh! What an infinite amount of energy in the land is just recklessly wasted away in one sect criticising another sect! Let us try to find out the points of contact and emphasise those between us.

There are people whom the Arya Samaj can reach and Sanatana Dharma cannot; there are others to whom the Brahmo Samaj only appeals, and so with Vaishnavism, etc.

What right have I to find fault with those who do not care for the strength and joy which my creed brings?

Let them come, let them stay or leave. I let things flow, just flow. Why should you or I try to monopolise sympathisers? My right is only to serve, to serve them all, to serve those who love and those who hate (if any).

A mother loves those children the most who are the weakest and play the mean.

Those who differ from you, are they all wrong? If so, they also are needed by the country.

Sad indeed would be the state of a walker who had only the right leg to hop along with.

True Education means learning to look at things through the eyes of God.

'One drop of water is in the sacred Jamna,
Another is foul in the ditch by the roadside;
But when they fall into the Ganga,
Both alike become holy.'

—*Surdas.*

Our personal and local Dharma must never be placed higher than the National Dharma. The keeping of right proportions only secures felicity.

Doing anything to promote the well-being of the Nation is serving the Cosmic Powers, Devas or gods. This kind of sacrifice or *Yajna* is to be offered to the deity, India. It is to this kind of *Yajna* that the following verse of the *Gita* applies in these days:

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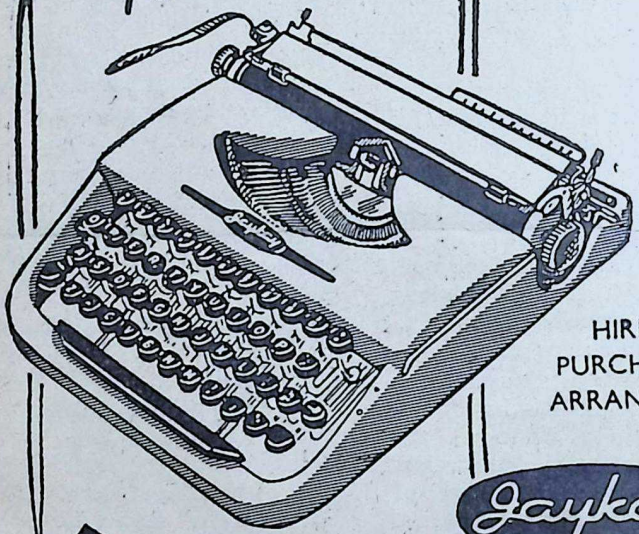

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'The righteous, who eat only the remains of the sacrifice, are freed from all sins; but the impious, who dress food for their own sake, they verily eat sin.'

To realise God, have the *Sannyasa Spirit*, i.e. entire renunciation of self-interest, making the little self absolutely at one with the Great Self of Mother India.

To realise God or Bliss, have the *Brahman Spirit*, dedicating your intellect to thoughts for the advancement of the Nation.

To realise Bliss, you have to possess the *Kshatriya Spirit*, readiness to lay down your life for the Country at every second.

To realise God, you must have the true *Vaishya Spirit*, holding your property only in trust for the Nation.

But to realise Bliss and Rama in that world or this, and to give a living, concrete, objective reality to your abstract subjective Dharma, you have to work this *Sannyasa Spirit, Brahman-Kshatriya* and *Vaishya* heroism through your hands and feet in manual labour, once relegated to the holy Shudras.

The Sannyasa Spirit must be wedded to the Pariah hands! This is the only way today. Wake up, wake up!

Even the foreign countries, through their practice, teach today this Dharma to our India—the only Brahman land in the world.

When a Japanese youth is refused enlistment in the army on the ground of his obligations to his mother (Domestic Dharma), the mother commits suicide, sacrificing the lower (domestic) for the higher (national) Dharma.

What heroic deeds could compare with the sacrifice of personal, domestic and social Dharma for the sake of the National Dharma on the part of that Ideal Guru of Glory (Govind Singh).

People hanker after power. What an infinite power can you not find at your command when your self stands in unity with the Self of the whole Nation?

In conclusion, let me illustrate this spirit in the beautiful words of the Prophet of Islam:

"If the Sun stand on my right hand, and the Moon on my left, ordering me to turn back, I would not obey!"

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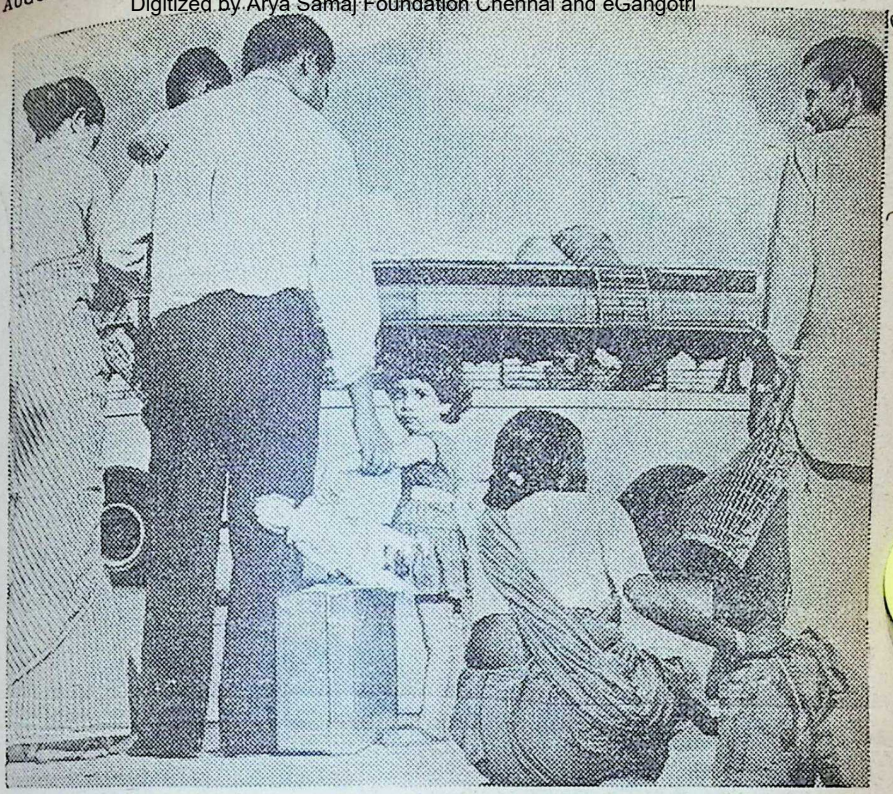

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hara hara mahadev

SISTER NIVEDITA

SIVA is entirely a personification of the Himalayas, as when the Milky Way is made to fall upon his head, wander round and round amongst the tangled locks, and issue from them at last as the Ganges. Indeed, the imagination of the people may be said to make of their northern ranges one vast shrine to Him; for it is far away, they say, across the frost-bound heights, where the Himalayas are at their mightiest and India passes into Tibet, that the Lake Manasarovar lies, at the foot of the great ice-peak of Kailas. Here is the reign of silence and eternal snow, and here, guarding the north, is the holy home that Siva loves.

He is the very soul of gentleness, refusing none. Up here have gathered round Him all those who were weary of earth, having found no acceptance amongst the fortunate. The serpents, whom all the world hates and denies, come to Kailas, and Mahadev finds room for them in His great heart. And the tired beasts come—for He is the refuge of animals—and it is one of these, a shabby old bull, that He specially loves and rides upon.

And here, too, come the spirits of all those men and women who are turbulent and troublesome and queer, the bad boys and girls of the grown-up world, as it were. All the people who are so ugly that no one wants to see them; those who do things clumsily, and talk loudly, and upset everything, though they mean no harm, and the poor things who are ridden by one idea, so that they never can see straight, but always seem a little mad—such are the souls on whom He alone has mercy. He is surrounded by them, and they love and worship Him. He uses them to do His errands, and they are known as Siva's demons.

But Siva is more even than this. He is the Self-born, the eternally-existent postulate of freedom and purity and light. He is the great teaching soul of things. His function is to destroy ignorance, and wherever knowledge is achieved, He is. His name of *Hara! Hara!* (the Free! the Free!) was the battle-cry of the Mahrattas. More yet, He is Rudra, the Storm, the Terrible; and it is under this aspect that Hinduism raises to Him its daily cry:

> Evermore protect us,—O thou terrible!—
> From ignorance, by thy sweet compassionate face.

For, after all, a human quality is always limited to one of two, the Divine must be lifted above good as well as evil, above joy as well as pain.

[Courtesy: *Advaita Ashrama*]

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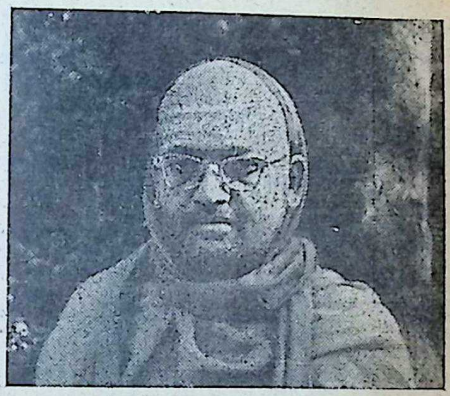
H. H. Jagadguru Sri Sankaracharya of Dwarka

The Greatness of Guru

THE Hindu Shastras have allotted one day a year, to worship one's Gurus.

Everyone, in any walk of life, requires somebody to advise him, to guide him, and to enlighten him, and take him to the desired fulfilment of his wishes; if a house is to be built, an engineer is required; if health has deteriorated, one requires a doctor; if a man has lost his way in his travels, he requires the help of some guide, even though the guide may be an ordinary villager or even a shepherd-boy, to show him the right path; similarly, in this forest of births after births, some guide, some teacher is required to take us to the outskirts of the forest and put us in a place where there is no fear of any wild beasts of evil deeds, etc. Such a guide or such a teacher alone can show us the right path and put us along the road to our destination.

If then, in mundane affairs, we require a guide or a teacher to enlighten or lead us out, much more do we require the help of a proper guide or teacher to show us the path of religion or spiritualism. Unless there is such a teacher, we cannot know



our way of life; we will wander in darkness of *tamo guna, rajasik guna* or even of *satvik guna,* and the goal of a man has to be above these three *gunas.*

Sri Krishna says to Arjuna and through him to all human beings निस्त्रैगुण्यो भवार्जुन!! and this will not be possible without the help of a righteous teacher; and such a teacher is called "Guru". The word "Guru" in Samskrit means "one who takes away darkness, i.e. Ignorance (अज्ञान) out of our minds and leads us to light, i.e. knowledge (ज्ञान) and the highest knowledge, to realise the Brahman; and when Brahman is

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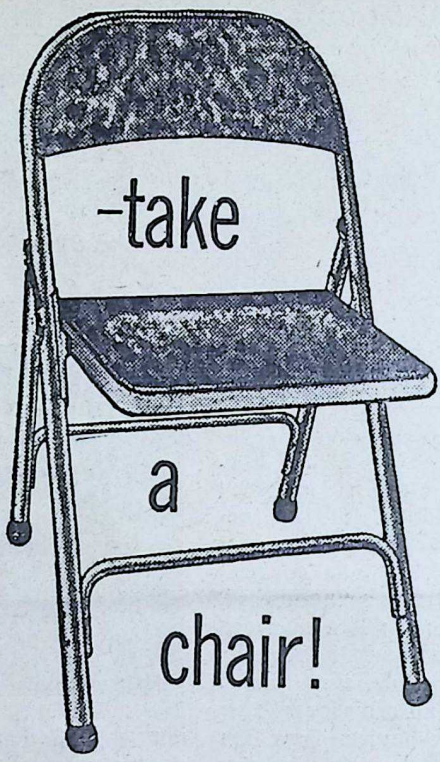

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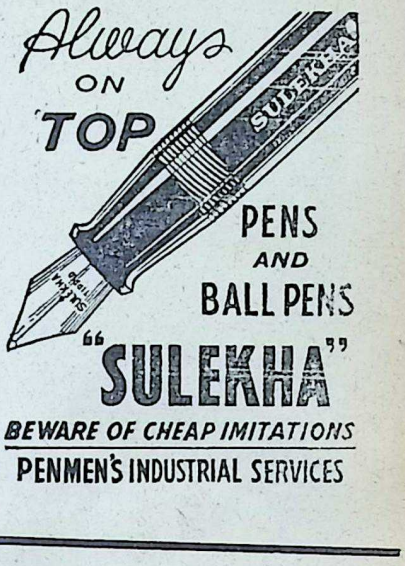
realized, nothing further remains to be known, because, that is the goal or destination of a human being.

एतद्ज्ञेयं नित्यमेवात्मसंस्थं, नातःपरं वेदितव्यं हि किंचित् ॥

It is certain that every person has some such Guru in life. The first Gurus are the parents who have given not only life, but enlightenment in our ignorant stage of childhood, boyhood, etc. The parents have therefore to be respected and honoured at every moment of our existence. मातृदेवोभव, पितृदेवोभव should be present in every breath of our life; the second Gurus are our school or college or professional teachers who have educated us and enlightened us and shown us the principles of life—viz. how to live on this earth.

But material life is not sufficient; spiritual life is to be led side by side, because, it is by spiritual enlightenment that a man will be able to know how to live in peace, happiness and contentment with other persons, and even with beasts, birds and other animals; it is the spiritual enlightenment by which a man will realize that he himself is one with the whole Cosmos; not only will he think that he is a part of the Cosmos, but he will realize that he himself is the whole Cosmos and he is one with the Creative Spirit of it; he will realize that he is one with God etc.; and when he has realized in this way, there is nothing for him to quarrel with, there is nothing with which he cannot live in tranquillity and happiness. This is the highest knowledge that one has to learn, and the person who imparts such knowledge is the highest Guru of all Gurus. गुरूणां गुरुः।



It is for this reason that, though any of these Gurus have to be remembered, honoured and worshipped every day, it has been made incumbent by Shastras to remember, honour and worship them at least one day in a year, and that day is the Guru Poornima Day, i.e. the fifteenth day of the month of Ashad.

The Sannyasins who have abandoned worldly life are enjoined to worship not only immediate Gurus, but even Gurus of their Gurus on this day, and the *shastras* have enjoined that even the householders, Brahmacharins and such others should worship such Sannyasins who are their Gurus and even all their other Gurus.

The spiritual Gurus of Indians are

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Narayana, Brahma, Vasishtha-Shakti, Parashara, Vyasa, Shankaracharya, His four disciples and their Shankaracharya successors, and other such Acharyas. This is said in the well-known verse as follows:—

नारायणं पद्मभवं वसिष्ठं, शक्तिच तत्पुत्र पराशरंच ।
व्यासं शुकं गौडपादं महान्तं गोविंद योगीन्द्र यथास्य शिष्यम् ॥
श्री शंकराचार्य.....

It is they alone who have shed light to us with their powerful torch-lights of the highest knowledge and spiritual paths so that we may come out of the darkness of ignorance.

It is the sacred duty of every one of us—be he a Sannyasin, a Vanaprasthi, a Grihasti, a Brahmachari, a school boy or a college-boy, a grown-up lady or a girl, therefore, to remember, honour and worship any such Guru who may have shown the spiritual or even mundane way of life to lead, on this Guru Poornima Day.

That day is thus, a very holy and pious day, and one must bow with all humility, politeness, respect, honour and worship one's Guru on this day; so that not only he or she will fulfil her sacred duty, but will show his or her youngsters the same way to follow in future, and thus keep alive this tradition of religiously observing the Guru Poornima Day.

From the same day 'Chaturmasya' a holy period of study of sacred books, begins. And on the next Full-moon day of "upakarma" (shravani) falls to honour Rishis and Gurus, and to purify the life.

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Tradition and Progress

His Eminence Cardinal Valerian Gracias

TRADITION is like a relay race in which one runner hands on the torch to another, so that the race neither slows down nor pauses.

Progress without the background and support of Tradition would be a risky enterprise, a leap in the dark.

As our late beloved Prime Minister has said: "A country, especially one with an old civilisation has deep roots in the past which cannot be pulled out without great harm, even though many weeds in the form of harmful and out-of-date customs and institutions can and should be pulled out. Even as nature establishes one kind of equilibrium which cannot be disturbed suddenly without untoward results appearing, so also in a community or a country, it is not easy or desirable to upset old ways of living too suddenly. The attempt to solve a problem in this way might well lead to grave and more difficult problems....We must look to the future and work for it purposely and with faith and vigour, at the same time we must keep our past inheritance and derive sustenance from it."

Change is essential but continuity is also necessary. The future has to be built on the foundations laid in the past and the present. To deny the past and break with it completely is to uproot ourselves, and, sapless, dry up.

It was the virtue of Gandhiji to keep his feet firmly planted in the rich traditions of our race and our soil, but, at the same time, to function on the revolutionary plane. He did all this calmly and dispassionately, avoiding to a large extent, a sense of conflict.

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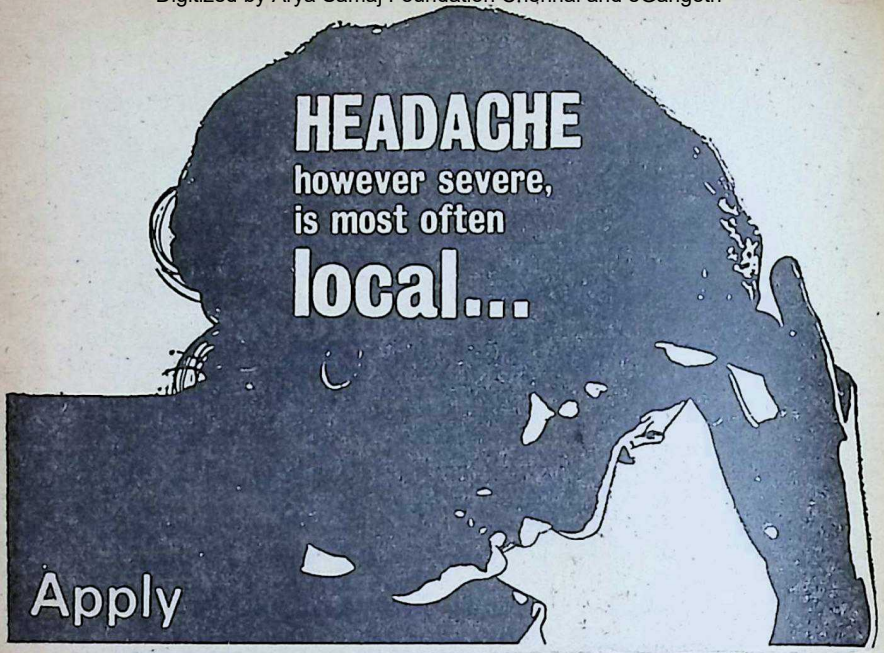

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Yes, did not Gandhiji say—"I do not want my house to be walled in on all sides and my windows to be stuffed. I want cultures of all lands to be blown about my house as freely as possible. But I refuse to be blown off my feet by any".

Great minds think alike. And these utterances in particular of Nehru accord with those of Pope Pius XII who when he set down the *Five Peace Points* observed: "The maxims of human wisdom require that in any reorganisation of life all parties should learn from the failures and difficulties of the past".

One of the first things that is wrong with the modern world is its disregard for, and fear of, the past—of what is called Tradition. Men invent new ideals because they dare not turn to old ideals. They *look forward* with enthusiasm because they are afraid *to look back*. They are afraid to look back because the sight of the splendid failures of the past—high ideals unfulfilled and sometimes abandoned—are melancholy to the modern restless generation.

There is a metaphor of which moderns are very fond—"You can't put the clock back", they say. The simple answer is—you can, literally and in other ways.

There is another proverb—"as you have made your bed, so you must lie on it". Which is a lie! If I have made my bed uncomfortable, please God, I will make it again.

History proves that there is no *revolution that has not been a reconstruction*. All men who have done anything for the future have had their eyes fixed on the past.

The first freedom, therefore, that we should claim for any country in the world, if it is to progress healthily, is the freedom to restore, the freedom to take count of the past.

Children of India, I am here to speak to you today about some practical things, and my object in reminding you about the glories of the past is simply this. Many times have I been told that looking into the past only degenerates and leads to nothing, and that we should look to the future. That is true. But of the past is built the future. Look back, therefore, as far as you can, drink deep of the eternal fountains that are behind, and after that, look forward, march forward and make India brighter, greater, much higher than she ever was. Our ancestors were great. We must first recall that. We must learn the elements of our beings, the blood that courses in our veins; we must have faith in that blood and what it did in the past; and out of that faith and consciousness of past greatness, we must build an India yet greater than what she has been.

—Swami Vivekananda

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A Lamp of Auspiciousness

Swami Chinmayananda

TO revive the culture of a country, after such a long period of its decadence, is not a very easy task. A nation in its cultural prostration entertains endless hosts of sorrows, and that is when ulcers of immorality come to ravage its body politic. Ugly immoralities, demeaning corruptions, social cruelties, national rupture, inter-communal restlessness, deceits and deceptions are some of the serious types of ulcers that manifest when the heart of a country is paralysed due to a lack of cultural-consciousness among its people.

A healthy man can easily be helped to continue maintaining his health. To revive the weak is possible. To cure the ailing, and bring him back to his original health, when he has suffered seriously for long, is certainly difficult. In Bharat we have today such a cultural patient to be treated, nursed and brought back to her health and cheer. This is indeed a very delicate task calling for diligent efforts, constant attention, and loving care. This work has been taken up voluntarily by the Bharatiya Vidya Bhavan, and the nation must be extremely grateful to this organisation. With its endless original activities, the Bhavan has become truly a Temple of the National Culture.

As in a revolution, in culture too, we need a sacred spring behind it, which should constantly feed its revival onrush ever forward. In a political revolution this tempo is maintained by the "bible" of that revolution—a book that explains the great inspiring philosophy of that political view-point. In a cultural-revival-movement also we need such a sacred "koran" which must inspire and enthrall the heart of the reviving generation. The *Bhavan's Journal* in this country, for the last ten years, had, with its brilliant enthusiasm and aesthetic devotion, rekindled the dying flames of enthusiasm in the bosom of the thinking youth of this country.

The Bhavan had set itself as a "Lamp of Auspiciousness" with its publications of cheap volumes, containing the priceless thoughts of our culture, and had lit up millions of young hearts with light and understanding. In this great Lamp of Knowledge, the Journal had been the oil that fed the brilliancy everywhere. The Bharatiya Vidya Bhavan's Sanskrit revival programmes, colleges, schools—in short, the Bhavan has not left any avenue of pro-

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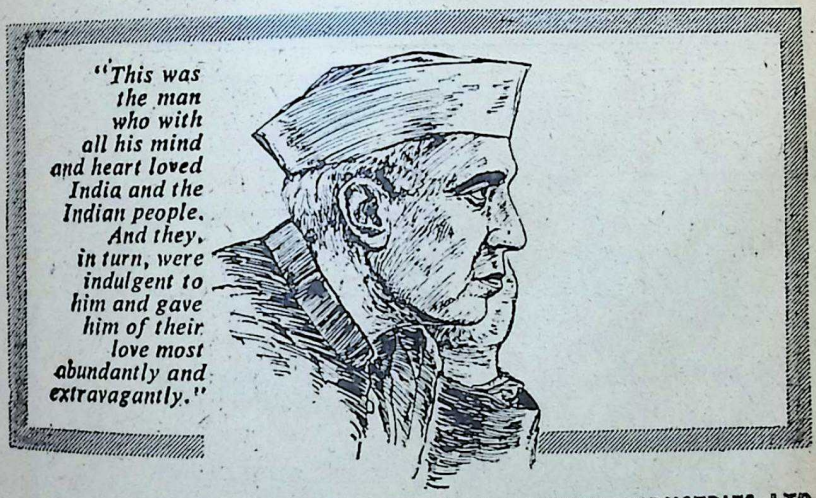
gramme unexploited to the maximum in serving our culture. We cannot, when evaluating this institution, however, overlook the brilliant personality behind it, who, with his courage of conviction and weight of experience had supplied all the dynamism necessary for such a full success.

The impossible has been made possible; the incredible has been made credible. Hinduism has been to an extent put back on its altar in the hearts of the intelligent public.

On this gracious occasion *I will not* congratulate the *Bhavan's Journal* for its past ten years of glorious service in this land of the Rishis, but I *will only* pray for its greater services in the nation in the future years to come.

India gave a concrete meaning to man's life from start to finish. First came brahmacharya, *the period of discipline in education; then* garhashthya, *that of the world's work; then* vanaprasthya, *the retreat for the loosening of bonds; and finally,* pravarjya, *the expectant awaiting of freedom across death.*

—Tagore



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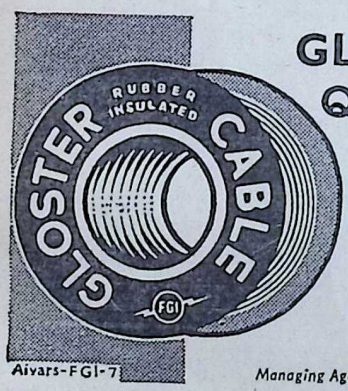

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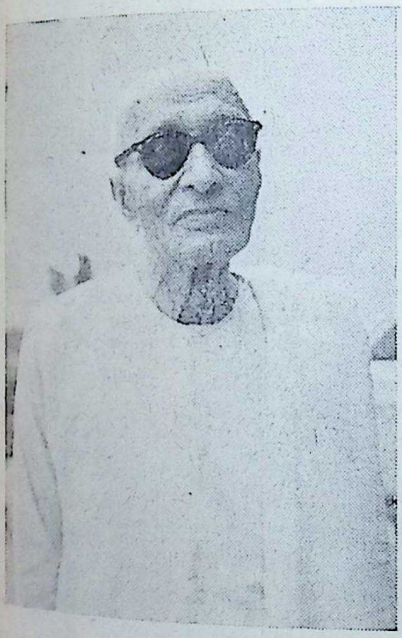
C. RAJAGOPALACHARI

about overdoing things



OUR objects are as often frustrated by excess of application as by failure of zeal. Overdoing of anything defeats its object. When we apply means to achieve an end, it is not enough to have chosen the right means, but we should also know when to stop and leave the means to bring about their results instead of overdoing and spoiling the good achieved. This has been realized from time immemorial in relation to every effort of man, be it in the spiritual, intellectual or moral plane, or in physical training, or in matters of mere profit or expediency.

Prof. Lehmann, head of one of the Max-Planck Institutes in Germany, gave the results of his investigations on this question of overdoing in relation to industrial training at a congress for medical research in Berlin. People undergoing training for only three hours a day to learn a handicraft or other work will, according to him, achieve in six weeks as much as a beginner will in nine months, working for eight hours daily. The main thing in training is that the learner should not reach the point of being tired. Movements and techniques should be carried out effortlessly. If the beginner is over-strained in the effort to learn, the fatigue sets up reactions that prevent the effort becoming an unconscious habit of the body or the mind, which is what it should become. The emphasis usually laid on diligence misleads beginners

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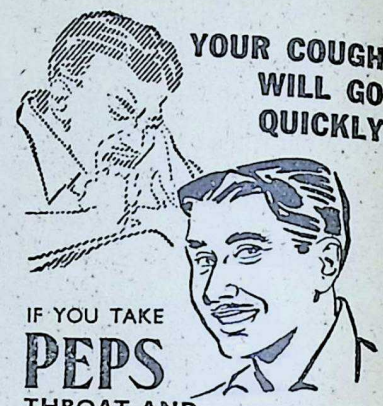

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and those guiding them into self-defeating over-strain.

Prof. Lehmann is of the view that his results on this question of over-diligence in industrial training would apply also to schools and general education. A student loses his natural talent and capability to learn by too much cramming and by being subjected to too much strain. With considerable reduction in the total daily work-load, by having more frequent breaks, the results would be better than by continuous application producing over-strain.

According to the findings of Prof. E. A. Mueller, a co-worker of Prof. Lehmann in the same Max-Planck Institute, there is no scientific support for the old over-emphasis in favour of perseverance in the field of muscle-training. According to him a muscle fully used for six seconds only, once a week, is in adequate 'training'; its mass and its energy increase steadily. The best training success, according to the professor, will be achieved if the body muscles are strained once every day, for a maximum of only six seconds. Prof. Mueller is of opinion that this truth can lead also to considerable improvement in the care of patients confined to bed for reasons of particular illnesses. "Isometric training", as it is called, has been taken up on this principle by sportsmen and their coaches. American experiments have confirmed the German theory. It has been found by Prof. Mueller that it is quite unnecessary to buy expensive equipment for body-building. "One can keep the body 'top-fit'," asserts Prof. Mueller, "without much diligence and without expensive apparatus."

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Overdoing is bad not only in these fields but in all fields of activity. Overdoing is not merely purposeless, but self-defeating and productive of a contrary effect. Over-much propaganda, for instance, for any cause, good or bad, leads to the opposite of what is intended. When a certain line is crossed, propaganda tends to induce a reaction in the opposite direction, of sympathy in favour of what is opposed, rather than for the view pressed forward.

Over-killing armaments and stock-piling them, as every body has now realised, instead of giving security, creates insecurity. Not only does the law of diminishing returns operate giving less and less advantage, but the contrary effect begins to come into being.

It calls for great subtlety to understand where to stop in propaganda,

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or in one's application to any work for grown-up celebrities with quite different though laudable motives. Our zeal and the old maxims of perseverance tend to mislead us. Fatigue gives us the clue in this regard. We should not tire the student or the man in training. And in propaganda, political or religious or other, we should be able to see when our hearers show signs of fatigue.

Proceeding in a lighter strain, I may add to the foregoing that we are overdoing birthdays for grown-up celebrities. Must we celebrate the 52nd, 53rd, 54th, and so on, birthday of our idol? Would it not be better to do it say at the 50th, 60th, 70th and other round number jubilee years, leaving enthusiasm to accumulate in the intervals? The case is different about little children, we may have a festival every year in their case. What is done for them should not however be copy for the festivals we organize

Sri Jawaharlal Nehru once spoke to me about our two annual national days, Republic Day on the 26th of January and Independence Day on the 15th of August. I agreed with him that these two days could be combined into one single national day either on the 15th of August or on the 26th of January. Most people would agree with Sri Nehru's view that the 15th of August is the more important of the two and should be the National Day for India.

We are undoubtedly overdoing our holidays. We have come to believe that the inevitable mark of respect for a great man or a great event is to stop working that day, which even in the form in which it is stated proves its own absurdity.

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श्रृण्वन् सुभद्राणिरथाङ्गपाणे जंन्मानि कर्माणि च यानि लोके।
गीतानि नामानि तदर्थकानि गायन्विलज्जो विचरेदसङ्गः ॥
Bh. 11-2-39

Listening to the birth and deeds of the Deity holding the discus *Sudarsana* as His weapon; whose auspicious birth and actions are sung in the world, and recounting them without any shame, one should with a mind freed from desire, wander about.

भक्तिः परेशानुभवो विरक्तिरन्यत्र चैष त्रिक एककालः।
प्रपद्यमानस्य यथाश्नतः स्युस्तुष्टिः पुष्टिः क्षुदपायोऽनुघासम् ॥

As one who eats with every morsel of food feels delight, and along with it simultaneously his belly is filled and his hunger is gratified, so a votary at once acquires devotion, the joy of the Deity, the object of love, and disliking for any other thing else.

इत्यच्युतांघ्रिं भजतोऽनुवृत्त्या भक्तिर्विरक्तिर्भगवत्प्रबोधः।
भवन्ति वै भागवतस्य राजंस्ततः परां शान्तिमुपैति साक्षात्।
Bh. 11-2-42,43

O King (Nimi); those votaries who with such service attend upon the feet of Hari, attain to devotion, divorcement from other objects and felicity identical with the Lord. After that they attain to the very great beatitude.

Vishnu Sahasranama

Mahamahopadhyaya S. Kuppuswami Sastri

AFTER all, a mere string of one thousand names!

By reciting them, can any intelligent person gain any immediate advantage, any advantage which can be definitely ascertained and maintained to be the effect of such recitation? Thus a rationalistic mind would be disposed to interrogate.

Even to such sceptical interrogations of a rationalist, a suitable answer is furnished in the second and third of the three verses quoted above from *Srimad Bhagavata.*

(From his Foreword to *Vishnu Sahasranama*)

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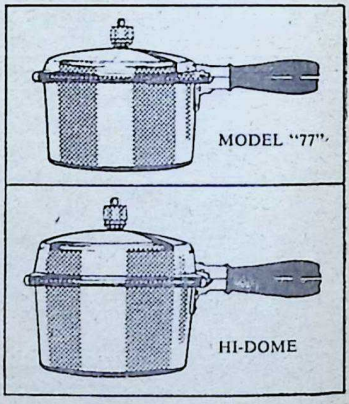

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These verses record for the benefit of mankind, the value of the devotional discipline which a devout worshipper goes through in the course of a worshipful repetition and recitation of the same name and different names of the Supreme Lord.

The devotional discipline resulting from *nam kirtan* consists in the simultaneous effectuation of three precious results *viz.*, blissful love towards the Supreme Lord, realization of His nature and detachment from all other things.

It is a matter of common experience that every morsel of food, when eating, produces three results simultaneously—a pleasant sensation, nutrition, and appeasement of hunger; a similar process is experienced by a *bhakta,* when the Lord's name is repeated.

It is the firm conviction of Sri Sankara Bhagavatpada and his followers that this devotional discipline is of very high value in reaching the final goal of advaitic thought—the realization of Brahman as the only reality and of the identity of Jiva and Brahman.

It is, again, this conviction that prompted Sri Bhagavatpada to write a *bhasya* on the *Vishnu-sahasranama.*

When studying the *Vishnu Sahasranama,* it would be useful to remember that Indian culture believes, as averred by Sri Sankara and other Acharyas, that all the significative units of a language denote ultimately the Supreme Lord.

The mystic etymology—false as it may be from the standpoint of modern linguistics—which connects the word *namah* with the affixing of *na* of *ahamkara,* as indicated by the negative particle *na* and the pronominal root *ma,* is significant and helpful in appreciating the value of the devotional discipline for which the *Vishnu Sahasranama* and other *sahasranamas* are intended.

If all the accomplished acts and established facts in the world represent, as a distinguished modernist observes, many a disguised imperative, it would not be far-fetched to suggest that, from the standpoint of Indian culture, names like विश्व in the *Vishnu Sahasranama* are expected, as Sri Sankara hints, to be understood to imply imperatives of the type of "सर्वं खलु इदं ब्रह्म तज्जलानिति शान्त उपासीत"

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Jainism AND THE MODERN WORLD

Rishabhchand

THE modern world is a world of multiplying divisions and discords. Despite a steady effort on the part of some idealistic thinkers and well-meaning men of action to establish harmony and unity, the tension of conflict has been preying cruelly upon the mind of humanity. Man sees today nothing but an encompassing gloom, speared, here and there, by slender pencils of light, and the faint, flickering expectancy of a coming dawn swallowed up by invading banks of sombre clouds. And yet he knows, in the heart of his heart, that humanity is not going to be bounced into an irrevocable Nirvana of its existence on earth. Human culture, however blackened and perverted by the blind passions of the moment, is not doomed to dissolve and disintegrate for ever. The few thin, trembling beams of light will grow and expand, and the triumphant darkness recede and disappear. The soul of man cannot die, and its mission on earth cannot be thwarted for long.

Jainism, as one of the major Indian religions of great antiquity, has a part to play in this critical period of human culture. Not its gospel of Ahimsa, which is a common denominator of most of the Indian religions —though, it is true, Jainism has carried it to a punctilious ideality;—not its asceticism, which is stoutly repudiated by the life-affirming tendency of the times; not even its pluralistic realism, which is being engulfed by the general, overmastering urge towards monistic unity, synthesis and integrality, but its brilliant discovery of the theory of the manifoldness of things, its marvellous Anekantavada can alone build up a future for it even brighter than its glorious past. It is this Anekantavada that can be its supreme gift to humanity, which is being torn with ideological dissensions and violent doctrinal bigotry.

According to Anekantavada, a single dogmatic predication of a thing is an outrage on truth. The world, as it is composed, is multi-lateral. It has myriad divergent and convergent aspects, even many contradictory elements and properties, which defy any clear-cut definition. Life is an indivisible unity in its ever-deploying diversity. To analyse a thing to its minute components, or to splinter it to infinitesimal smithers, is to miss its integral entity. Everything in the

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universe is relative and conditional, and our mental judgment of it cannot but have only a relative truth. As a man can be, at one and the same time, a father, a son, a husband, a brother, a nephew, and many things else besides, it is absurd to predicate his fatherhood or sonhood to the exclusion of all the rest. All dogmatic or categorical assertions are a crude violence to the unity and global totality of truth. All one-sided statements are a confession of ignorance. It is only when one soars above all the different aspects of a thing and sees its organic unity, its integral character, that one can know the thing in its reality, and not otherwise. To cling on to one's own viewpoint, which is but a unilateral or partial envisaging of things, and deny and disparage the viewpoints of others, into which one fails to enter with empathy or sympathetic insight, is to be guilty of partisan narrowness. An integral view is a full spiritual view. It generates humility. It is an invariable concomitant of greatness of soul and breadth of vision. All personal or sectarian dogmatism, born of an ignorant perception of only one or a few aspects of truth, breeds arrogance and creates disharmony and discord. All mind-perceived aspects may be true, but only hypothetically and relatively true; and a candid recognition of the inherent limitations of such mental perceptions can go a great way in eliminating the causes of bitterness and opposition. An integral spiritual vision embraces even stark antinomies and contradictions, and reconciles and unifies them.

Should Jaina society aspire to rise again to the full stature of its greatness, and promote the advancement of human culture, it must shed all sectarian dogmatism, and practise in individual and collective life the magnificent doctrine of Anekantavada. Unity, harmony, synthesis, integration are the watchwords of the enlightened mind of modern humanity. And Jaina society has to advance with the times. Anekantavada, if it is sincerely practised and preached, will be a timely and immensely beneficial contribution to the dynamic thought of today, and a powerful lever of ascent for the Jaina community. Let the message of Anekantavada ring out of the heart of Jainism and spread all over the world, healing and redeeming the stricken soul of man. □ □

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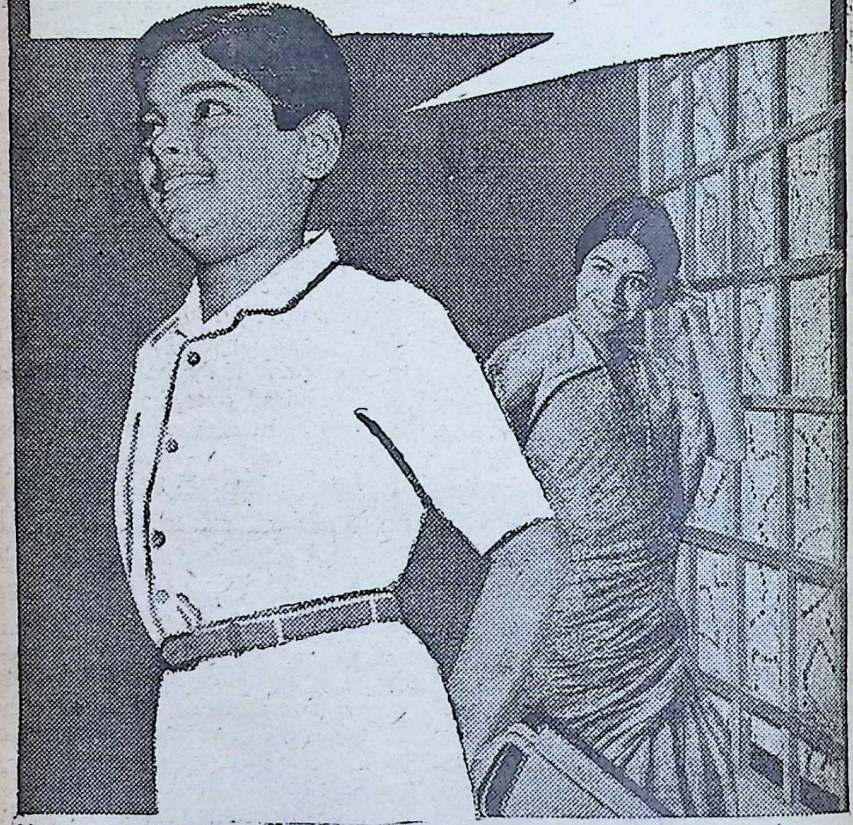

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Did the Dravidians migrate to the Mediterranean?

Are Puranas records of race migrations?

Sanskritic and Dravidian Civilisation

Dr. C. P. Ramaswami Aiyar

THERE have been several conflicting theories relating to the origin of the Tamils and the Tamil language. One set of scholars and writers proceed on the traditional basis that the Vedic Rishi, Agastya, was the Coloniser of the Tamil land and the originator of Tamil literature. The legend that he 'conquered' or 'humbled' the Vindhya mountain is regarded as signifying that he was the first of the Aryans to cross the Vindhya range.

The name Agastya itself is associated with the South, and Agastyam is a synonym for the Southern direction in Sanskrit. There is some controversy as to whether there was only one Agastya, namely the Rishi adverted to in the *Rig Veda* who was responsible for nearly 200 of the hymns in that Veda, or whether there were three Agastyas who lived in successive ages and whose names are associated with different literary activities.

It is also in dispute as to whether his hermitage was situated near Nasik in Maharashtra State or in the Malaya Parvata (the Anamalai range near Travancore).

But in spite of all these divergences of opinion, it may be noticed that there is a continuous tradition recognising the influence exercised by a great sage who was both an author

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and a coloniser and was called Agastya. It is uniformly recounted that he took part in the labours of the first Sangam or literary Academy of the Tamil country and was responsible for one of the earliest Tamil Grammars which is now lost.

It is worthy of remark that the earliest existing Tamil Grammar, Tholkappiyam, acknowledges its debt to a Sanskrit Grammar, Indra. All over South India the tradition has been prevalent for centuries as to the authenticity and the great pioneering work done by Agastya.

With regard to the original inhabitants of Southern India, no solution has yet been reached, of the controversy whether Dravidians were autochthonous and originated in South India and spread from there to the West and East or whether they were migrants who travelled to India from Mesopotamia or Syria or whether they originated in a great and now submerged continent called Lemuria which is believed to have extended from Africa and Madagascar to Java and Borneo and which was partially destroyed by an oceanic upheaval, overwhelming in the catastrophe the site of the first Tamil Academy, the original Mathurai, far to the south of the present Madura.

Recent writers have, with great unanimity, insisted that the Tamil country was the seat and origin of the characteristic religious, artistic and social ideals which radiated to the east and west; and Father Heras, in particular, has been emphasising that it was a Tamil cultural invasion that started from South India, founded the Mohenjo-Daro civilisation and spread that culture through Baluchistan and Persia to Babylon, Assyria and Crete.

The term 'OOR' which is a synonym for a town is argued to be the same as 'UR' of the Chaldees and scholars go to the extent of equating the words Druid and Dravida. No definite conclusions can be reached on the material before us which still remains to be analysed and collated, but many data lie ready to hand for utilisation and such material is not confined to the remains of pottery and weapons and household articles but relate also to seals and inscriptions which have to be patiently deciphered and interpreted with the same patience and accuracy as were employed in the cases of the pyramids of Egypt and the brick tablets of Mesopotamia.

A series of attempts has been made to elucidate the alphabet of the lettering discovered in the seals and inscriptions of the Punjab and Sindh cities, but the task is far from completion.

In the meanwhile, some rather purposeless discussions have also been taking place as to whether the Aryans and the Dravidians were separate and antagonistic races or whether the Dravidians were the Asuras and the "noseless" Dasyus adverted to in the *Rig Veda*.

Persons who have started these prehistoric hares do not always seem to realise that the original Dasyus were simply dissidents or protestants who would not follow the sacrificial and other rites laid down in the Vedas. Such groups were not necessarily different racially from the so-called

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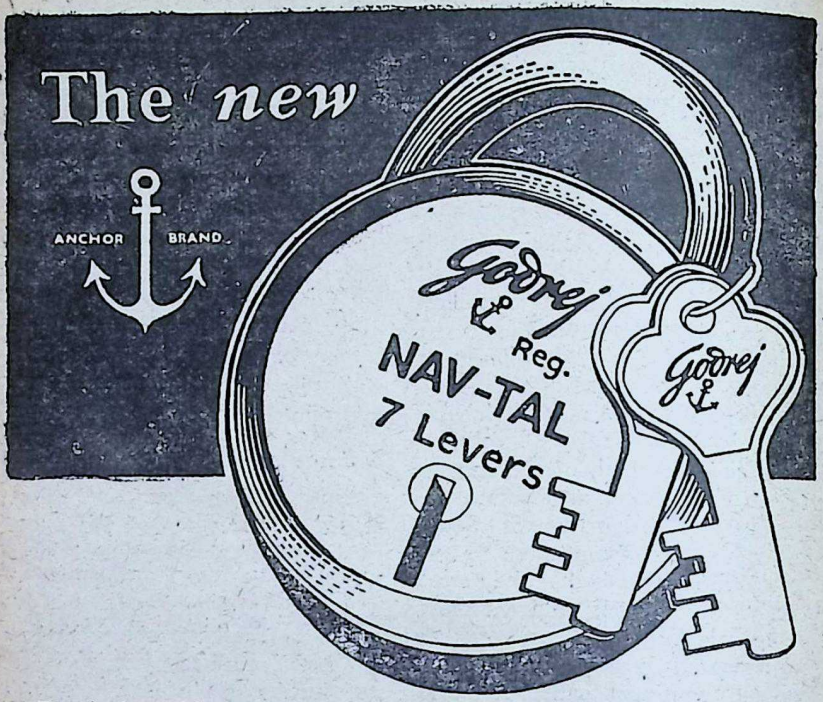

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Aryans. A comparison of the *Rig Veda* and the *Zendavesta* would make it clear that originally the word "Asura" itself (which latterly in Sanskrit and Tamil came to mean a demon) means a powerful and brilliant being. In truth, the word 'Asura' is used in the *Rig Veda* in connection with Divinities like Agni, Indra, Varuna, Soma, the Vasus, Mithra, Vayu, Rudra and Surya. Asura or Ahura in Persian, is found in the expression Ahuramazda, the synonym for the Supreme Being and in the Vedas originally the term Asura was indifferently used for all powerful persons whether they be Vritras or Devas. Later on, the word took a different signification and the evolution of the words, Asura and Deva, followed different paths. In effect, what Fowler and Skeat have described as the "degradation" of words was the process that took place in respect of terms like Asura and Yaksha. Asura in *Zendavesta* retains the original connotation of goodness and power. Asura, in later Sanskrit literature, means a powerful and evil being. Deva, in Sanskrit, is the shining one and is used to describe Divinities. Deva, in the Parsi scripture, is the evil one.

These developments seem to show that when the Persian and Aryan groups separated, they did so in conflict with each other and each tribe's God became the other's devil.

In relation to the Dravidians, the question is hardly relevant, because in the *Riv Veda* the Aryans are supposed to have overrun the noseless Dasyus (Anasikas) but the Tamils were never snub-nosed. Sri Raghava Iyengar, in his Tamil *Varalaru*, has taken great pains to show that the Tamilian literature never approved of snub-noses. He cites many authorities to show that the typical nose of the Dravida is compared to the flower, Kumizhambu, or the flower of the Sesamum and a flat nose was always derided. As a matter of fact, the Dravidian physiognomy and features are not essentially different from the Aryan.

The case is different with the tribes called Aborigines—the Kotahs, Irulas and Kurumbas and the tree-dwellers of the Malabar coast.

Quite apart from these interesting but inconclusive discussions, it may be noticed that there was admittedly a large admixture of Aryans and non-Aryans, for, there are accounts in the Pancha Vimsa Brahmana and *Atharva Veda* of a sacrifice called 'Vratya Sthoma' Brahmana and whose purpose was the conversion of Vratyas or non-Aryans to Aryan status. It would be a very interesting line of research to trace the history of words like Deva, Asura, Vrita, Dasyu, Vartya and Dasa by way of elucidating the contacts and conflicts among several racial groups in India and especially in the South.

One positive proof of the coalescence of Aryan and Dravidian ideas is furnished by the scornful description in the Vedas of tribes who are abusively described as Sisne-deva (worshippers of the phallus).

It is an illuminating circumstance that the Mohenjo-Daro remains prove indubitably that the worship of the Linga or phallus and of the Mother Goddess and of the three-

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headed prototype of Siva, was extensively practised in the Indus Valley. The worship of the Devi and of Siva typified by the Linga has now extended itself all over the country and is equally in vogue amongst the so-called Dravidians and the so-called Aryans. The rapid spread of Dravidian words and ideas and their coalescence with Sanskritic culture patterns are features which are sometimes ignored but cannot be forgotten. The word 'Sindhu' is used as a synonym for the Indus river and also as the name of a kind of muslin which was produced in India from pristine times and exported to other countries during many centuries before Christ. It has been claimed that the word 'Sindhu' is Dravidian in origin. Sindhu, in modern Tamil, is a synonym for a river or sea and is, in all probability, connected with Sindippu or Sinduthal, namely, sprinkling or moistening.

The most constant symbol for Divinity that is noticed in Mohenjo-Daro is that of the three-faced figure AAN, the Supreme God of the people of the Indus Valley. AAN, in modern Tamil, means man, but in its compound form 'Andavan' and 'Andal' is associated with the Supreme Being in the male and female aspects.

The name AAN is widely prevalent in Babylon, Assyria and Crete and the theory has been propounded that there was a proto-Dravidian language which was spoken all over India and that the peoples who spoke that language created great city cultures in Punjab and Sindh and beyond the shores of India long before the influx of the Aryan civilisation.

On the other hand, there are those who deny any separateness between the Dravidians and the Aryans and who claim that they merely represent two separate branches of the same race isolated geographically but nearly related to each other. It is being continuously proved that the ancient nations of the world were not really segregated and that there have been extensive migrations of mankind and admixtures of cultures.

The Indian Puranas which were formerly regarded as purely mythological or fantastic figments of the imagination, are now being increasingly recognised to be reliable records of race migrations and great events though their chronology may be inexact according to modern standards. Many of these Puranas furnish evidence of such migrations as have been referred to above.

Col. Wilford has tried to prove that Egypt was well known to ancient India and he points to the hawk emblem of Horus, the Sun and its close connection with Garuda who is associated with Vishnu. It is also well known that Vishnu is identified in the *Rig Veda* with Surya or the Sun. Col. Wilford also refers to the story in the Adiparva of the *Mahabharata*, of Kadru, mother of the Nagas, asking Garuda to convey her children across the ocean to a distant region called Ramaniyaka which is equated with Egypt. From this tradition, it is inferred that there were settlers in Egypt that belonged to the Naga tribe.

It is further probable that the

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country now named Mekran, south of Baluchistan, was settled by Dravidian races. Even at the time of Alexander the Great's invasion, it is said to have been peopled by 'Aravas', which is even now a common word for the Tamilians. The Egyptian word for the Sun is a variant of "RA". RA, in Tamil, does not now exist as a separate word but is the second part of the word IRA or ILRA or IRAVU—'no Sun' or night.

Words like CA, meaning death and also meaning 'lying on one side' now occurring in the words CAIDAL occurred both in Egypt and in Mohenjo-Daro inscriptions as well as words like ALA (wave), AMMA (mother), AMMAN which, in Tamil, means both father and uncle are noticed in Tamil and Egyptian. ULA (to possess), UDAI (dress) may also be referred to as common words.

What is equally noteworthy is that the formation of the plural (for expressing a multitude) by repeating the same noun is common to Tamil and Egyptian, like the word PARPALA (many).

As in the case of the widespread use of the words, Devas and Asuras, the word AAN, already referred to, may also be noticed. The Anus are supposed in the Puranas to be of *mlecha* tribes. In Persian, the worshippers of AAN were called Anareoi. The Anumins was also the name of an Egyptian tribe and the word occurs in the Bible, Genesis Ch. X, verse 13.

It may also be remembered that the Egyptians had a continuous tradition that they originally came from a land which they called Punt. Until recently, this was thought to be Somaliland but it is now being identified with Socotra, a halting place for the migrants from India. The Pharaonic usage of a girl marrying a maternal uncle and a sister marrying a brother seems to have been an ancient custom observed by certain communities both in India and in Egypt.

The Pharaohs, the rulers of Egypt, were almost obliged to marry their sisters and it is useful in this connection to remember the 10th Mandala of the *Rig Veda* where, in a conversation between Yama and his sister Yami, this practice of marrying one's sister is referred to and condemned. In the Buddhist *Dighanikaya,* it is stated that the founder of the Sakya dynasty married his own sister, and Professor Rajwade has collected many instances of such marriages beginning with the marriage of Daksha and his sister. Also in the *Mahabharata,* Adiparva, Pandu explains to his wife, Kunti, in relation to Draupadi's marriage with the five brothers that the marriage of brother and sister was the custom of certain ages and countries and he adds the argument that these usages were followed by birds and beasts who are "free from passion".

The God Min in Egypt was the original form of Ammon, the Lord of Heaven and was the Menes of the Greeks. It means shining and is the equivalent of MIN in Tamil which also means shining and occurs in such words as MINNAL which, in Tamil, means both light and lightning. The word became modified into 'Minos' in Crete.

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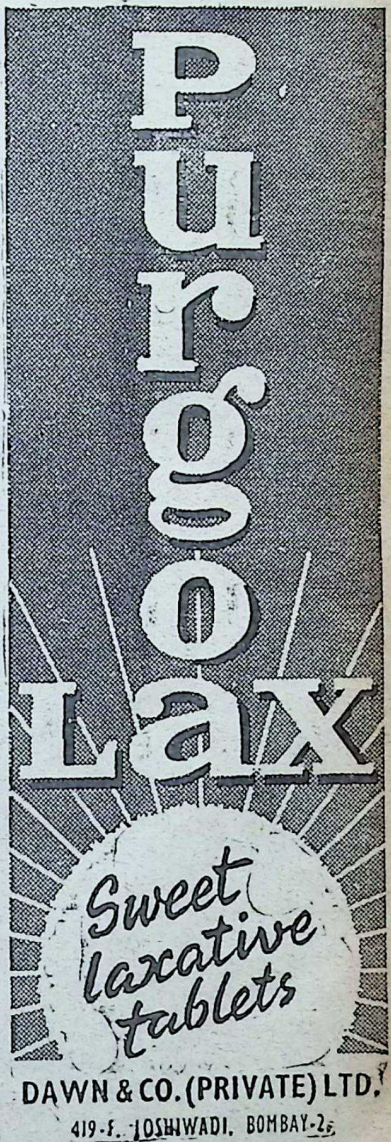
Whether or not the migrations of the Dravidians reached the Mediterranean shores and whether or not the Phoenicians were really the Pani tribes referred to in the *Rig Veda* as claimed by recent investigators, it is curious that in an instruction of the Pharaoh of the 9th dynasty to his son, he describes the country of the origin of the Egyptians and refers to its numerous trees, many rivers and mountains.

Patala is described as the realm of the Nagas in Puranic literature. In ancient Egyptian literature, Patala, the port of their origin, is described as situated far to the East and in a delta formed by the branches of many rivers and covered with trees. Could it be the Indus as surmised by some recent writers?

What has been attempted in the foregoing paragraphs is not the formulation of any theory nor even the suggestion of a possible solution to the problems of Dravidian racial and linguistic origins and of Aryan and Dravidian contacts. These problems have only recently received scientific attention from Indian and Western savants. It is essential that isolated labours in the fields of philology, semantics, the decipherment of seals and inscriptions and the analysis of Puranic and pristine legends and traditions should be correlated and a comparative study attempted of Aryan, Dravidian, Mesopotamian, Cretan and Egyptian data.

"DAKSHIN BHARAT YATRA" continuation will appear in the next issue.—*Ed.*



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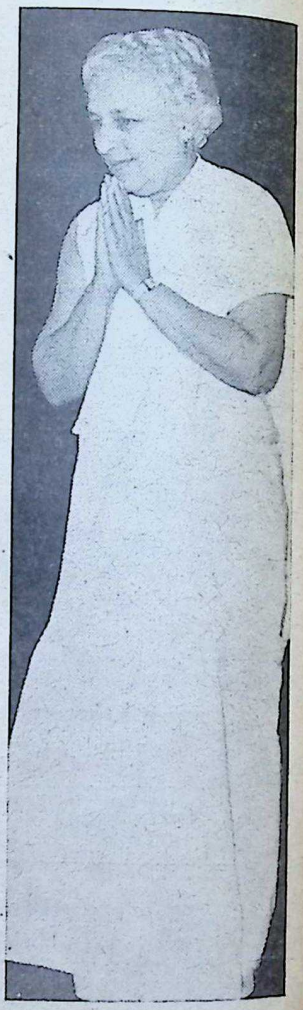

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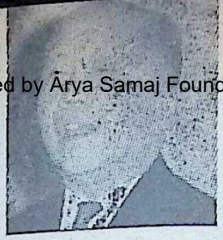
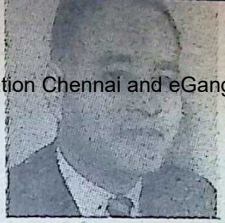


Gen. Romulo



Ralph Bunche

Adlai Stevenson

the war. There was Field-Marshal Smuts of South Africa, the author of the beautiful and meaningful Preamble to the U.N. Charter which begins: "We, the people of the United Nations....."

Contrary to my expectations he was a slight figure—distinguished in his bearing and the manner of his speech. He was my opponent in the debate on the question of discrimination of people of Indian origin in the Union of South Africa, in which India secured a two-third majority vote against South Africa. Field-Marshal Smuts was a personal friend of Mahatma Gandhi and when I was leaving India for the U.N., Bapuji said to me: "I do not mind if you do not score any victories, but I shall be very sad if you make an enemy of Field-Marshal Smuts." With these instructions ringing in my ears I went up to the Field-Marshal after the final vote had been taken and begged him to forgive me if I had, by my speech or conduct, done anything which was below the level of India's greatness. He looked at me sadly and held my hand in both of his: "My child" (he was in his early eighties), he said, "I have admired the way you conducted yourself but you have won a hollow victory today." He has been proved right, for in spite of the achievement of that Session and many following ones, the position has deteriorated each year and the discrimination India complained against is now a hundredfold worse—an affront alike to human dignity and the noble promise of the U.N. Charter.

Since that day I have attended several sessions of the U.N. General Assembly and there has been opportunity to meet all those whose names command banner headlines in the Press. Some became friends, others remained acquaintances, but with all there was occasion to discuss world issues and enlarge one's own experience from their views. It was a most rewarding time. Among those who stand out in my mind is Monsieur Speak of Belgium. I did not agree with his political views but like many others I was deeply appreciative of his eloquence—each word carefully chosen and the whole speech a piece of literature for all time. His physical resemblance to Churchill was amazing as also his oratory. There was General Romulo—another man whose eloquence could sway audiences and whom one did not forget even if one did not always agree with him! Ralph Bunche is another outstanding man, whose work has been publicly recognised. He is wholly dedicated to the U.N.

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Lester Pearson

Sig. Belaunde

Dag Hammarskjold

Mrs. Roosevelt

There was Adlai Stevenson, the controversial American Chief Delegate, with whose speeches and books the English reading world is familiar. Even though our views on Kashmir are not identical, he is a friend I value. Lester Pearson, the present Prime Minister of Canada, does not indulge in oratory but what he says makes so much sense and he expresses his views skilfully and with persuasion. Many difficult situations have been saved by his wisdom and tact and his Presidentship of the U.N. was a most successful one. Signor Belaunde of Peru has, from the beginning, been the star-turn of the General Assembly. He speaks in his beautiful Spanish with many undulations of the voice and gestures of the hands. He is now in his late seventies but still as able to hold the attention of the Assembly as he ever was. Vyshinsky of the Soviet Union, whose brilliance and ability stood head and shoulders above most delegates, was an outstanding figure. It is a pity he represented his country at a period when hostility on all sides was at its worst.

Gradually a new element has been introduced and with the appearance of the young vital African leaders, new patterns are being set in debate and discussion. When one of these young men goes up to the podium attention is focussed on what he has to say. Among several others the delegate of Guinea is both magnetic and able. The Foreign Minister of Nigeria is not only a colourful figure but also a powerful influence. There are so many, space does not permit recalling them all. Last but not least Dag Hammarskjold, the late Secretary General of the U.N., whose tragic death in the Congo left the U.N. much poorer. His successor U Thant, of whom all Asians have reason to be proud, is carrying on Hammarskjold's tradition.

When President Roosevelt died I had been in New York and though I had not had an opportunity of meeting him, I had been received at the White House by Mrs. Roosevelt. It was an interesting and unforgettable experience. At home we are so status conscious in spite of all the teachings of Bapuji—here I saw the wife of the President of the United States of America behaving naturally, normally like any average housewife. Being war time the lunch was a sim-

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Harry Truman

Winston Churchill

Earl Atlee

"Monty"

ple affair. Several grand-children were staying with Mrs. Roosevelt and she suddenly discovered that a dish ordered for a particular child had not been made. Without any fuss, she excused herself, went into the nearby pantry and quickly made up the special dish and brought it to the child, apologising to me and explaining that the child's health demanded this particular kind of diet. In everything she did, Eleanor Roosevelt had the rare quality of giving herself to her work. She was neither beautiful nor well dressed—her voice was harsh and yet when in her presence one was immediately conscious of greatness for she leavened her work with a fine spiritual yeast. I consider myself fortunate in having had her friendship —of all the things she accomplished, I think her work for Human Rights was her greatest achievement.

President Truman was the President under whom I served my term as India's Ambassador in Washington. There was nothing spectacular about him but his determination to do his best and his great courage compelled admiration. He was and is simple and friendly and most unassuming. Again space does not permit mention of many other Americans one has known and admired.

My term in the Soviet Union coincided with the Stalin era. It was a difficult period. Russia was undergoing a change. The friendships of the war period were giving place to suspicion and antagonism. The containment theory of America was soon to be put in practice and military blocs were being formed and the cold war started. I never had the opportunity of meeting Stalin for some unspecified reason. He was supposed to be rather ill for a long time and gave no interviews. I did meet other high dignitaries—Molotov and Vyshinsky, both of whom I had come to know at the U.N., but with both of whom one could not develop any sort of relationship owing to prevailing conditions. One happy memory of Moscow is my meeting with Alexandra Kollantai. This lady had been Russia's Ambassador to Norway, Sweden and Mexico—the first woman ever to hold such a post. She was most beautiful, spoke six languages and had filled her diplomatic posts with great distinction. When I met her she was 80 years old but still

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De Valera

Gen. De Gaulle

Dr. Adenauer

Gen. Franco

Adviser on Foreign Affairs to the Foreign office.

London is full of memories and many names stand out—only a few can be mentioned—Churchill of course—I had seen him from the gallery in the House of Commons on visits to England and hated him in a most un-Gandhian manner. My first meeting with him was in 1954 when I spent a day at his country home as his guest. In no time at all I found myself succumbing to his charm. In his old age he has become retrospective as is often the case and in between other topics he would come back to India and tell me the various mistakes he thought had been made by the British in earlier days. I had just heard of the birth of my third grandson in Tokyo and Sir Winston insisted on a Champagne celebration even though Lady Churchill tried her best to remind him that India followed a dry policy and it might be embarrassing. "Nonsense", he said and waved away the argument. Lord Attlee is the opposite in every sense to Churchill. One hardly notices him and yet one doesn't forget him either. His sound common sense is one of his outstanding characteristics and has stood him and India in good stead.

"Monty" Lord Montgomery is another man different to what I expected him to be. For an Englishman he has abstemious habits—he eats little and does not drink or smoke—he is precise in his language—firm in his views and rather intolerant of criticism. I remember an amusing lunch at my Embassy when he came to ask me for information on China but never gave me a chance to speak!

Jennie Lee, the widow of Aneurin Bevan, was a firebrand in her youth and still retains the old spark. She is a fine woman dedicated to the Socialist cause and a good friend of India.

There is the Dowager Lady Reading —a woman who has done a most remarkable piece of work for England through the Women's Voluntary Service which is as effective in peace time as it was in war. Lady Reading's fine leadership is entirely responsible for this.

The President of the Republic of Ireland, Mr. de Valera, is well-known in India. He has been our friend for many a decade. He is now an old gentleman of nearly 80 and is hampered by fail-

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ing eyesight but his interest in the world remains undiminished and for his recreation he turns to Mathematics and Sanskrit. No less a person is the last President of Ireland, Sean T. O'Kelly. A most colourful and lovable personality who spent many years in jail and whose conversation is interspersed with humorous and sometimes sad stories of an unhappy page in history.

President de Gaulle and Chancellor Adenauer have also honoured me by receiving me. President de Gaulle's exterior is more forbidding than his manner of speaking. I had been told to expect *le roi-soleil* but he was charming, affable and most interesting.

The ex-Chancellor of West Germany belongs to another type, for he is very much older than any other political figure but is extremely careful to appear younger. He was direct and to the point in his talk and little time was wasted on the usual preliminaries.

General Franco is certainly not among my favourites but I have served India in Spain and met him several times. He is a small man and speaks quietly though firmly. To hear him talk one would imagine he was wholly pledged to democracy but alas his actions do not conform to the words he speaks.

One could go on and on but time and space do not permit. A large part of my life has been lived among the kind of men and women I have attempted to describe but among the smaller people with whom I have been privileged to work there are many who are content to work quietly. It is such people whose contribution adds up to a nation's greatness. □

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> Democracy arose from men thinking that if they are equal in any respect they are equal in all respects.
>
> —*Aristotle*

Democracy and the Individual

Dr. Karan Singh

THERE are many definitions of democracy, but all of them reflect certain basic and essential concepts—that it is a form of Government which allows the maximum freedom within law to its citizens; that it is responsive to public opinion and allows it to choose the people who run the Government; and that it is irrevocably committed to the dignity of the individual.

These concepts are the bedrock of the Constitution that free India gave herself after careful deliberation, and it is therefore important that all of us should understand the basis of our political system, realize the benefits that accrue to us as citizens of a democratic State and also be fully aware of the responsibilities that necessarily flow therefrom.

It is axiomatic that rights and responsibilities go together in a democracy; a system where there are rights without responsibilities would soon degenerate into anarchy, while one which imposes responsibilities without giving any rights would be oppressive and intolerable.

Let us study this a little more closely.

In a democracy there is freedom of speech, but that cannot mean the freedom to slander fellow citizens or preach violence.

There is freedom of assembly, but those who assemble must ensure that their gathering does not disrupt the life of the community or trespass upon the rights of others.

There is freedom of expression, but the press and platform must function with a sense of responsibility and fairness.

Thus every right in a democracy carries with it a built-in responsibility, and we cannot in all fairness expect to enjoy the one without accepting the necessity of the other.

This does not mean that freedom in a democracy is a warped, constrict-

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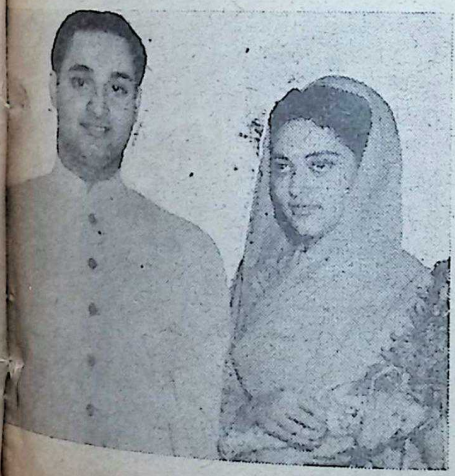
ed thing. Indeed without limitations imposed upon anarchic freedom it would not be possible for the individual to enjoy his democratic right at all.

It is only when freedoms are lost that one realizes their real value, and the fact that as citizens of a democratic State we can move about freely, express divergent opinions and expect to enjoy complete equality before the law is something the value of which we should appreciate.

I may turn now to secularism, which is fundamental to Indian democracy. India has for centuries been the home of varied religious practices and beliefs. Hindus and Muslims, Buddhists and Jains, Christians and Sikhs, Parsis and free-thinkers, all have lived together and have made valuable contributions to our national culture and heritage.

Jammu and Kashmir State itself is in miniature an illustration of this unity in diversity, where all communities live together in happy harmony.



Dr. Karan Singh and his wife.

In this context the question of religious freedom becomes very significant. Complete freedom of religious worship and activity is one of the main foundations of our multi-religious society, and to this the Constitution has combined the directive that the State as such will not be linked to any particular religion. This is the true significance of secularism; not that the State is irreligious but that it is impartial as between the various religions that its citizens profess.

However, here again the advantage of living in a secular democratic State carries with it the responsibility not to exploit religion for political purposes. Those who seek to do so serve neither religion nor politics.

The essence of religion, to my mind, is the mystic and ineffable communion between the human being and the Supreme Spirit that permeates the Universe, call it by whatever name you will. Around this nexus are various customs and practices hallowed by tradition which should certainly be strengthened. But once the harsh and controversial blast of politics enters the realm of religion, the real essence of the spiritual quest tends to get diluted and lost in the noisy clamour of political activity. This is a fact which deserves to be kept in mind, specially by those who have a real interest in and reverence for religion.

In a democracy political freedom by itself is not enough. It is essential that we must press forward towards economic emancipation, so that every

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human being living in our nation is assured of a reasonable modicum of economic comfort. This is a tremendous task, but here again the individual has a very important role to play in a democracy. By working hard and making his maximum contribution towards the national effort, and at the same time isolating anti-social elements who may try to exploit society for their personal aggrandizement, the individual citizens can strengthen the efforts of government to improve the economic condition of the community.

To sum up, therefore, we may say that while the rights and advantages enjoyed by citizens in a democratic government are superior to those in any other form of polity, the democratic system also lays more responsibilities upon the individual to ensure that those freedoms are not misused.

An alert and responsible body of citizens actively co-operating in the tasks of nation-building is thus the best guarantee for the success of the democratic system of government.

We require a public opinion that is quick to point out deficiencies and shortcomings in the governmental machinery, but which at the same time is equally swift in opposing any elements which may seek to misuse the democratic system or subvert our secular base.

It is said that constant vigilance is the price of freedom.

It can be said with equal truth that constant awareness of our responsibilities is the price of democracy.

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Hinduism...is really a way of life evolved through development, insisting on certain principles which ensure decency and a certain standard of life...compendiously called Dharma...

Search for a Way of Life

J. M. SHELAT
[*Chief Justice of Gujarat*]

THE past has always fascinated man and led different minds to diverse interpretations of historical events. It is for this reason that histories though written in one age and rewritten in another age have never failed to evoke interest. So great a mind as our late Prime Minister discovered India while looking into her past, and saw mirrored before him the motherland with her head in the snowy peaks of Himalayas, her feet in the southern tip gracefully tapering into the Indian ocean and her hands stretched far away towards Saurashtra in the west and the sacred waters of the Ganga and Brahmaputra and beyond in the east. The very names of the Himalayas, the Ganga, the Jamuna and the Brahmaputra echo mystery and create spell of the Infinite and the permanent and abiding truth.

When we talk about heritage, we mean the legacy which we have inherited from the past, not merely the physical instruments of life but those permanent values touching the intellect and the spirit of man, the civilisation, the machinery and the organisation that our ancestors created so that culture may flourish and man's intellect may produce all that is best in him. It is the standard of culture that distinguishes one civilisation from the other and the degree of creativeness of culture existing in that civilisation marks out the superiority or the inferiority of such civilisation over the others.

History after all is a record of the march of civilisations; kings and princes, warriors and statesmen, fleeting from time to time through its pages are of momentary significance. What is of abiding interest in history is the study of how man lived and flourished or how he forged the fab-

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ric and the organisation of society so that those living within it can give their best and of how such civilisations were created and of how one civilisation, more extensive, more vital, replaced a preceding one, less vital and therefore, weaker. The law of history, as the law of biology, is evolution and growth and the survival of the fittest.

The first and the foremost impression that a student of our history receives is that of the several civilisations which existed in ancient times, whereas most of them have vanished and disappeared, ours is the only one that has survived and that too not in a decadent form but full of vigour and vitality. Such a student must feel amazed at the continuity of Indian civilisation commencing from the dark and unrecorded ages to the modern times, despite the fact that the country had to pass through numerous invasions, destructions and pestilences. One would naturally ask himself the reasons which have sustained its vitality, preserved the Indian way of life, which marks out and distinguishes it from the way of life of other countries.

Is it a mere historical accident that unlike Europe, which divided itself into separate kingdoms, some small and some extensive, India has remained as one whole and in its entirety as a home of her people ever since immemorial times? Since the days of the Vedas and the Upanishads and even before, hordes of different creeds and races have poured into this country, each with its own religion, its own philosophy, its own customs and beliefs. In spite of the existence of such heterogeneous elements, India has tried to bring about a sense of unity by a continuous process of synthesis, reconciliation and readjustment, so that it may remain one and not be separated into fissiparous elements. Each fresh incursion found the indigenous population so flexible and comprehensive that without breaking the historical continuity, the new element got absorbed, revitalising the old and adding richness and complexity to the existing. Whatever, therefore, our way of life is; the arts and crafts we have created; the institutions, political, social and economical, that exist and above all, the craftsmanship India has brought to bear in fabricating the Indian way of life are as a result of admixture of diverse elements, apparently conflicting and contradictory but essentially one and unified.

Geographical influences have directly worked to bring into existence those qualities in the men who lived in the country which enabled them to adjust themselves and to absorb those who came later. So that after a while, life went on in the same mould with a few changes here and there. Throughout our history there has been a constant and insistent endeavour towards unity and universality. The preservation of that unity and continuity would not however have been possible but for two factors. Up to a point in our history, those who came brought with them systems, which were less developed, not yet hardened and formulated, and, therefore, could be easily absorbed and merged. But the other factor,

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equally important, was the spirit of tolerance, begot as a result of geographical determinants.

Waves after waves of foreign elements, new tribes and new races poured into this country, trying to find an economic life in the plains of India, easier than in the steppes of the Turko-Asian countries in the West and in the North, necessarily leading to constant changes in the social fabric and the balance of power, inducing in the people a spirit of tolerance and a spirit of live and let live. The vastness of the country and the easy and comfortable means of life, the absence of struggle and rivalry of life, amplitude of cultivable land, forests and mountains dividing one part from the other and making large tracks inaccessible to the others, helped the survival of the old way of life, of continuity and of gradual development and permitted time to absorb the new elements. There was, therefore, no necessity for the new races to destroy the old, for they did not have to struggle and fight for their existence and to demolish the indigenous. Thus, whereas the Europeans tried to solve the question of racial and cultural diversity by extermination as in America and Australia and by slavery in Africa, the Indians tried to integrate the many different races which entered the country from time to time into one social whole and find room for the different stages of civilisation which they represented within one cultural unity.

The spirit of tolerance and the attempt to absorb and to unite are visible in the division of the population into four occupational classes, each with its own functions and duties. The system of the four divisions was perhaps invented as a defensive measure against the new elements and to allow them to get merged into one or the other division according to the cadre and standard of life they brought with them. The artisan got absorbed with the artisan, the intellectual with the intellectual, the warrior with the warrior and the merchant with the merchant, adding strength both in number and quality to the division in which he merged and gradually settling down with the rest in that division. Though the system has lost its usefulness now, it is difficult to find any such organisation elsewhere, which served to lessen the shock of the impact of the intrusion, to reduce the force of aggression of the newcomer and to diminish his spirit of violence and struggle.

Hinduism was never a creed, never a narrow system of theology, insisting on the acceptance of a dogma as a condition precedent to entry within its fold. Hence it never attempted conversions either individually or in mass. It is really a way of life evolved through development insisting only on certain principles, which ensure decency and a certain standard of life and which compendiously are called tenets of *Dharma*. Though they are laws, they are wider in scope and in extent than mere secular laws, covering social, political, hygienic and economic aspects of life. They survived and were accepted because they were not imposed by any sovereign political authority but were rooted

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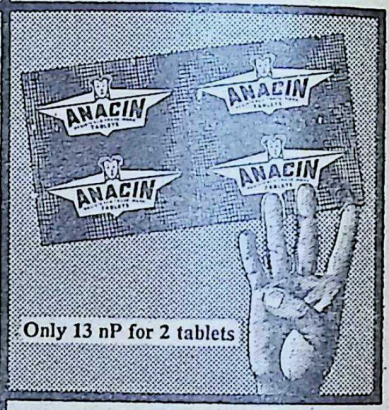

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in custom and acceptance of the people. They were promulgated not by a king or a political oligarchy, but were evolved in the minds of venerable men who lived isolated in forests and in hermitages and who had no ambition of domination except the one of raising the standards of life. They were accepted by the masses with veneration because they emanated from venerable men and were the result of brooding for centuries in the depths of forests and in the heights of mountains. There was, therefore, easy acceptance of them and they raised no problem of law and order.

The insistence on synthesis and unity is best illustrated by the events which took place at two of the biggest invasions of India, one at the beginning of our recognised history and the other during the mediaeval ages. Till recently the Aryans were considered as the earliest invaders of India and it was widely held that when they came, the country was in an uncivilised and barbarous stage. Modern research has however pushed back our civilisation upto about 3000 B.C. making our civilisation at least five thousand years old. Excavations at Mohenjo-Daro and Harappa have proved that long before the Aryans arrived, there existed a well-settled civilisation of a high degree of maturity, known popularly as the Indus Valley Civilisation. It is the first recognisable civilisation representing the initial stage of our culture. Its influence has persisted till today as some of the religious beliefs of those times are current even in the present day. This civilisation however was not confined to the Indus Valley, for, the more recent researches have disclosed that it extended right upto Lothal. Historians are now agreed that that civilisation existed as far back as 3000 B.C. and the fact that it had already attained considerable maturity shows that it dated even much earlier than 3000 B.C.

It is said that the Aryans started coming into India through the north-west corridor around 2000 B.C. They came not in one invasion, but trickled in small numbers for several decades. They were a pastoral people and cattle seemed to be their main wealth. But they were aggressive and warlike and had an advantage over the people residing in Indus Valley, for, they were horsemen and held superiority in the art of war. These two advantages made their invasion and conquest of the north possible. They settled down in villages and began to develop the mode of rural life which fundamentally has remained unchanged till today. But just as they changed the structure of life then prevailing, they too in their turn were influenced by the life of the indigenous people. Belief in God and the Vedas, the doctrine of transmigration of the soul were their principal tenets and they are still the main tenets of a Hindu. The occupational division of society into four main divisions and the four stages in the life of the individual are doctrines to which we still tenaciously cling. By the time the two epics were written—*Ramayana* and *Mahabharata*—their influence had pervaded throughout the country except in the extreme south.

[*To be concluded in the next issue*]

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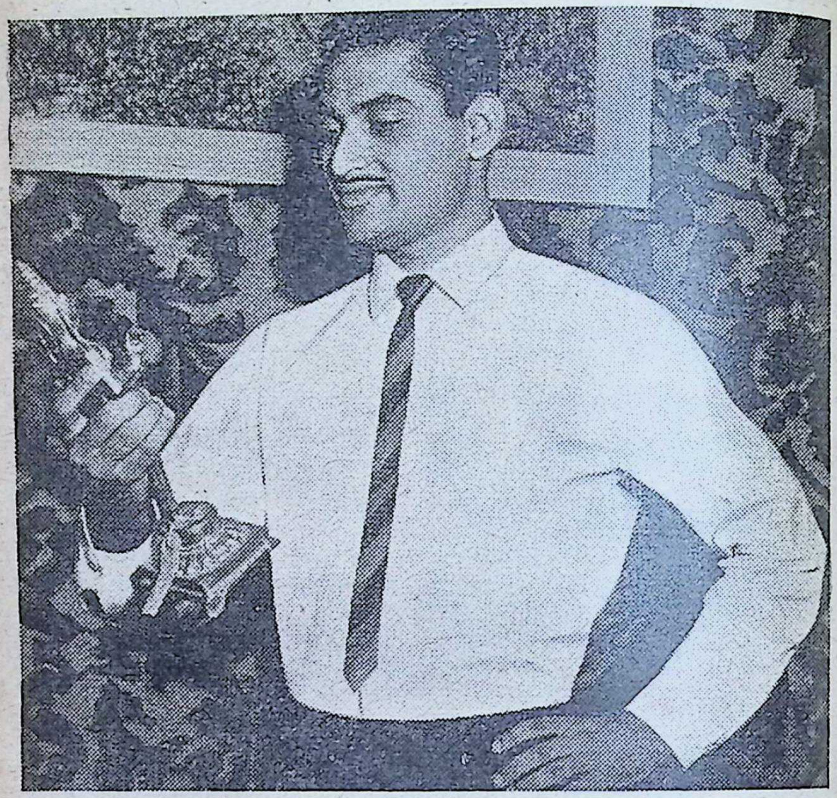

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Advent of Independence: FINAL PHASE

V. P. MENON

Sri V. P. Menon was the Constitutional Adviser to the last three British Governors-General; and in that capacity he participated in all the negotiations leading to the Transfer of Power. Later he was Secretary and Adviser to the States Ministry and played a significant role in the integration of princely States. He retired as Governor of Orissa.—Ed.

IT was on August 15, 1947 that Britain relinquished her hold on India which stepped on to a new road of freedom and endeavour. Yet even strong hearts with abounding optimism must have quailed at the complexity of the Indian problem and the insuperable difficulties that confronted its solution only a few months before the actual Transfer of Power. It looked as though the country was racing down the steep precipice of chaos and anarchy.

In order to understand the situation as it prevailed at the beginning of 1947, it is necessary to go back a little.

Towards the end of the Second World War, the Congress and the Muslim League had emerged as the two major political parties in the country; others, though vociferous, had little hold on the people. The Congress had been fighting for independence for many years and in 1942 had called upon Britain to 'Quit India'. The Muslim League was not behind the Congress in demanding freedom; but it wanted that the Muslim-majority provinces of the Punjab, Sind, North-West Frontier and Baluchistan on the West and Bengal and Assam on the East should be constituted into a separate, sovereign State of Pakistan before Britain left India. Many attempts were made to bridge the gulf; but they proved fruitless.

At the end of the war in Europe, a general election was held in Britain and the Labour Party was voted to

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"When the world sleeps, India awakes to life and freedom." The historic midnight session of the Constituent Assembly, August 14, 1947, when India became Independent. In the middle Lord Mountbatten and Lady Edwina Mountbatten. Left: V. P. Menon, Rajendra Prasad, Jawaharlalji. Right. Sardar Patel, Mauiana Azad Shyama Prasad Mukherjee.

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power. Clement (later Earl) Attlee became Prime Minister and Lord Pethick-Lawrence, the Secretary of State for India. In December 1945, elections for the Central Assembly were held in India under the Montagu-Chelmsford franchise and for the provincial assemblies under the 1935 franchise. The Congress and the League gained sweeping victories, reducing all other parties to insignificance. Only in the North-West Frontier did the League encounter a real check.

Attlee now took the initiative and in March 1946 sent a mission of three cabinet ministers—Lord Pethick-Lawrence, Sir Stafford Cripps and A. V. Alexander—to India to discuss with the Viceroy and the Indian leaders the principles of a new constitution and the procedure for devising it. The Cabinet Mission declared that they had come with no plan; but their efforts to accommodate the League demand for Pakistan along with the Congress demand for a united India led logically to the idea of sub-federations within an all-India federation. The League was persuaded to accept it when it was told that any insistence on total separation would get it only Muslim-majority districts whereas the sub-federation plan could give it provinces.

A Constituent Assembly was to be elected to frame the Federal Constitution and a cumbrous procedure was laid down for drafting the provincial and group constitutions. An interim government was to be set up at the centre. For the moment it looked as though both the parties had accepted the Cabinet Mission Plan. But in

On this day of dedication, our thoughts go out to our late Prime Minister Jawaharlal Nehru.

Ushering in the Hour of Independence Sri Jawaharlal Nehru told the Constituent Assembly on the midnight of August 14, 1947:

"A moment comes, which comes but rarely in history, when we step out from the old to the new, when an age ends and when the soul of a nation, long suppressed, finds utterance. It is fitting that at the solemn moment we take the pledge of dedication to the service of India and her people and to the still larger cause of humanity."

On the following day August 15, 1947, he told us in a broadcast message:

"It has been my privilege to serve India and the cause of India's freedom for many years. Today I address you for the first time officially as the First Servant of the Indian people, pledged to their service and their betterment."

—Ed.

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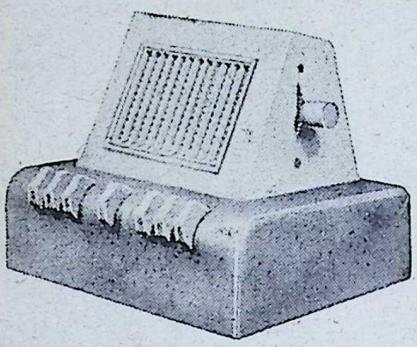

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July, Jawaharlal Nehru who had just become the Congress President gave, what I considered at the time and as events have proved, a most unfortunate press interview; he stated impulsively that the provinces would be free to refuse to enter the groups or sub-federations. This was clearly contrary to the understanding upon which the League had accepted the Plan; and both Sir Stafford Cripps and Lord Pethick-Lawrence hastened to deny the interpretation of Nehru.

But the Muslim League was not mollified; and when its Council met in Bombay on July 27, Jinnah accused the Cabinet Mission of bad faith and of having played into the hands of the Congress. The League Council withdrew its acceptance of the Cabinet Mission Plan and authorised its Working Committee to draw up a plan of Direct Action and called upon all its members to renounce any titles they had received from the Government.

It also repudiated its agreement to enter the proposed interim Government, declaring that it had been promised parity of representation with the Congress. This claim was untrue, but the League certainly gained a point by Nehru's open repudiation of the grouping clauses. In any case, the League had always made it clear that it accepted the Cabinet Mission Plan with its sub-federations as the basis of Pakistan, and it is quite certain that had the scheme not broken down before it started, it would have done so at some later stage.

The League launched its Direct Action with a day of meetings and demonstrations on August 16, 1946. The League provincial governments declared that day a holiday, and in Calcutta, Muslim rowdies were armed on a considerable scale. There was a massacre on the 16th, which provoked the Hindus into arming themselves and they hit back on the following days. In all, about five thousand were killed and 15,000 injured before order could be restored.

Having regard to the League's rejection of the Plan, the Viceroy constituted the interim Government without League members. It contained Congressmen and some non-party individuals, and was sworn-in on the 2nd September, 1946. But soon after that, the Viceroy visited Calcutta, and was deeply impressed by the horrors of the League's Direct Action. Meanwhile, though tension had increased everywhere, there had been no serious outbreaks. He therefore decided to bring the League into the interim Government and this was carried out by the end of October, despite the declaration of the Cabinet Mission that entry into the Executive Council was contingent upon the acceptance of the Plan.

However, the League had not changed its attitude; it had merely decided to non-co-operate from within. When the Constituent Assembly met in December, the League members did not attend. The Viceroy and the British Government tried again to bridge the gap. They asked Nehru and Jinnah to meet them in London, and obtained legal opinion on the meaning of the grouping clause, but it was of no avail.

When the A.I.C.C. met in January 1947 at Bombay and carried a

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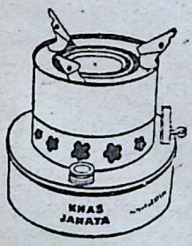

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resolution that the representatives of Assam, Sind, Baluchistan and North-West Frontier Province should not be bound to enter their respective groups. The League replied with a resolution claiming that the Congress had not accepted the British Government's interpretation of the grouping clause, and that it was wrong to proceed with the Constituent Assembly without the Muslim representatives, and calling upon the Government to admit the failure of the Cabinet Mission Plan.

The Congress leaders then demanded the removal of the League members from the interim Government, and there were hints that if this was not done they would themselves resign.

His Majesty's Government decided on making a desperate effort to solve the problem. It replaced Wavell by Lord Mountbatten, and announced on the 20th February 1947 that it would transfer power to Indian hands by June 1948. Cripps explained, "We shall be forced to choose the most appropriate government or governments to which to hand over power. It might be the then existing provincial governments or some form of combined government for parts of India."

Mountbatten's instructions, however, were to try to obtain a unitary government for British India and the States, through a Constituent Assembly set up in accordance with the Cabinet Mission Plan, but if by the 1st October 1947 he found that there was no prospect of a settlement being reached in that way, he was to report on what he considered should be done to hand over power by June 1948. Mountbatten arrived in March 1947.

There had already been serious disorders in East Bengal and later in Bihar, and trouble was now spreading to the Punjab and the North-West Frontier Province.

Mountbatten therefore decided that the time-table laid down for the transfer of power must be shortened. He also realised that there was no prospect of progress through the Cabinet Mission Plan. He concluded that he must fall back on the alternative provided for in the statement of the 20th February, and on the 2nd of May he sent two of his staff to London with his draft plan. This was to transfer power to the Provincial Governments, leaving them to come together to form a Central Government if and when they chose. The Princely States would also be free to make such arrangements as they wished in these conditions.

I was familiar with all that had been decided, and was strongly opposed to this solution. It had dangerous implications. It was a direct invitation to Jinnah's intransigence to stand out and form a separate state with the Muslim-majority Provinces, and it was an encouragement to the big Indian States like Hyderabad to stand out for independence. In the circumstances of that time, with people in a state of great commotion, many of whom were armed, it was an invitation to sheer anarchy.

I had long before come to the conclusion that in actual practice the Cabinet Mission Plan would not work and had sketched an alternative and had obtained Sardar Patel's tentative approval for it. This plan was that partition, including the parti-

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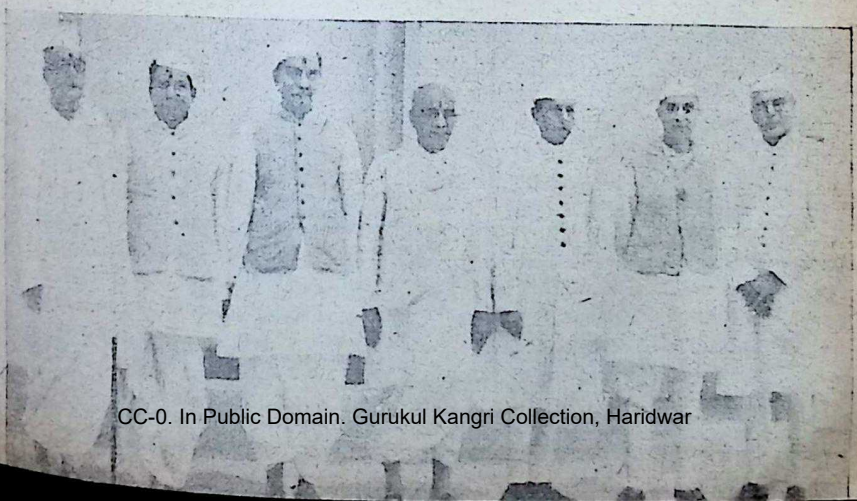
tion of the Punjab, Bengal and Assam, should be accepted first, and the two Central Governments of India and Pakistan should come into existence, each being responsible to its Constituent Assembly. India should then agree to accept Dominion Status.

Jinnah had always made it clear that Pakistan would be a Dominion, thus further increasing his bargaining power. If Congress had said that India would accept Dominion Status even temporarily, it would straightaway have strengthened its bargaining position. It would ensure a peaceful transfer of power with the goodwill of Britain, and would enable India to retain and obtain the services of British civil and, more particularly, armed forces officers, whom she would need for the transitional period.

I made clear to the Viceroy's advisers my objections to their proposal, and told them that I could not go before my countrymen as one associated with it, and that if it were finally accepted I would resign. Lady Edwina Mountbatten, who was a good and true friend of India, heard that difficulties had arisen and asked me to meet her. I explained to her the situation, and she advised me against any hasty action, but told me that the Viceroy and Nehru were going to Simla shortly, and that I should take that opportunity of putting my arguments before them in that calmer atmosphere.

I went to Simla and explained to the Viceroy my objections to his plan and the advantages of my alternative plan. He suggested that I should discuss it with Nehru and ascertain his views in the matter. If Nehru was favourably impressed with it, the alternative plan would serve as "a second string to our bow". I was however enjoined by the Viceroy not to reveal the character of his plan.

First Interim Cabinet, September 2, 1946. (L. to R.): Sarat Chandra Bose, Jagjivan Ram, Rajendra Prasad, Sardar, Asaf Ali, Jawaharlal Nehru and Syed Ali Zaheer. Photo taken at Bhangi Colony, New Delhi, after taking Gandhiji's blessings en route to Viceregal Lodge.



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When I met Nehru, I was in an embarrassing situation, as I could not tell him of the Viceroy's plan, nor of Sardar Patel's approval of my plan. However, I explained to Nehru my scheme for the transfer of power, and I felt that his reaction was certainly favourable.

The Secretary of State now communicated the Cabinet's approval of the Viceroy's plan in a modified form. In the normal course, the Viceroy would have placed this before a meeting of the party leaders. In fact, in anticipation of the Cabinet's approval, such a meeting had already been summoned to meet a week later. But then Mountbatten had a 'hunch', as he afterwards said: he would show the plan privately to Nehru and see what he thought of it. This he did, and as I anticipated, Nehru reacted most strongly against it, and declared that the Congress would never accept it. I was unaware of this, but when I met Nehru the following day, I found him quite upset. I spoke, but he appeared to pay no attention.

I was saved from further embarrassment by an urgent summons from the Viceroy to see him at once. He also was in an unusual state of agitation. He told me that he had shown the plan to Nehru, who had reacted violently against it; if he had put it before a full meeting of the party leaders the result would have been disastrous. I then argued that all was not lost: he could try my plan, which had a chance of success. Mountbatten now agreed that that was the only way. He agreed to meet Nehru at once.

This meeting was attended, besides the Viceroy and Nehru, by Sir Eric Mieville and myself. The Viceroy asked me to explain my plan, which I did in great detail. Nehru's reaction was not unfavourable, but he said that he would not commit himself without a written draft.

Nehru was to leave Simla that evening, so I had only the afternoon in which to draw up a draft. I did so, and that evening Sir Eric Mieville came to my hotel and took it from me to show it to Mountbatten and then to Nehru. I dined with the Viceroy that night, and he was once more in his usual good spirits. He had shown the draft to Nehru, who told him that he was favourably impressed with the whole approach and that he would consult his colleagues. Meanwhile I had sent a special messenger at night by car to Sardar Patel in Delhi, acquainting him with all that had happened, so that he should be prepared when Nehru met him with the new proposal. The meeting of the party leaders was postponed for two weeks, and the Viceroy communicated the alternative plan to London.

The British Cabinet was now really puzzled and requested the Viceroy to come at once to London for consultations. But he delayed his departure to get the consent of the party leaders to the new plan. The Congress and the Sikhs gave their agreement in writing but Jinnah would not undertake to do more than nod. However, that sufficed: when the proposal was put before a formal meeting of the three groups of leaders, Jinnah duly nodded. Mountbatten then flew to London, taking me with him, and

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after very brief consultations he obtained the consent of the Cabinet. The Cabinet made a few changes and the para relating to Dominion Status was rewritten by Sir Stafford Cripps.

Viceroy Mountbatten came back to Delhi, and on the 2nd June met the representatives of the three parties and placed before them the plan in its complete form as approved by the British Cabinet. They accepted it, and the next day it was announced in the British Parliament by Prime Minister Attlee. Churchill did not create any difficulty.

Meanwhile communal tension was mounting higher and higher. Mountbatten was more strongly convinced than ever that if the transfer of power was not implemented quickly the situation would get out of control. The Services began to take sides, especially in the Punjab, and the army, the last instrument in the hands of Government to hold the situation, would also be contaminated by the communal virus. The Viceroy, in spite of very great practical difficulties in the way, decided to advance the date of handing over of power. If the idea had struck me at the time, I should have suggested the date for the transfer of power as 20th of August, the thirtieth anniversary of Edwin Montagu's momentous announcement that responsible government was the goal of British policy. However, it did not occur to me then and the date was fixed as the 15th of August, which I understand was considered by some as inauspicious.

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It has taken only a few paragraphs to summarise the events of the final phase, between the appointment of Mountbatten and the transfer of power, and looking back, everything that happened seems to follow automatically. But it did not seem automatic at the time. It was a period of constant and mounting tension and innumerable crises, and, but for Mountbatten's skilful handling, I do not know how we should have got through it. When he found out that the Congress would not accept his plan, he did not hesitate to switch over to the alternative. He showed great courage in dropping a plan which had been accepted by the British Cabinet and was supported by all the official forces in Delhi and Whitehall, not to speak of the Muslim League. I have reason to believe that if this new alternative plan suggested by me had not been accepted by the British Cabinet, he would have resigned.

With the transfer of power, the duties I had been performing as Constitutional Adviser to the Governor-General came to an end, and Sardar Patel selected me as the Secretary in charge of the newly formed Ministry of States. The Pakistan Ministry of States was in charge of Abdur Rab Nishtar and Ikramulla. The British Government had always insisted that it could not transfer its paramountcy to the new Dominions, so that technically the Indian States became independent on August 15, 1947. The Congress had opposed this theory, but the Muslim League supported it. However, the Viceroy had urged the

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rulers to enter into relations with one or the other Dominion according to contiguity and the communal character of their populations. Now Pakistan started flirting with some of the border States and also with States which had Muslim rulers. The first problem that faced the new Indian Ministry of States was how to keep the States on our side of the fence.

We adopted the following solution. We requested the rulers to accede on three subjects, namely, defence, external affairs and communications, without financial obligations, a proposition which I had suggested to Lord Linlithgow as the easiest way to establish a federation as envisaged in the 1935 Act. At the same time the rulers were asked to execute a Standstill Agreement covering all subjects of common interest. The negotiations with the rulers were left to Mountbatten by Sardar and Nehru and we succeeded in getting the accession of all the rulers except Hyderabad and two or three small States under Muslim rulers in Saurashtra. These were also eventually brought under the umbrella of the Indian Union.

The next step was to transform the hundreds of smaller States into viable units of the Union. The pattern was set when we integrated the Orissa States with the Province of Orissa, and the next step was the formation of a viable unit comprising all the States in Saurashtra. This pattern was followed throughout India. The States which were on the border or for other reasons could not be conveniently integrated with a Province were kept separate as Chief Commissioner's Provinces. Bigger States like Hyderabad and Mysore and the Unions of States were treated as Part B States, and the smaller ones as Part C States.

Meanwhile the other part of the work of completing the edifice of Independence was going on. The Constituent Assembly, which also functioned in the intervals of its work as the Union Parliament, spent two years on drawing up the Constitution, which was finally passed and came into force on 26th January 1950.

Thus India was completely unified and gave unto herself a Constitution of her own. What had been a dream for centuries, became a living reality.

Not the least among the British statesmen to whom we owe a great debt of gratitude for this happy consummation is Earl Attlee, whose modesty of expression conceals a firmness of purpose. As the Prime Minister of Great Britain at the time, it was he who, with infinite patience and understanding, nay, conviction, solidly supported Lord Mountbatten in the onerous task of transferring power to India.

Future generations of Indians will also remember the positive side of British rule. It cannot be said that the three decades from Montagu to Mountbatten was not devoid of all sentiments on the part of British statesmen to give India progressive self-government. British Rule gave to India administrative unity and continuity never before witnessed in our long and chequered history; it widened our mental horizon through English education and Western contact; it laid the firm foundation for the Rule of Law and democratic government.

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A Day with RABINDRANATH TAGORE

V. A. Sundaram

A SUNNY day in early spring—a smiling morn—beautiful children walking merrily under the flowering trees—some with Krishnachura blossoms in their ears. Tiny heads crowned with tender green leaves and white jasmines. Sal groves shine in the golden sunlight. Morning air is resonant with sweet voices. Birds commingling with children. Incomparable loveliness of Nature.

In the midst of young radiant faces, the Poet slowly and majestically enters. He is dressed in a long loose orange-coloured gown. Children with garlands greet Gurudev. Rabindranath Tagore is passionately fond of flowers. He sings:

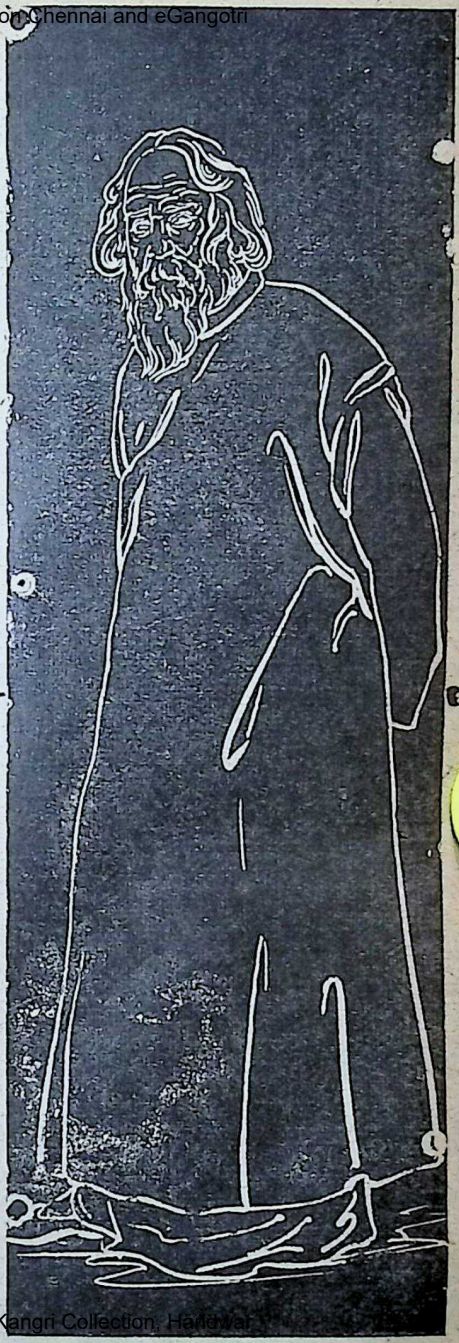
Ah these jasmines, these white jasmines!

I seem to remember the first day when I filled my hands with these jasmines, these white jasmines.

I have loved the sunlight, the sky and the green earth;

I have heard the liquid murmur of the river through the darkness of midnight;

Autumn sunsets have come to me at the bend of a road in the lonely waste, like a bride raising her veil to accept her lover.



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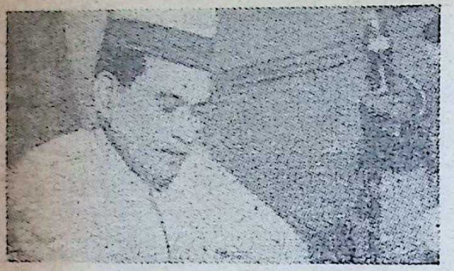

The Author

Yet my memory is still sweet with the first white jasmines that I held in my hands when I was a child.

Many a glad day has come in my life, and I have laughed with merry-makers on festival nights.

On grey mornings of rain I have crooned many an idle song.

I have worn round my neck the evening wreath of *bakulas* woven by the hand of love.

Yet my heart is sweet with the memory of the first fresh jasmines that filled my hands when I was a child.

Rabindranath blesses the assembly and sits Buddha-like amidst them with a face beaming with joy. Sun shines on the Poet's brow. What a lovely play of lights and shadows! It is a perfect picture of joy and beauty. It is a delight to see Tagore under the large mango tree in his Santiniketan. He sings in full-throated ease:

Oh, the Santiniketan, the darling of our hearts

Our dreams are rocked in her arms
Her face is fresh and fair to us for ever.

In the peace of her silent shadows we dwell, in the green of her fields.

Her mornings come and her evenings bringing down the caress of the sky

The stillness of her shady path is thrilled by the whisper of the woods

Her amalaki groves tremble with the rapture of rustling leaves.

She is within us and around however far we wander

The strings of our love are strung in her own deep tunes.

She weaves our hearts in a song making us one in music.

Lost in joy, the Poet caresses the children, and hugs them to his heart overflowing with love for all the beautiful little ones of the world. After the children's play, boys and girls bow and salute the venerable bard. "Be blessed," he says. Tagore talks to everyone around him. His voice is shrill and musical. His words sweetly strange—a joy to listen to a Poet's honied expressions. Rabindranath speaks the golden language of harmony and of love. The charming children begin to babble again. They sing *Phagun, Legacha Bonay Bonay Pathai Pathai, Dalay, Dalay*—spring has kissed the boughs and branches and leaves of trees. Now all join in the *bhajan*. In one voice the many sing of the Blessed One. The blue-winged birds cease their warblings. Human voices reach the distant fields, wonderful music, divine ditties. Rabindranath opens his eyes, beholds the pageant around him—flower-decked boys and girls, jasmine-garlanded little ones. *Jayahay, Jayahay,* they shout. It is beautiful to hear the singing of the Poet's famous song *Jana Gana Mana Adhi Nayaka Jaya hay Bharata Bhagya Vhidata!*

"*Jana Gana Mana*" is soul-inspiring. Children implore the Poet to sing another song. And Tagore readily responds to their request. Once again silence prevails and the fragrant

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morning air. The Poet sings one of his sweet canticles to God. It is wonderful to hear him sing:

"Tomari Nam bolbo
Ami bolbo nana chaale."

It means: "I shall utter thy name. I shall utter it in various ways."

Rabindranath sings in such a sweet tone. Everyone is moved to tears. He himself sings with tearful eyes. Under the mango tree the Poet is lost in a reverie. His soul is athirst for far-off things. The song is sung in a moment of self-realisation. The song is over. Santiniketan silence fills the wondrous air again. Little birds warble from *bakula* boughs. It seems as though birds know the timings; after the birds, children sing another song on the birth of spring; children's sweet voices—who would not like birds, children, music, scent, colour and symphony? It is unbelievable—all these beauteous scenes, but there they are in Santiniketan, where dreams are woven day and night into music, which has found its way through the wide wonderful world.

Time is past eleven. Rabindranath gets up from his lowly seat under the shady tree. The congregation stands up and forms a ring round the poet. Flower-bedecked, crowned with green silken leaves, dear Rabindranath walks slowly at the head of a colourful pageant. They march to the hallowed spot where the Maharshi (the poet's father) meditated under the *chatim* trees decades ago. Everyone bows before the altar, offers flowers, burns incense and returns along the sunlit way—the shady, leaf-fallen, flower-filled way. The gong strikes.

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तुल्यो दंडः स्पृशते मिश्रभावात्
शुष्केणार्द्रं पच्यते मिश्र भावात्
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The meeting disperses. Rabindranath goes into his retreat—"Uttarayan."

In the evening once again all the inmates of the *ashram* assemble in the prayer hall. The Poet delivers a sermon. What a matchless oration! For an hour Rabindranath pours his soul in ecstasy. He speaks of the Rishis, the poet-prophets of the dawn, the ancient seers of wisdom, who had realised the Infinite. He recites the Gayatri and says that the *mantra* is the epitome of all the Vedas. By its help we try to realise the essential unity of the world with the conscious soul of man. The poet concludes his sermon by reciting *"Anandarupam amritam yad Vibhati."*

The golden sun sets on the boundless horizon of Santiniketan. Stars come one by one; happily the Queen moon is on her throne, clustered round by all her starry fays. Rabindranath comes out from "Uttarayan" and sits on the verandah in Pearson's house. Children flock round the poet. They are enthralled on listening to his talk. "Can you reach me" he asks, and one after another, the joy-filled youngsters cling to him, saying, "I can reach you, I can reach you." Then the poet begins to read his drama "The Cycle of Spring." Now and then he bursts into laughter. His acting is superb. Everyone enjoys the recital and music.

Tagore has entered mysteriously into the hearts of children. He is pre-eminently the poet of spring-time —the prophet of liberty. He is the singer of a new world. He tells that a Poet's mission is to attract the voice which is yet inaudible in the air; to

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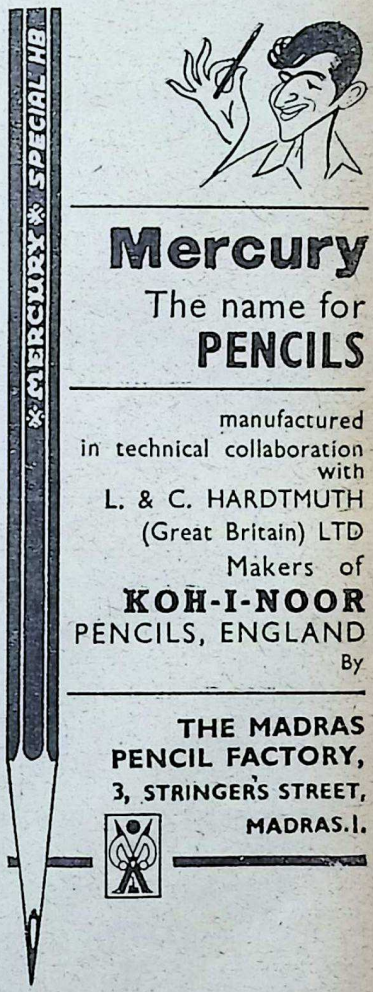
inspire faith in the dream which is unfulfilled; to bring the earliest tidings of the unborn flower to a sceptic world.

It is a wonder how Tagore's songs and lyrics are read by children in Europe and in Russia. Great indeed is his achievement. Greater is his sovereignty over the hearts of people in East and West.

Tagore has towered above all poets of his age by his many-sided genius—by his universalism. His songs to light and freedom would live for ever.

I have spent a lovely day in the ethereal company of Rabindranath Tagore; and I shall ever remember the fragrance of these long, sunshining hours, so full of light, love and jasmine odour. It is nearing midnight. There is a holy calm. Three of us are sitting in front of him—Charlie Andrews, Willie Pearson and I. From early morning, we have tasted the quintessence of poetry—Bengali, Sanskrit and English. The Poet loves only that which is perfect. Closing his eyes, he recites Keats' odes to a "Grecian Urn", and to the "Nightingale." When I listen to that beautiful line "Thou wasn't born for death, Immortal Bird" the voice within me tells, Nor art thou born for death, Immortal Bard of Santiniketan, Oh! Rabindranath Tagore.



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AUGUSTAN MONTH

R. P. Aiyar

AUGUST, named in honour of Emperor Augustus as being the month identified with memorable events in his career, has a special significance for Indians; *August* 15, 1947 marked the culmination of a long, long quest for the Holy Grail of our lost soul, our freedom as a nation. But if it was in *August* that we regained our birthright, it was in the same month that we surrendered it.

It was in *August* 1765 that the Moghul Emperor Shah Alum II formally granted the Dewani of Bengal, Bihar and Orissa to the English East India Company, the greatest mercantile corporation the world had ever known. The British who had come to trade thus stayed to rule; both fate and faction alike contributed to this.

But the rule of the East India Company came to an end after the Great Revolt of 1857. In *August* 1858 was passed the Act for the Better Government of India whereby the control of the government was assumed by the British Crown.

The Sun was never supposed to set in the British Empire but under the storm and stress of the World War, His Majesty's Government made the famous announcement on *August* 20, 1917 that the goal of British policy was the progressive realisation of responsible government for India as an integral part of the British Empire.

Edwin Samuel Montagu, the Secretary of State, who made that announcement strove hard to implement that policy and to conciliate India but his efforts were rendered nugatory by the opposition of the die-hard Conservatives in Parliament. And the Montagu-Chelmsford Reforms, as they finally took shape, were manacled with saving clauses and throttled with provisos. Rightly did Dr. Annie Besant avow that they were unworthy of Britain to offer and India to accept.

But events in India had moved faster than anticipated. The Jallianwala Bagh massacre and the Khilafat question had inflamed the public. Again in *August* 1920 was started the great Non-co-operation movement under the leadership of Gandhiji to redress the Punjab and Khilafat wrongs and to wrest *swaraj*. The dreary doggerel of our political resistance was converted into a passion play of tremendous power and pathos.

The Non-co-operation campaign roused the masses; but it was the Civil Disobedience campaign of 1930 that showed the world the potentialities of a non-violent struggle on a result was the

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Gandhi-Irwin truce; and on *August* 29, 1931 Gandhiji sailed for London to attend the second Round Table Conference as the sole representative of the Congress. The RTC proved to be a mirage and within a few months, Gandhiji was back in India and again in jail.

In *August* 1932, Gandhiji wrote to Prime Minister Ramsey MacDonald protesting against the latter's Communal Award whereby the Harijans were sought to be segregated from the Hindu fold and declaring his intention to fast unto death unless it was modified. The fast actually started in September and resulted in the famous Yerrawada Pact.

August 8, 1940 brings back to mind the offer made by Lord Linlithgow; he announced that he had been authorised by His Majesty's Government to invite a few representative Indians to join his cabinet and to set up a War Advisory Board. The offer was spurned by the Congress. The Muslim League tried to drive a hard bargain and when it failed, rejected the invitation.

Exactly two years later, on the night of *August* 8, 1942, the All India Congress meeting at Bombay passed the "Quit India" resolution; and thereby unfurled a flag to be upheld, stressed a mission to be fulfilled and declared a nation to be reborn. Was there anyone present at the session who was not thrilled by the soul-stirring slogan: *karenge ya marenge?*

During the early hours of the next morning, Gandhiji and the members of the Working Committee and other top-ranking leaders were spirited away to unknown destinations. The Congress and affiliated organisations were declared unlawful; there were arrests galore; and Draconian ordinances were promulgated. It was verily a blitzkrieg against the Congress and it was characterised by leonine violence.

Hardly a few days after incarceration, Mahadev Desai died of a heart attack in the Aga Khan Palace (built as a palace and used as a prison) where he was detained along with Gandhiji. India has lost some of her greatest sons in the month of *August*. It was on *August* 1, 1920 that Lokamanya Bal Gangadhar Tilak who gave us the magic *mantra* of *Swaraj* passed into the Great Beyond. On *August* 8, 1925 died Surendranath Banerjea, the great orator who roused a dormant nation with his matchless eloquence.

In *August* 1941 passed away Rabindranath Tagore, the poet of patriotism, the prophet of nationalism and the lover of humanity. And four years later died that intrepid freedom fighter, Subhas Chandra Bose, the ever beloved Netaji of India. While we celebrate the Independence day year after year, let us not forget the pioneers who sacrificed and suffered in order that India might live.

We are made wise not by the recollections of our past but by the responsibilities of our future.

—George Bernard Shaw

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Supplement to 'Bhavan's Journal' Decennial Number, 1954

22/8/64

BHAVAN'S CAMPUS AT ANDHERI IN THE SUBURB OF BOMBAY

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Need For Fostering Vedic Study

Dr. Sampurnanand

A HEARTENING feature of present-day Indian scholarship is the revival of interest in Vedic studies. Curiously enough, such a revival coincides with a steep decline in the influence of the Vedas on the religious life of the people. One has only to take an intelligent look round to see proofs of such decline all round him. Vedic Yajnas have practically ceased to be performed for quite a long time, for some centuries, as a matter of fact. Now their place is being taken by things like the Shata and Sahasra Chandi Yagas (शत and महचंडी याग). I have no comments to make about the efficiency of such *yagas* but it is clear that they are definitely Vedabahya (वेद-बाह्य), non-Vedic.

Vedic *mantras* are still mechanically recited on the occasions of marriages and other ceremonies of a sacramental nature but for religious instruction we turn to other sources like the Puranas, particularly the *Srimad Bhagavata*. In Northern India, the *Ramayana* of Tulasi Das is perhaps more important even than the *Bhagavata*. But the place of honour, specially among the classes with any pretensions to education, is held by the *Gita*. It is true that all such books profess to derive their authority from the Vedas. But, in any case, they have more or less eclipsed the original. And all this has been going on with the more or less active connivance of the great pandits.

I am using the word 'connive' with a full sense of its implications. The Vedas are still acknowledged as the sole and the supreme authority on all matters connected with the Hindu religion: any pandit will swear by them. But there is no protest at their being slowly, but nonetheless surely, ousted from that position of supremacy.

To a very large number of educated Hindus the *Gita* is their scripture. They would be almost surprised if they were told that that place belongs to the Vedas and any authority that the *Gita* might possess is derivative and secondary. No one teaches anything about the Vedas and some

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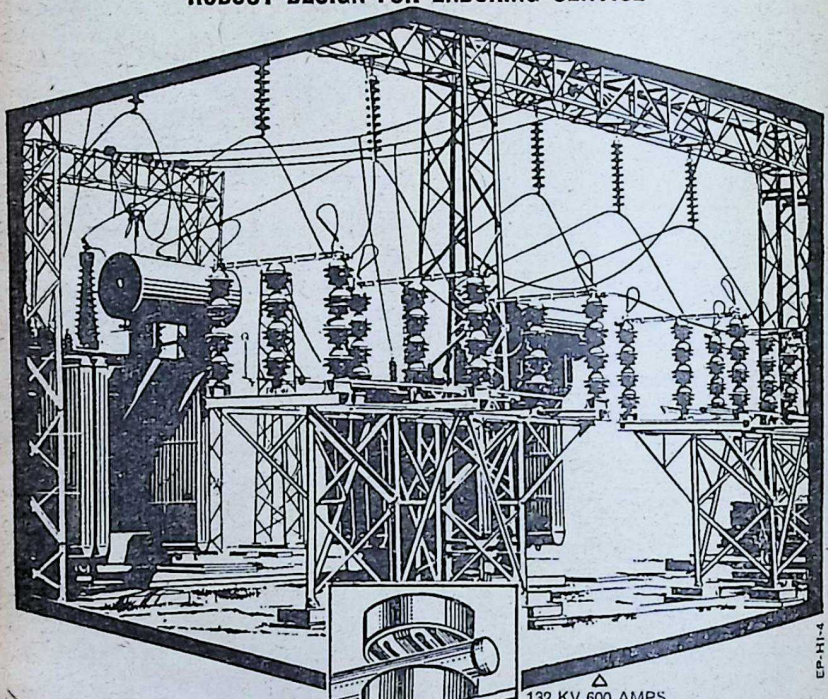

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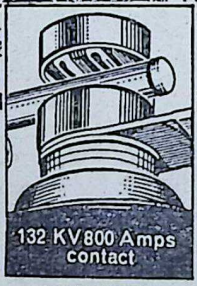

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of the biggest pandits eagerly take part in the spurious, because non-Vedic, *yajnas*. Even the *Gita* could be made a scelide for imparting Vedic teaching but this is not attempted. It is made to appear that it derives its authority from Sri Krishna, it being conveniently forgotten that the words of Sri Krishna themselves can have a binding force only so far as they accord with the Vedas.

This usurpation of the place of the Vedas by other books is bound to have serious consequences in course of time. The Vedas are the one common platform on which all Hindus, all Hindu sects and sub-sects, can meet. They constitute the one *prasthana*, proof and authority, so far acknowledged by all, the only book which holds all schools of thought and all forms of worship together. If this cord should snap, Hindus will fall asunder, split into groups each with its own scriptures, with nothing shared in common but the name Hindu. No Hindu need accept the authority of any book other than the Vedas. If once we forget the Vedas and what they stand for, each *sampradaya* will stand out as an independent unit. No tragedy could be greater.

I have referred in the beginning of this article to the growing interest in Vedic studies. That interest is to be welcomed but the approach of the new scholars is hardly religious. The one thing which seems common to these studies in their condemnation of Sayana, with his *adhi-yajna* interpretation of the Samhitas. The angle from which Sayana approached the Vedas in his commentaries was that of the applicability of the *mantras* to various *yajnas*. That is certainly a legitimate approach but it has lost its appeal in an age in which Vedic-*yajnas* are not a part of the environment. The new studies, therefore, important as they are, ignore the religious aspect.

I have drawn attention to the importance of the Vedas in the religious life of the Hindu. It must not be forgotten that Religion is by far the major constituent of Hindu culture. It inspires the cultural life of every section of the population and introduces a strong element of unity in that welter of caste, historical tradition, language, belief, worship and taboo which is Hindu society. If, because of the weakening of Vedic influence, Hinduism degenerates into a loosely, if at all, held pattern of more or less independent groups, Hindu culture will suffer a grievous loss and that composite Indian culture, of which we are all so justly proud, will lose its vitality and that catholicity of outlook, that spirit of generous tolerance, which is its distinctive characteristic.

I feel that journals like *Bhavan's Journal* have a special responsibility in this regard. They reach a wide circle of educated readers who, I am sure, appreciate the line of approach adopted by it. It should now definitely, as a matter of editorial policy, take up this work of what might be called rehabilitating the Vedas.

In this way, it will be rendering a great service to Hindu religion and Indian Culture which must be fostered if humanity is to be helped to regain and retain its sanity.

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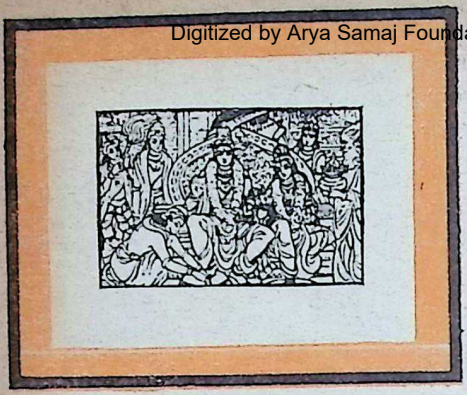

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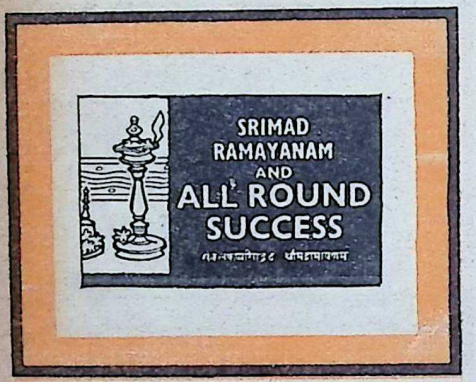

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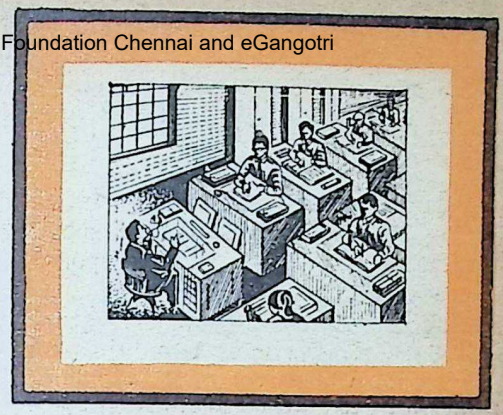

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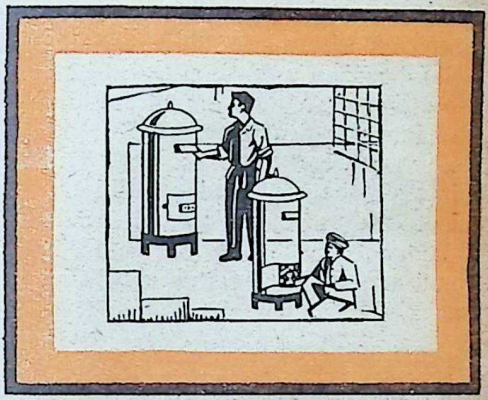

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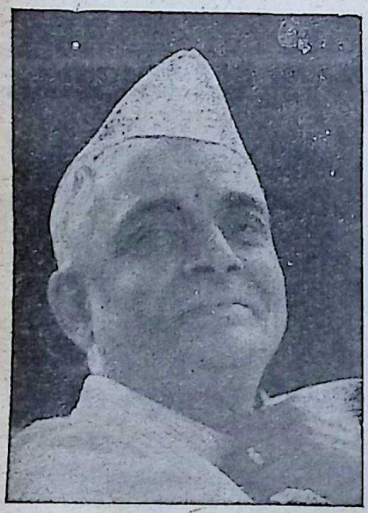
GANDHI-NEHRU ERA

R. R. Diwakar

THE twenty-eighth of May 1964 —the historic funeral, the sobs and tears of millions, and the spontaneous tribute of nations have not yet receded too far from our eyes. All these recall almost exactly similar scenes which occurred on the thirty-first of January 1948 when Gandhiji's funeral procession passed in solemn silence the India Gate in Delhi. People who have attended both processions say that the recent one was far bigger and that the scenes this time were more moving. This can easily be explained. Delhi has quadrupled its population and Panditji had become a part of the Delhi populace which Gandhiji could not be.



The Author

However, the spots where the mortal remains of both Gandhi and Nehru were cremated on the banks of the Jamuna have become sacred and are called Rajghat and Shantighat respectively. One wishes that the actual cremation spots were nearer each other than three hundred yards. One also wishes that the names of the Ghats concerned were exchanged. It is more appropriate to call the place of Gandhiji's funeral as Shantighat and the other as Rajghat. The word 'Shanti' and its connotation fit the Mahatma better—the Mahatma who lived like a saint, reigned without authority, and ruled without power. The word 'Raj' goes better with princely living, and ruling according to Dharma with a royal sceptre. Posterity seems to tend towards looking upon both of them as on Buddha and Asoka, the most distinguished duet of Indian history. The distance in time however between Buddha and Asoka was about three hundred years while that between Gandhi and Nehru was nil. In fact, they were contemporaries for the best part of their lives. In a recent article, Mr. Toynbee, the great philosopher of history, has already drawn a comparison somewhat similar to what has been indicated above.

The past fifty years of Indian history ending with 27-5-64 will be looked upon by future historians as the Gandhi-Nehru era. The two figures dominated the Indian scene

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so prominently and so comprehensively and have left such indelible impress upon the period that the historians would be justified in marking it off as a distinct era. Not that there have been no other great personalities in India who have during that period contributed substantially and solidly to the making of today's Indian nation. It is impossible for instance, to write the history of recent India without recalling the magnificent services of great persons like Sardar Patel, Rajendra Prasad, Abul Kalam Azad, Subhas Bose and Rajaji. But the fact remains that the inspirational and directional force came from Gandhi-Nehru so far as the making of our political and socio-economic history is concerned. Names as great or even greater in their own way like those of Sri Aurobindo, Sri Tagore, Maharshi Ramana, Sri Vinobaji are there. But their fields of work and the dimensions in which they moved are quite different. Though they do not lend themselves to any comparisons, it has to be clearly stated here that the composite greatness of India owes a great deal to all these mighty personalities.

When we peep into the past histories of nations and when we look on other countries round about us, we hardly find two such makers of history and two persons with such great achievements to their credit, live, work, and co-operate with each other and share, in life as in death, such rare honours and popular glory. Never in history have two such mighty and brilliant personalities, differing so much in their character and capacities, dominated and presided over the destinies of such vast number of people in so unique a manner. Never such seemingly two contrasting temperaments co-operated with such effect in the huge task of freeing a nation of about four hundred million people from agelong slavery and in building it up to take rank with modern nations. Never have two individuals been given so difficult a task by the history of any nation to lift it from the lowest depths of bondage and humiliation, and put it on the path of freedom and honourable progress.

Now it is no longer a dream or a poem or a distant aspiration—India's freedom and free progress is a fact of history. We of this generation have witnessed it and still continue to do so. Many of us have been proud participants in this joint venture of breaking the chains of centuries and launching India into the free field of orderly advance. As it always happens in history, many are the circumstances and events and happenings which have contributed to the glorious result. It will always remain a disputed problem as to whether heroes and great men make history or history throws up the heroes and great men required for achieving its purpose. But human interest will always centre round personalities who have been instrumental in making history. It is natural that it should be so because each person has only then the opportunity to identify himself with the hero as in a drama or a great novel.

What however adds immense interest to the study of this particular era in Indian history is the presence,

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the thought and action of these two great personalities who were contemporaries for close upon thirty years of their active life and then the continuation of Nehru at the head of affairs in the post-independence period. Gandhi and Nehru differed in many matters not only intellectually, but they were different in make up, in approach, in temperament and even in personal ideals. And yet they co-operated so intensely and closely in the task of liberating India that they almost seemed to be complementary and made for each other, instead of being contradictory. Many will be the writers who would make it their special task to study this era both as history as well as the interplay of two great characters who divided the honours between them of making a good part of the history of that era.

It is obviously not possible to go deeply into the study of the two personalities here. I have to be satisfied by pointing out the importance of this kind of study and the very interesting field for research which awaits the student of history, of biography, of human psychology, of the interplay of characters, and of social dynamics.

Students of history and of historical personages will naturally differ in their estimates of Gandhi and Nehru as in their assessment of whether Nehru implemented or not, the policies and principles of Gandhi in the post-Gandhian and post-independence period. There will also be differences of opinion about the proportion of implementation or otherwise. But every one will have to agree that so long as they both lived and worked, there was a marvellous kind of comradarie unknown to any other history. Such close personal relationship between two great leaders has also been rare. Though their approaches were different, their intense love for the people of India and concern for humanity, their efforts for universal good, their unceasing endeavour for a world without war, their deep conviction about the dignity of man and the value of freedom, their respect for Indian inheritance and their genuine pride in it were unquestioned and unparalled. At the same time, the approach and attitude of Gandhi differed obviously from that of Nehru. Gandhi was essentially spiritual and deeply religious with an unshakable faith in God that is Truth. His experience of oneness of spirit and life was something like the experience of his own existence. His source of strength lay in his belief in the truth of the ancient texts of *Ishavasya* and the *Gita*. He was centrally poised in his inner being and his actions radiated as from a light in an inmost sanctuary. His fearlessness was the result of his deep conviction in the immortality of the soul and the ultimate triumph of truth. His love of humanity and his resort to non-violence was another name for his experience of oneness and identity of essential interest. His contribution to spiritual *sadhana*, to ethics, to social dynamics and to the cause of peace on earth and goodwill unto men is permanent and abiding.

Nehru's love of life and humanity began as an intuitive emotion and

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was developing a spiritual quality sans limit and sans self-interest. His deepest convictions were rooted in the Indian inheritance he valued so much, but his discipline, his public spirit, his patriotism, his social idealism he derived from his western education and his association with western culture. His love of peace and non-violence, his hatred of violence, his repudiation of everything that was cruel, untrue, and mean was something instinctive and that which is characteristic of an artistic nature. His sensitiveness, his fine sense of propriety, his revulsion from all that was ugly and indecent was the result of his highly aesthetic perception of the true, the good, and the beautiful in nature and life. He essentially believed in Man and his high destiny, his capacity to overcome all difficulties and his innate love of freedom and dignity. His contribution to the spirit of fighting for freedom, to democracy and democratic principles, to national and international conduct, to the endeavour for world peace, and to the urge for progress and modernism are invaluable and immeasurable.

Thus these two great sons of India, one who approached all human problems from the centre of his own heart in a subjective way and the other who sensed them with his extremely sensitive nature from the periphery, have both made the Gandhi-Nehru era the most significant in the history of modern India. Between them they have laid humanity under deep debt in the matter of the use of peaceful methods for solution of conflicts and have cut new paths towards orderly future progress.

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Part IV

KRISHNAVATARA

The Righteous War

K. M. MUNSHI

PROLOGUE

I. The Yadavas

IN the days of the ancient fathers of our race, the Aryas, a vigorous people, had spread over India, intermarrying with the Nagas, fighting with them or among themselves, and founding or destroying kingdoms.

The Arya *rishis*, dedicated to learning and self-discipline, lived in their hermitages, communing with gods and spreading the Arya way of life based on *Satya, Yajna* and *Tapas*—Truth, Sacrifice and Purity, which they called *Dharma*.

Long before kingdoms were established in the fertile plains of North India by adventurous Arya kings, the Yadavas had pushed their way across the river Ganga. Of them, the confederated tribes of the Shooras, the Andhakas and the Vrishnis were the most powerful.

These confederated tribes cleared the forests in the valley of the Jamuna and established settlements which collectively came to be called Shoorasena after the name of Shoora, the most powerful of their chiefs. Later they conquered Mathura, which in their hands grew in power, prosperity and influence.

The irrepressible Yadavas of Mathura had an inveterate horror of restraint. They would not have a king. Their affairs were carried on by a council of chiefs. However, Ugrasena, the chief of the Andhaka clan, came to be called 'king' by courtesy.

Andhaka Ugrasena's son, Kamsa, grew up reckless, wild and ambitious. He distinguished himself by his valour and married Asti and Praapti, the daughters of Emperor Jaraasandha of Magadha, who cherished the ambition of subduing all the kings of the earth by guile or force. Kamsa became a trusted lieutenant of his

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CHARACTERS IN THIS STORY:

KRISHNA

BALARAAMA, His elder brother.
VASUDEVA, His father and Chief of Shoora tribe of Yadavas.
DEVAKI, His mother.
UDDHAVA, His intimate friend and third son of his uncle Devabhaaga.
YUYUDHAAN SAATYAKI, His friend and a Yadava Chief.
GURU SANDIPANI, His teacher, with his *ashram* at Ujjain.
ACHARYA SHVETAKETU, His friend and Sandipani's principal disciple.
RUKMINI, SHAIBYA, SATYABHAAMA AND JAMBUVANTI: His wives.
SUBHADRA, His sister, and wife of Arjuna.
ABHIMANYU, son of Subhadra and Arjuna.

BHEESHMA (Also GANGEYA)

KING SHANTANU, His father, Emperor of Hastinapur, of the Kuru tribe.
SATYAVATI, His step-mother, Dowager Empress of Hastinapur.
CHITRANGADA, VICHITRAVEERYA: His step-brothers, Satyavati's sons.
AMBIKAA, AMBALIKAA: Two daughters of the King of Kashi married to Vichitraveerya.
KRISHNA DVAIPAAYANA VYAASA, the Best of Munis, son of Sage Paraashara by Satyavati and great-grandson of the Vedic Rishi Vasishtha.
JAIMINI, His principal disciple.

PANDAVAS

PANDU, son of Ambalikaa begotten by Krishna Dvaipaayana Vyaasa, and King of Hastinapur.
KUNTI, Pandu's wife.
YUDHISHTHIRA (also Dharmaraaja), BHEEMA, ARJUNA: Pandu's sons by Kunti.
MAADRI, Pandu's second wife.
NAKULA, SAHADEVA: Pandu's twin sons by Maadri.

KURUS

DHRITARAASHTRA, Blind son of Ambikaa begotten by Krishna Dvaipaayana Vyaasa, and father of the Kurus.
GAANDHARI, Dhritaraashtra's wife.
SHAKUNI, Dhritaraashtra's brother-in-law.
DURYODHANA, DUSHAASAN: Two of Dhritaraashtra's sons.
VIDURA, son of a maid-servant begotten by Krishna Dvaipaayana Vyaasa, and a trusted Minister of Dhritaraashtra.

PANCHALAS

DRUPAD YAJNASENA, King of Panchala (Capital Kampilya).
KRISHNAA DRAUPADI, Drupad's daughter and wife of the Five Brothers.
DHRISTADYUMNA, SHIKHANDIN, SATYAAJIT: Drupad's sons.

OTHERS

JARAASANDHA, Emperor of Magadha.
DRONAACHARYA, A pupil of Parashuraama and teacher of the Pandavas and the Kurus in the art of war.
ASWATTHAAMA, Dronaacharya's son.
KRIPACHARYA, Dronaacharya's brother-in-law and colleague.
VIRAT, King of Matsya.

---

father-in-law, captured power in Mathura and used it tyrannically.

Shoora, the powerful chief of the Shoora tribe, married Marish*aa*, the daughter of the Naga chief, Aryaka, and begot sons, among whom were Vasudeva and Devabhaaga and daughters, among whom were Prithaa and Shrutasravaa.

Prithaa, the eldest, was given in adoption to King Kuntibhoj and came to be known as Kunti. Married to King Pandu of the Kurus of Hastinapur, she became the mother of the Five Brothers known as Pandavas, three of them, Yudhishthira, Bheema and Arjuna, being born to her, and the other two, Nakula and

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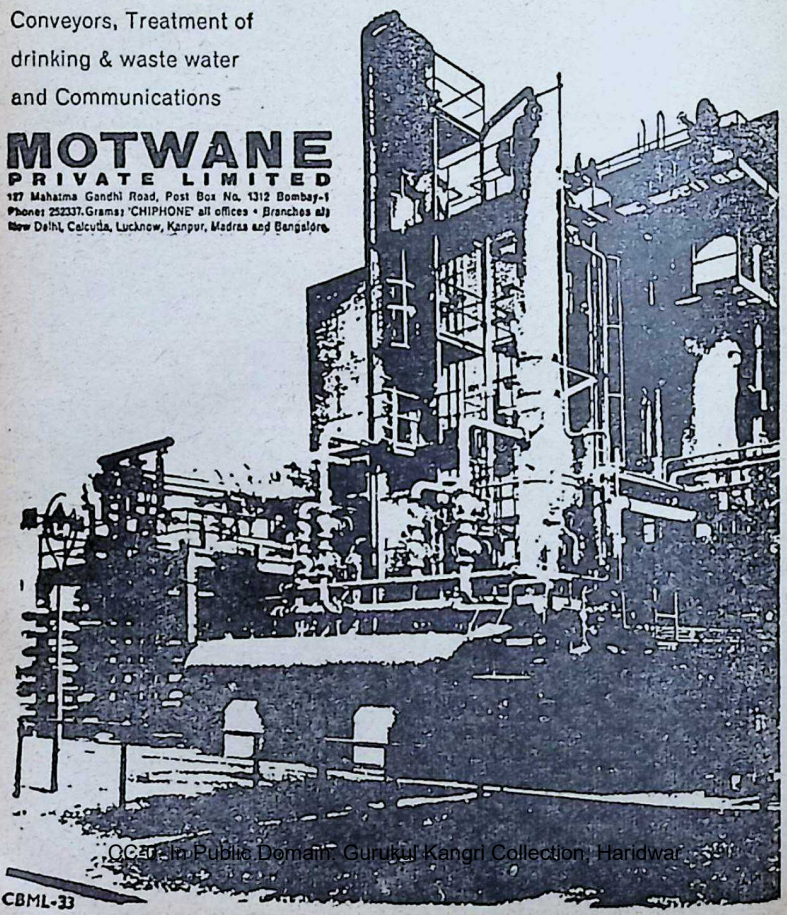

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Sahadeva, the sons of her co-wife, Madri, being adopted.

Shrutasravaa, the other daughter of Shoora, was married to King Damagosh of Chedi and begot a son by name Shishupaal, who, headstrong and ambitious, also wanted to win the favour of Jaraasandha, the Emperor of Magadha.

Vasudeva, Shoora's eldest son, married Devaki, the daughter of Devaka, the brother of King Ugrasena.

To falsify the prophecy that the eighth son of his cousin Devaki would kill him, Kamsa put Vasudeva and Devaki in prison and killed their first six sons as they were born.

The seventh child, extracted from the womb long before his time, was secreted away and grew up as Samkarshana Balaraama.

The eighth son, Krishna, who according to the prophecy was going to be the redeemer of the Yadavas, was taken away to Gokul at midnight no sooner he was born, and was brought up by Nanda, the chief among the cowherds of Gokul.

Devabhaaga, the younger brother of Vasudeva, begot Uddhava, who, when an infant, was sent to Gokul to be brought up as Krishna's companion.

Balaraama, Krishna and Uddhava grew up strong, handsome and venturesome. Krishna, the most loving and lovable of them, became the favourite of the cowherd community and the darling of the milkmaids of Vrindavan, where Nanda had migrated.

When Krishna was sixteen he was brought to Mathura, where he killed his maternal uncle, the wicked Kamsa.

Krishna, Balaraama and Uddhava went to complete their education and training in arms in the school of Guru Sandipani. While living with Sandipani, Krishna rescued his son Punardatta from kidnappers by a miraculous exploit.

●●●

When Jaraasandha heard that his son-in-law had been killed by Krishna, he marched on Mathura to avenge his death. Unable to face the siege of the town by such a powerful foe, the Yadavas allowed Krishna and Balaraama to steal away from it at night. They travelled to Gomantak situated across the Sahyadri and lived among the Garuda tribes.

Jaraasandha pursued Krishna and Balaraama to Gomantak, but he and his friends were put to flight by the intrepid young men.

With their fame resounding through Aryavarta, Krishna and Balaraama returned in triumph to Mathura, where the Yadavas, under their leadership, became strong and disciplined.

In order to destroy the Yadavas of Mathura, Jaraasandha decided to strengthen his alliance with King Bhismaka of Vidarbha and King Damagosh of Chedi. He arranged that Bhismaka's daughter Rukmini should be married to Shishupaal, son of King Damagosh of Chedi, while his own grand-daughter be married to Rukmi, the son of Bhismaka.

To carry out the arrangement, a *swayamvara* was staged at Kundinpur, the capital of Vidarbha. In fact,

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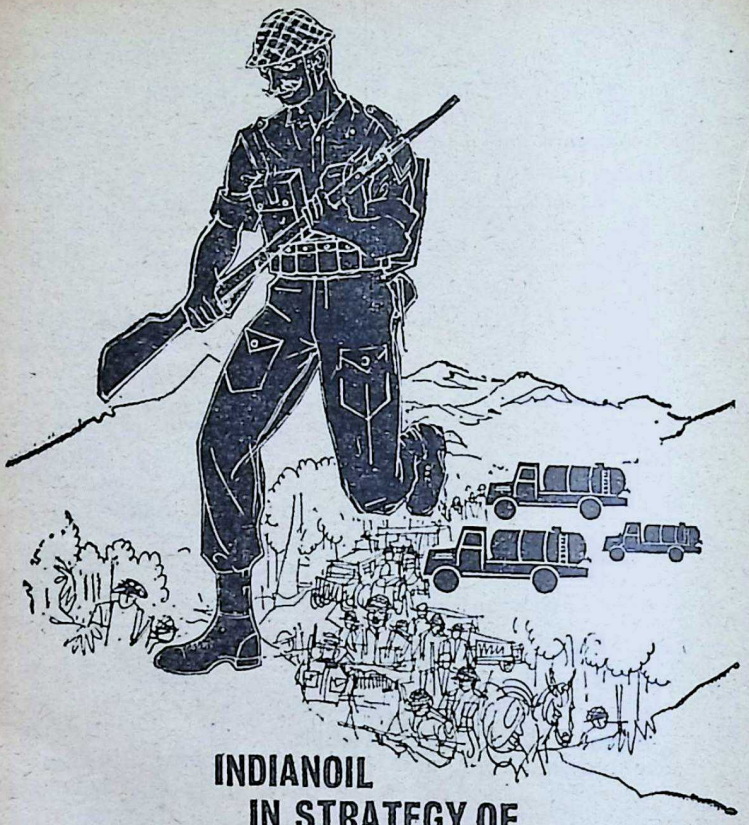

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it was a fraud on the ancient ways of the Aryas, for no choice was to be left to Rukmini, but to marry Shishupaal. Krishna, with several Yadava chiefs and their allies, went to Kundinpur uninvited and induced Bhismaka to give up the fake *swayamvara*.

Krishna's fame grew and his fabulous exploits gave him the halo of a demi-god.

Jaraasandha, however, was unforgiving. He decided to destroy the Yadavas of Mathura. He, therefore, made up his mind not to take any Arya king into confidence and entered into a pact with Kala Yavan, the savage king of the region beyond the river Sindhu. According to the pact, the Yavan was to march on Mathura from the west and himself from the east, destroy the Yadavas and burn Mathura to the ground.

To save the Yadavas from the fate which awaited them if they were trapped by these overwhelming forces, Krishna led them across swamps and deserts to far away Saurashtra. There they settled in the kingdom of Kukudmin, whose daughter Revati was married to Balaraama. Their capital, Dwarka, soon became a flourishing port.

Kala Yavan could not reach Mathura. He became the victim of the ire of an old sage who went by the name of Muchkund, whom he tried to kill.

Jaraasandha, when he reached Mathura, saw to his chagrin that the Yadavas had escaped him. He spent his fury in burning Mathura to the ground.

To impose a dynastic alliance between himself and the kings of Chedi and Vidarbha, he issued orders that the *swayamvara* of Rukmini should be held at Kundinpur, when she should be married to Shishupaal.

Krishna suddenly appeared at Kundinpur, carried away Rukmini to Dwarka, the capital of Saurashtra, and was married to her.

II. The Kurus

IN the Arya world, the Bharatas and the Panchalas were the most populous and the most powerful.

In old days, the Bharatas had established suzerainty over all the kings of Aryavarta. Their king, Bharat, was acclaimed the greatest among the *chakravartins* known to tradition.

In the line of Emperor Bharat was born Hastin, who founded Hastinapur on the banks of the Ganga.

In later times, the Bharatas also came to be called Kurus and held sway over a large dominion and suzerainty over many kings.

The lands occupied by the Kurus and their rivals, Panchalas, formed the heartland of Aryavarta, distinguished for its learning and valour. The most eminent of the Arya *rishis* had their hermitages there and its kings upheld the ancient ways of *dharma*.

King Shantanu, a descendant of Hastin, was a great king. He begot a son, Gangeya, who grew in strength, valour and righteousness.

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When advanced in years, King Shantanu fell in love with a fisher girl, who later came to be known as Satyavati. However, her father would not agree to her being married to the King unless her son, if she got one, could succeed to the throne. To make his father happy, Gangeya took a vow to remain unmarried and not to claim the throne. The vow was fearful and so Gangeya came to be called Bheeshma, the terrible.

By Satyavati, Shantanu begot two sons, Chitrangada and Vichitraveerya. The elder one died in battle. Bheeshma installed Vichitraveerya on the throne of Hastinapur and carried away the daughters of the King of Kashi, two of whom were married to the boy king.

Vichitraveerya, while still a boy, died issueless. Bheeshma would not marry, nor accept the throne. The royal line of the Kurus was threatened with extinction.

On the advice of Bheeshma, Satyavati, the Dowager Empress, called on Krishna Dvaipaayana Vyaasa, her son by the Sage Paraashara, to beget sons on the widows of Vichitraveerya according to the ancient custom.

Krishna Dvaipaayana Vyaasa had been brought up by his father in the highest tradition of the Vedic *rishis*, of which his great grandfather, Vasishtha, was one of the founders.

By his learning and austerities, Vyaasa had acquired the highest position among the *rishis* of Aryavarta. He had also redacted the divine Vedas, which the Gods had communicated to the ancient sages of immortal memory, of whom his father was one of the most eminent.

To perpetuate the line of the Kurus, the Sage accepted the mandate of his mother. By Ambikaa, he begot Dhritaraashtra, who was blind by birth. By Ambalikaa, he begot Pandu, who was afflicted by disease from his very birth. By a maid-servant who offered herself in devotion to the Sage, he begot Vidura.

Bheeshma brought up the three boys with care and wisdom. Dhritaraashtra being blind could not succeed to the throne, and the younger son Pandu ruled over the Kuru empire well and wisely, earning immense popularity. Vidura, the maid's son, grew up to become a wise and saintly minister.

The blind Dhritaraashtra was married to Gaandhari and by her begot Duryodhana, Dushaasan and several other sons.

Pandu was married to Kunti, the sister of Vasudeva, the father of Krishna, and also to Maadri, a princess of Madra. Afflicted by a curse which denied him the pleasures of life, the King retired to the Himalayas with his wives. With the permission of their husband and the blessings of different gods, they begot five sons, Yudhishthira, Bheema, Arjuna, and the twins, Nakula and Sahadeva.

On King Pandu's death, Maadri, his junior queen, followed her husband on the funeral pyre, entrusting her two sons to the care of her senior co-wife, Kunti. The sages brought Kunti and the Five Brothers to Hastinapur, where, under the advice of Veda Vyaasa, Bheeshma accepted them as the sons and heirs of Pandu. The Five Brothers grew up hand-

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some, strong and well-behaved, and became the favourites of all, to the chagrin of Duryodhana, Dushaasan and others, their cousins.

Dronaacharya, a pupil of Parashuraama, the great master of the art of war, was employed by Bheeshma to give training to the princes. Even during their training, the Five Brothers excelled their cousins in learning as well as skill in arms.

When their training was over, they helped their guru Dronaacharya to win for himself the northern part of the territories of the Panchala, ruled by King Yajnasena, otherwise known as Drupad.

All the Five Brothers became very popular with the Kurus. The eldest of them, Yudhishthira, came to be regarded as Dharmaraaja—righteousness incarnate. Bheeshma. therefore, installed him as the *yuvaraj* or the Crown Prince of Hastinapur, for, besides being fully qualified, his father Pandu was the last king to sit on the throne of the Kurus.

After Yudhishthira was installed as *yuvaraj*, Bheema, the second of the Five Brothers, went to Mathura to complete his training in mace-combat under Balaraama, who was the recognised master of that art.

That was just before the Yadavas, afraid of being exterminated by Emperor Jaraasandha of Magadha, came away to Saurashtra, led by Krishna.

III. The Five Brothers

KING YAJNASENA DRUPAD of Panchala had taken a vow to destroy Dronaacharya, his erstwhile friend and co-student who had, with the assistance of the Five Brothers, the sons of Pandu, wrested the northern part of Panchala from him. In order to succeed in his aim, he decided to give his daughter to the best warrior in Aryavarta and offered her to Krishna Vaasudeva, the Yadava Chief, who had come to be acknowledged the most formidable warrior in Aryavarta. Krishna, however, would not accept the offer, but promised to visit Kampilya.

On being invited by his cousin Yudhishthira, the Crown Prince of Hastinapur, to come to Hastinapur, Krishna proceeded to the North. Before he reached Hastinapur, however, he learnt that the Five Brothers had been banished to Varnavat at the instance of Duryodhana, the eldest son of King Dhritaraashtra.

When he reached Hastinapur, he further learnt with great sorrow and disappointment that the Five Brothers who had been housed in a palace made of lac at Varnavat were burnt alive.

From Hastinapur, Krishna proceeded to Kampilya. Though he did not accept Draupadi's hand which Drupad offered him, he promised to help King Drupad in selecting the best warrior as her husband.

Krishna sent his friend Uddhava to enquire into the mystery of the death of the Five Brothers. In the course of his search Uddhava went to Nagakoot, ruled over by the Naga King Aaryaka who was the maternal grandfather of his father. There he

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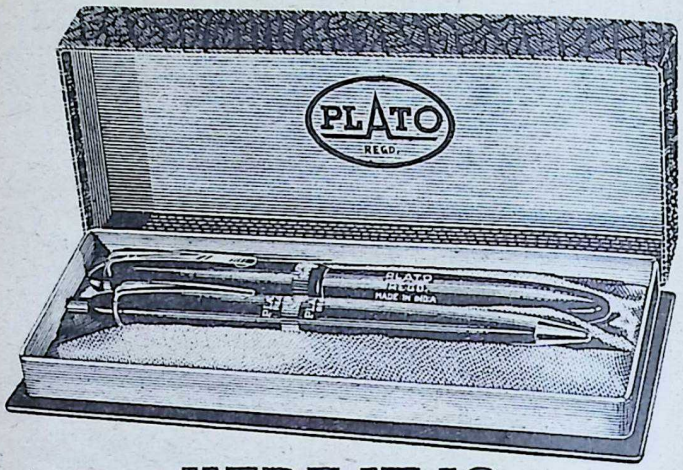

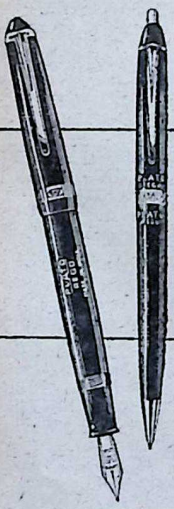

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accidentally discovered that the Five Brothers were alive and staying in a forest in Rakshasavrat, the Land of the Demons.

Uddhava followed the scent and discovered that Bheema, the second of the Five Brothers, had by his superhuman might killed Hidamba, the ruler of Rakshasavrat, married his sister, Hidamb*aa* and become the ruler, under the name of King Vrikodara.

The Five Brothers declined to come out of the Rakshasavrat till they received message of advice from the Master, Veda Vyaas, and Krishna.

Uddhava conveyed this message to Vidura, the saintly Minister of Hastinapur, who carried it to the Most Venerable Mother Satyavati, the grandmother of King Dhritaraashtra and Pandu. She then invited her son, Krishna Dvaipaayana Vyaasa, the Master, the greatest *rishi* in Aryavarta, to induce the Five Brothers to leave the Land of the Demons and attend the *swayamvara* of Draupadi.

The Kuru princes also wanted to attend the *swayamvara,* Duryodhana, the eldest, having set his heart on marrying Draupadi against the advice of Dronaacharya, the military leader of the Kurus.

Jaraasandha, the Emperor of Magadha, also attended the *swayamvara* in order to secure Draupadi as a wife for his grandson Meghasandhi. The Emperor was prepared to kidnap the bride before the *swayamvara* if King Drupad was unwilling to accept his demand.

In the meantime, the Five Brothers, the Pandavas, in the guise of Brahmans, came to Kampilya to attend the *swayamvara* and lived in a potter's house.

King Drupad, his sons and daughter Draupadi were unnerved at the prospect of Jaraasandha kidnapping her, or Duryodhana, being an expert archer, winning the contest at the *swayamvara.* Anticipating Jaraasandha's move, Krishna met him, his old enemy, and compelled him not to take part in the *swayamvara,* but to leave Kampilya.

At the *swayamvara,* king after king, including Duryodhana, failed to win the contest, when Arjuna, in the guise of a Brahman, stepped into the arena, shot down the target, a whirling fish, and won Draupadi.

Kunti, not conscious of what kind of alms Arjuna had secured, asked him to divide whatever he had got among the Brothers equally. When she discovered that Arjuna had secured a bride, a great psychological and social crisis arose in the family. Nobody could reconcile himself to Draupadi marrying five husbands. In the meantime, the Master arrived and after all possible ways of getting out of the difficulty were discussed, he left it to Draupadi to decide. She decided to marry all the Five Brothers.

When the news came to Hastinapur that the Five Brothers were alive and had secured Princess Draupadi, as their wife, Grandfather Bheeshma and King Dhritaraashtra sent Minister Vidura to Kampilya to invite the Five Brothers, as also Krishna and Balaraama, to Hastinapur.

The next Part opens at this stage.

[Chapter 1 in the next issue]

THE BRIDAL NIGHT

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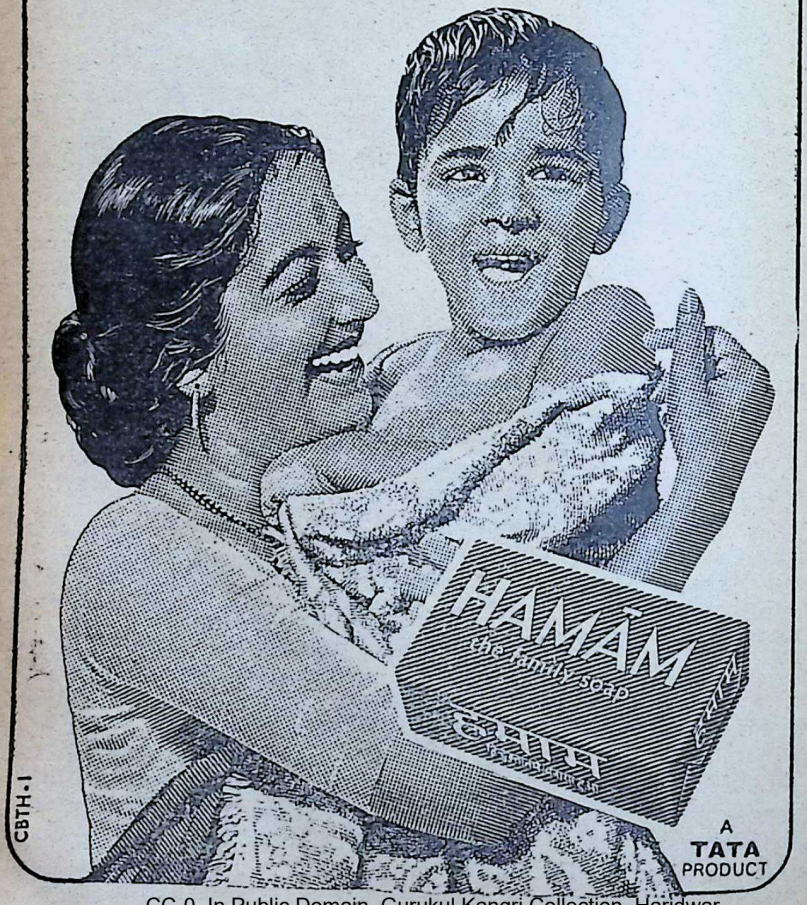

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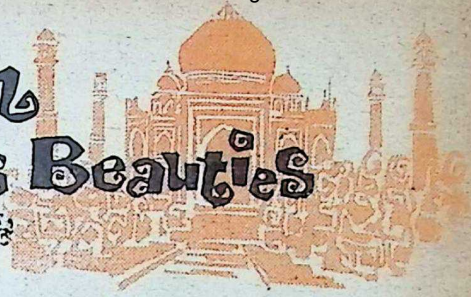
A Vision of India's Beauties



Dr. Purasu Balakrishnan

I stood before the Taj Mahal
Under a full-orbed moon;
The silvered sky looked on the Taj with me,
And the stars, and the milky way.

The marble drank in the moonlight
Till lo, nought but the moonlight was there
Before my dreaming eyes.
Slowly, wondrously, the marble heaved and moved,
Draping the moonlight around itself,
A rich fairy embroidery;
And the Taj, the marble that was,
Ceased there to be!
And in its place before me stood
An exquisite apparition,
A woman dressed in silken royal robes,
Queen Mumtaz Mahal, the Lady of the Taj !
Boldly I gazed on her
Whose beauty and love had seized an emperor's soul.
Blessed lady, I said,
Live thou for ever in the Taj !
Centuries have rolled
Over India, lady, since the days
When you lived here in this world,
And yet you remain.
But where is thy goodly company
Of the beauties of long ago,

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Whose spirits
Nought could mimic,
As the Taj mimics thine ?
Oh for the beauties of long ago
That are for ever lost !

She answered not, but disappeared.
Sadly I looked around me
And said, Where are all the beauties of long ago ?
I looked at the silent earth around me
Which had kept within itself
The grim answer eternally.
Something told me
That out of the moonlight soon
Might spring an answer,
Like a melody from the moon.

I looked at the earth around me.
In this earth, I said, are those
Who once were beauties,
When suddenly, out of some ash,
Sprang in front of me
A woman, all lovely to behold—
Not a woman—
A moonlight fabric of a woman!

I am Padmini, said she, arisen
From the ash into which I burned
On Chitore's fatal day !
Behold my ash here in Agra
Instead of in Chitore!
From the ash I have arisen now
For you,
For a moment !
Speaking thus, she disappeared.

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Lo, I thought, from the ash sprang
Padmini this night for me,
After hundreds of years!—
As, after thousands of years,
Ahalya rose from the earth
At the blessed touch of Rama's feet!
Even as I thought so,
There she stood in front of me,
Creator's designed masterpiece,
Who had drawn Indra from above,
Leaving his heavenly damsels there.
From the earth I sprang a second time
For thee, O Beauty's worshipper,
Said she, and disappeared,
When lo, I almost swooned again
To behold another !

I am Radha, said she.
Oh the jasmine-bosomed Radha,
The Krishna-intoxicated Radha,
Waiting eternally for Krishna!
I gazed at her under the moon.
She vanished and left me breathless.
Oh poor world, I thought.

And I thought of Kalidasa,
The great lover.
I thought of his fair city, Ujjain,
And her tinkling damsels,
Mandahasini and Mridubhashini,
Mohanangi and Chitrangi,
All unsung—
For the poet had left them for the hermit-grove
Of sweet Sakuntala,
Watering the creepers
With Priyamvada and Anasuya.

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And after Ujjain, I saw
The haughty city of Hastinapur,
And its haughty queen, Draupadi,
Upon whose regal beauty waited
The throne and the dharma *of Yudhishter,*
The mace and the might of Bhima,
The Gandiva *and the prowess of Arjuna,*
Nakula's love and Sahadeva's beauty;
From whose casual smile was born
The Great War; for whose sake
Terrible vows filled the Gambling Hall with dread,
And Kurukshetra witnessed
The mighty deeds of millions of men !

But Oh, the peerless daughter of the Earth,
Damayanti, *courting whose beauty came*
The mightiest gods from Heaven,
Indra, King of the Immortals,
Yama, Lord of Death,
Varuna who rules the Seas,
Agni, the purifying Fire,
And Sani with his envious eyes—
Damayanti who put before them all
A brave man of the Earth, King Nala !

Damayanti, you were right
In your choice,
And in spurning the gods.
For whither has gone your beauty now
Which the gods then strove for?
Ay, but they promised you immortality,
And a goddess's rank,
If you would choose one of them,
But you would not.
I was wroth with the gods,
And I blessed Damayanti with all my heart,
Who chose a mortal man.

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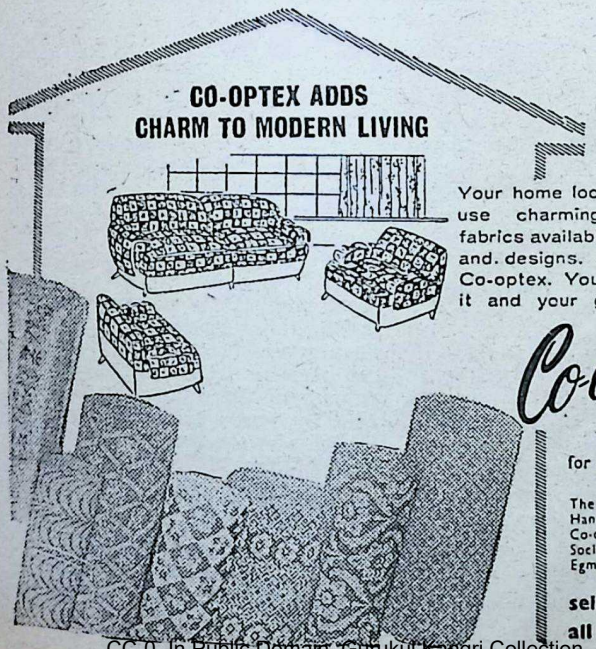
Spurning the gods who had set
The stern decree of Time on Beauty.
And I blessed too Shah Jehan,
Who, spurning the same decree of Time,
Made a woman's spirit live
For ever in the minds of men,
In the marbled dream.



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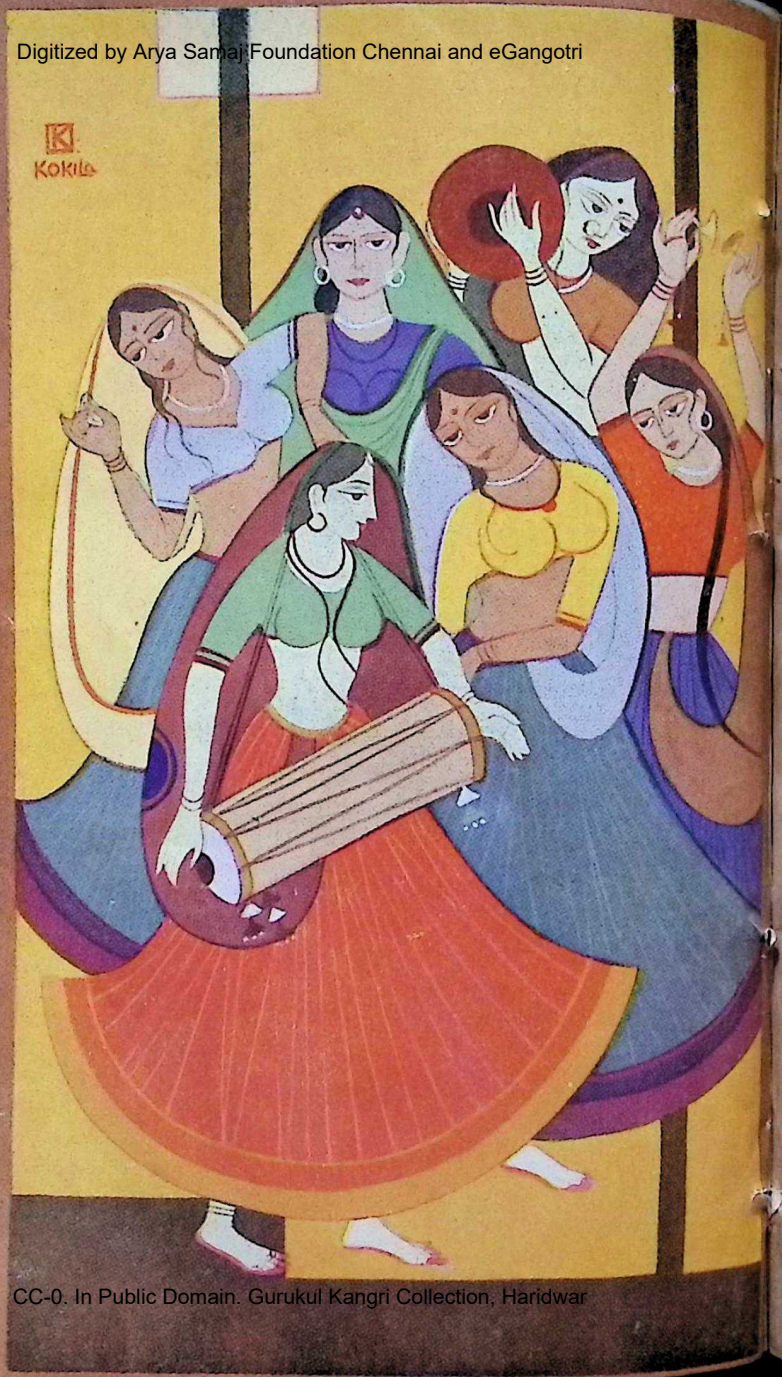

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In this article the author draws attention to the egalitarian values that we as a nation are endeavouring to develop and describes it as a unique experiment.—Ed.

Asoka Mehta

towards equality of opportunity

JUDGED in the background of the timeless stretch of our history, the cardinal feature of our new state that distinguishes it from its predecessors, either in the immediate or the remote past, is its demand for the political involvement of the citizen in the affairs of the state. Adult franchise, which confers on him this privilege, implies dispersion in the exercise of power, and the pace of our economic development will determine its gravitation away from its traditional focus to a multiplicity of new foci in society.

Another equally profound decision which we took, as a logical extension to our adoption of adult franchise, was to commit the state, constitutionally, to provide for equal opportunity to its citizens to aspire for and climb up to the highest reaches of society. This has enlarged the horizons of the individual's aspirations and has assigned him a new social role coterminous with that of any other individual in society.

These are the new features of our polity that set the mould of our future social development. They assume a change in our traditional social order which with its unique correlation between birth, wealth, status and rank resulted in a social milieu of "cumulative inequalities".

Such a milieu, as an American political sociologist has pointed out, implied that inequality in one sphere determined, *ipso facto,* inequalities in others.

The alternative posed by our political infrastructure is one with a built-in

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feed back mechanism, as it were, to enable society to reinforce itself with the creative faculty which the state is expected to foster in every citizen, irrespective of caste, creed, rank or privilege.

Let me review the nature of authority vested in the state to stimulate change in this direction. The Directive Principles of State Policy define a series of principles to promote "the welfare of the people by securing and protecting as effectively as it may, a social order in which justice, social, economic and political, shall inform all the institutions of the national life" (39).

The application of this principle is, however, subject to the observance of justiciable fundamental rights which, *inter alia*, prohibit discrimination but permit "special provision for the advancement of any socially and educationally backward classes of citizens or for the Scheduled Castes and Scheduled Tribes" [Article 15 (4)].

The Constitution also provides for reservation of appointments for backward classes, although it guarantees equality of opportunity in public employment and prohibits discrimination [Article 16 (4)]. The extent and nature of State initiative in promoting change is, therefore, defined by these considerations.

The social import of these provisions in the context of our traditional social order reveals itself in the judgements of a number of cases that came up before the Supreme Court. There is, for instance, the decision in the case of the *State of Madras vs. Champakam Dorairajan* wherein an order of the Madras Government fixing admission to educational institutions on a communal basis was declared void because of its discriminatory nature. It was as a consequence of this decision that the Constitution was amended and clause 4 was inserted in Article 15 permitting special provision being made for the advancement of "socially and educationally backward" classes.

Subsequently, the issue of defining the category of citizens who could attract the provisions of this clause came up before the Supreme Court. In this case, *M. R. Balaji and others vs. the State of Mysore and others*, the court held that special provisions under clause 4, Article 15, explicitly pertained to those classes who were "socially *and* educationally" backward and laid down that both these factors together were relevant in considering the validity of provisions. The judgement also dealt with the attributes of social backwardness and adjudged that caste was not its sole determinant.

The judgement is significant for more than one reason. It determines the attitudes of the State to one of the major factors of stratified inequality in our society and, in as much as the Supreme Court has recognised transient variables contributing to inequality, it has broken the traditions of the land.

The State in the remote past ideologically upheld an unequal social structure; in the recent past, it remained, by and large, indifferent to it; today, to the extent it has recognised the cumulative factors of

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WONDER WORLD OF COMMUNICATION NO. 5

Wild geese have a very practical system of communicating with each other. It is almost impossible to come within gunshot of a flock when feeding. At the approach of danger the sentinel gives the alarm — a series of jerks made with the neck—and the entire flock is instantly air borne.

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backwardness, it is emerging as a positive force for the dissolution of the inequality ordained by social tradition.

The judgement of the Supreme Court is significant in yet another respect. In ruling that the clause in dispute was not exclusive in character and could not be used in a manner which denied the rest of the citizens their right to opportunity, the Supreme Court has in effect laid a limitation on political privilege. In other words, if the Constitution contains a special provision to prevent privileged sections of society from perpetuating inherited advantages, it also provides for checks on an unjust application of political resource.

There is no doubt that a wide consensus in society accepts not only the role that we assigned to the State to shape our society, but also the contours along which it has to be fashioned. The emergence of this consensus is, however, the culmination of a process that began at the turn of the century when a few highly placed Indians agitated for their right of appointment to the Indian Civil Service. The Indian Administrative Service today draws into its fold elements from the diverse strata of society. A study, for instance, has revealed that while in the ICS over 75 per cent came from the top income groups, in the case of IAS less than a third belonged to this group, the rest being drawn from categories of families with incomes of less than Rs. 800 per month. Again, in 1961, Scheduled Castes formed 18 per cent of the total number of candidates appointed to the IAS on the results of the competitive examination. The issues for the assertion of equality of opportunity are thus obviously different in the present stage of our social development.

The nature of our ideological commitment and mechanism for political decisions do not brook any argument against the acceptance of equality of opportunity as a principle; the logic of economic growth provides the reference for its adoption as an object of policy and it is in this context that we have to examine issues relating to equality of opportunity.

In judging policies appropriate to foster egalitarian trends, emphasis is necessary on two of its main determinants, viz. growth of net national product and change in the structure of its distribution. The impact of planning over the last decade has largely projected itself in increase in the net national product. A more rapid rate of growth in the net national product alone would not necessarily secure progressively greater equality; it would be necessary to influence its flow and devise a mechanism by which it is channelised to various strata of society.

It is, however, incontrovertible that changes in the flow of the fruits of labour would be of limited value unless there was a substantial increase in the quantum of the product to be distributed and attention also given to the process of generation of income.

The process of income generation, which is essentially one of the absorption of material inputs for the exploitation of the natural endow-

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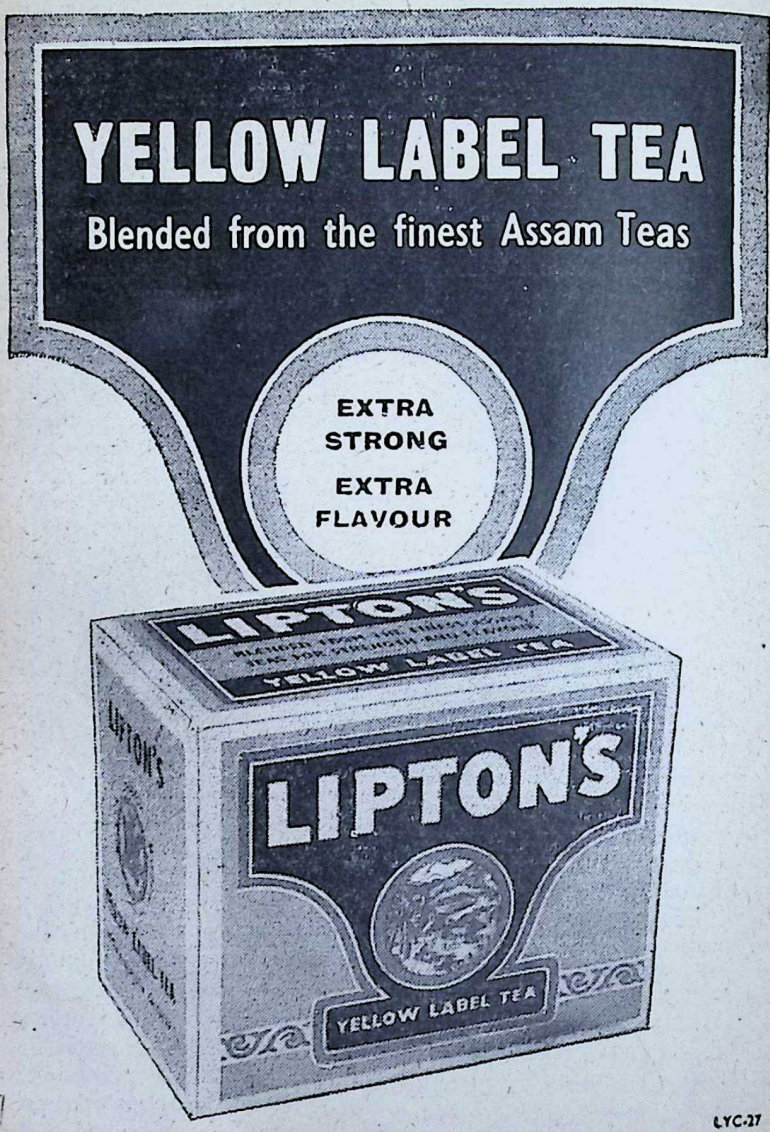

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ments available to the community, brings on the agenda of planning a whole gamut of human factors. Implementation of plans in this sense is an exercise in substituting customblessed skills with science-tempered technology. Since acquisition of skills is a function of motivation, one comes up against the problem of stimulating in fate-obsessed attitudes, initiative for the acquisition of skills and accomplishments which determine, or would determine, a man's station in the life of a modern community.

Efforts in this direction, consequently, imply not only a radical change in the stereotype of a man's role and of his status in society, as conditioned by centuries of tradition, but also an actual change in social relationship on a basis consistent with those assumed by our Constitution. There are also other factors that emerge in the country to help this process of change and pose before us some of the problems involved in shaping the instruments of change.

The most significant aspect of these changes is the element of fluidity in social structure which is noticeable and which is inevitable in metropolitan areas. A little reflection will reveal the distinct difference between the social landscape that obtains in a city and that which obtains in the heartlands of the country.

One would notice for instance, a more intimate contact, laterally, between class-groups of caste categories which is only extremely functional and perfunctory in rural areas. Again industry, with its inexorable propensity to convert human beings into economic units, determines a set of variables for the identification of individuals and exchange on a plane very different from those that obtain in the agriculture-dominated countryside.

The nexus of social relationships that sets the pattern of society, is, to be sure, not entirely outside the pale of influences dominant in the country as a whole, but the trend is noticeable towards the development of a new social milieu. This milieu permits, relatively, a much greater opportunity for the recognition of status which does not depend entirely on the individual's wisdom in the choice of his parents' caste.

Except for other industrial metropolitan areas, Bombay, for instance, is no index of change for the country as a whole but the forces that confer a new social significance to the individual and provide him with motivation for change are in operation with lesser intensity in other industry-based cities or are in an embryonic stage of growth in some of the larger towns. It should be obvious, too, that this change in status does not abridge social distances but the index of change is that it does not altogether place a taboo on such an abridgement. Matrimony is not perhaps the best illustration and is also somewhat a banal one, but let me cite public reaction to any deviation from the normal. An intercaste marriage causes no more than, perhaps a comment in a small, close circle in a city like Bombay today, but in rural areas it still can be a major scandal, involving the entire village community and effecting the fate and fortune of the involved parties, as it did in Bombay a couple of decades ago.

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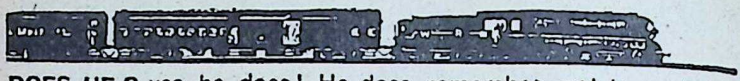

DOES HE ? yes he does! He does remember not to push his way in before others alight; not to travel on the footboards and risk his life; not to lean out of windows and injure himself; and not to put up his feet and spoil the seat. He thinks he is now a grown up young man and he does not travel in compartments meant for ladies. He always remembers to travel with a proper ticket, as the railways belong to the nation and the nation belongs to him

WESTERN RAILWAY

YOU AND THE NATION'S LIFELINES-2

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Slums dramatise the leeway we have to make up before equality of opportunity becomes a reality in urban life. Although our rate of urbanisation is relatively modest, it is more than evident that our urban resources have yet to be mobilised adequately and utilised wisely before the city begins to exercise a wholesome influence and before it can communicate to the rest of society some of the more desirable social values of which it is the matrix. Migration from rural areas constitute a major cause of urbanisation, as a result of which sizable sectors of the rural population are exposed to urban influences which are relatively better equality-oriented.

The linkage between urban and rural cultures, which this migrant population effects, is one of the important leavening agents to hasten the process of change in rural areas. Perhaps an even greater influence both in the extent and degree, is one that is exerted by the industrial complexes that are being developed in the heartlands of the country.

Organised effort is necessary for the conversion of this potential of change and this is the new dimension that is imparted to the role of trade unions in shaping our society. Fortunately, some of the undesirable pressures of a stratified society have not affected our trade union movement in a marked manner and, unlike in some other countries, it is relatively free of elements which distort its inherent social and economic perspectives.

The awareness of a creative social role will enable trade unions not only to protect the immigrant rural labour force, unaware of the nature of social and economic forces operating in urban areas, but also help it to acquire, not entirely without tears, the discipline of urban culture. Leadership in this direction will also engender a better appreciation of some of the healthier aspects of urban social values and equality of opportunity would be certainly more meaningful in this context.

The relevance of this element of change is perhaps most significant to the depressed sections of our society. 10.7 per cent of the total population of Scheduled Castes live in urban areas. There are wide regional variations from this all-India average. For instance, 79.7 per cent, 24.4 per cent and 21.2 per cent of the Scheduled Caste populations of Delhi, Gujarat and Maharashtra, respectively live in urban centres. These sizeable proportions of Scheduled Caste populations are open to the experiences of a non-discriminatory nature of social contacts at various points in urban communal life, although they continue to be distinct social islands.

The influence of urbanisation has its obvious limitations in the process of transforming our society and, for a long time to come, urban-rural differentials will continue to be disparate. The focus of our effort will have to rest on rural India where institutional compulsions continue to bear their weight against any meaningful re-fashioning of the pattern of society. The correlation between privilege, status and influence, appears to remain unchanged, welfare and reform legislation make no more than a dent in the hard crust of what Bagehot once called the 'cake of custom'. Efforts to induce change in this background either run into

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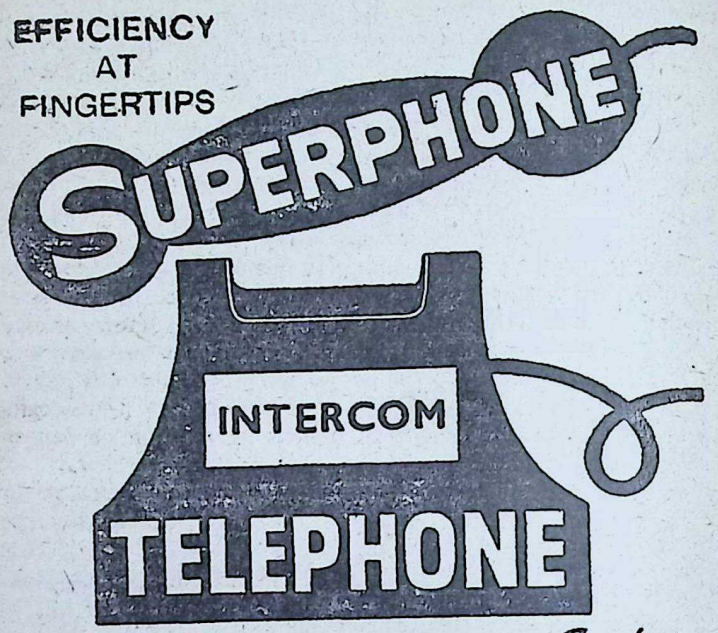
EFFICIENCY
AT
FINGERTIPS



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direct opposition to run dry in the face of mass apathy. It is evident also that, until solvents are applied to overcome social-cultural resistances that impede change, no socio-economic development of any meaningful magnitude will occur.

In following up to its logical conclusion the type of society envisaged in our Constitution and creating a rural base consistent with its ethos, our success rests today on the leadership available at the grass roots. This leadership can and has to emerge from the intellectually perceptive elements which are widespread. A National Sample Survey conducted in 1958 has estimated that about 30 per cent of our villages are at a distance of less than ten miles from high schools. These schools can and should become cultural matrices radiating influence to initiate a renaissance in the rural areas. A similar but a greater degree of responsibility lies on the small town colleges, now numbering in hundreds, which are dotted in different parts of the countryside.

Quite obviously, only the mere fringes of a few of the problems that arise inevitably from our efforts to assert a scale of egalitarian values in a stratified society have been touched. Inasmuch as it is a unique experience in the history of our society, its reverberations ripple through each and every aspect of social existence. In fact a new creed, with its own ethic, has to emerge. There are few precedents to help us shape this creed because the cultural soil in which it is emerging is uniquely its own. Only a deliberate effort to understand its ethos will enable us to build this creed as our modest contribution to the heritage of this land.

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Rajmohan Gandhi

A NATIONAL CLEAN-UP

a challenge and an opportunity to the national growth

THE other day I met a statesman in his eighties who all his life has fought for the Indian people. He was in despair.

'Our country is possibly the worst in the world,' he declared. 'I do not now trust a single man. All the hopes I had before freedom are shattered. I have raised up many institutions, colleges and schools, but I do not now expect the right ideas to be taught in them.'

Many feel this way. They love India, but they reckon that in free India man has become more crooked.

Whether the national character has slumped since freedom or not is something historians will assess. What is definite to me is that without a total change in the character of leaders and the led, our country will soon face anarchy and slavery.

This change, glory be to God, is coming.

Thousands of college and school students in all parts of India are bringing it about.

These youth have decided that they will place themselves in front of the tide of corruption and hate, and will fight to roll it back.

They have found the strength to do so by tackling cheating, stealing, impurity and hate in their own lives.

The rise of this new army of young men and women is an extraordinary story.

It started with the March on Wheels across India in October last year, when about 100 people travelled in buses from Kanyakumari to Delhi, covering nearly 5,000 miles and scores of towns and villages. The masses responded eagerly to the idea of a national clean-up. Soon the enthusiasm grew into solid action and a

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They do make me feel someone special. Well, for that matter, to me they are "Special People Two".

She takes such tender care of me ; when he comes home in the evening, he picks me up and tosses me high up in the air—they are so proud when I just gurgle and show no fear.

And, every once in a while, they stand by my crib and talk to me: you have never heard anything so amusing as their baby-talk! Sometimes, they think aloud: will I grow up to be an Engineer, or will I be a Doctor, or perhaps a Lawyer, or perhaps... and then they bring out a colourful little book, the Bank of India Savings Bank Pass book, they call it. I don't know what it is, but it must be something good—for me—because, you see, they love me so much!

B/C/16a

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number of college and school students in Delhi took practical steps to clean up their lives.

They returned stolen books to libraries, articles to shops, and got honest about cheating in exams with teachers and professors. They produced a play *Badalti Tasweeren* which portrayed bluntly the deteriorating health of the nation and the determination of the students of resore it.

The revolution, because that is precisely what it was, soon spread to many colleges and schools of Bombay. Two hundred Bombay students held a rally against corruption and division on Chowpatty Sands. 75,000 came to this rally and heard 43 of the students speak in clear terms of their decision to become responsible leaders for a new India. Then the Bombay students produced two plays with the same challenge.

With amazing speed the new spirit captured the students of Poona, Hyderabad and Bangalore. With costly yet simple acts of restitution and honesty and with plays and meetings and rallies, they too proclaimed to the nation their fight to halt the slide to decadence.

In Madras the prophets of cynicism got a sound licking when hundreds of students shocked the city and state with restitution to schools, colleges, homes, shops, the railways and the government. Lakhs of newspaper readers, tired of the daily dose of hopelessness, were refreshed by the story of 52 students marching up to the Southern Railway office and refunding money they owed for ticketless travel. Shortly afterwards 108 students from 28 colleges and schools hurled an attack at those who said India would never change with a hard-hitting play *Down with Cynicism!* And when hundreds of them organised a rally against corruption and hypocrisy, the masses showed their support by mustering in tens of thousands on the Triplicane Beach. Again the press, Tamil and English, took the news of this unusual and faith-giving demonstration to the millions.

I have had the privilege of knowing and working with these students. To me they are part of a gold mine all across and up and down India. Wherever we dig, we shall strike this gold. Let the politicians, the industrialists, the labour leaders and the prominent men and women of our land make no mistake. The passion in these young hearts is strong and

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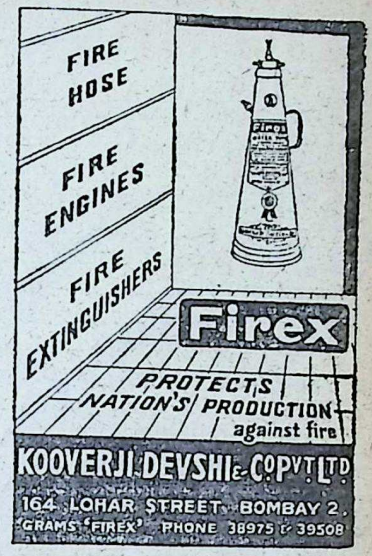

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clear. They are more eager for a national clean-up than their fathers and forefathers were for national freedom.

These men and women will fight strictly without violence but definitely with determination. Their greatest asset is the fact that they have broken their pride and faced their mistakes and weaknesses squarely and have put them right. They are not perfect. Some of them are less secure and firm in their commitment than others and still depend on the encouragement and faith of those around them. But they are growing fast in their independent faith and courage. And I for one expect these sons and daughters of India to lead a national upsurge to avert the impending disaster.

These youth of India are worth far more than all the treasure of the world. Will they multiply themselves into an army of ten thousand? An army in which everyone is able to say, 'I fight fearlessly and daily to remake the world. I will put God and truth and country before any other consideration. I will not be bullied by the threats of the world's strongest tyrant. I will live and be ready to die to establish God's kingdom?'

If they do this, India will become the world's greatest country. She will then not only bring a cure to this broken, dying world, but will lead humanity into a new age where everyone has enough for all his needs.

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THE DIPLOMAT TODAY

K. P. S. MENON

HOW does the diplomat today differ from the diplomat of yesterday or the day before?

How, for that matter, does the woman of today differ from the woman of the last century or the century before? Is he or she merely superficially different or basically different from what they were? Is she not still the daughter of Eve, and he, the disciple of Chanakya and Machiavelli?

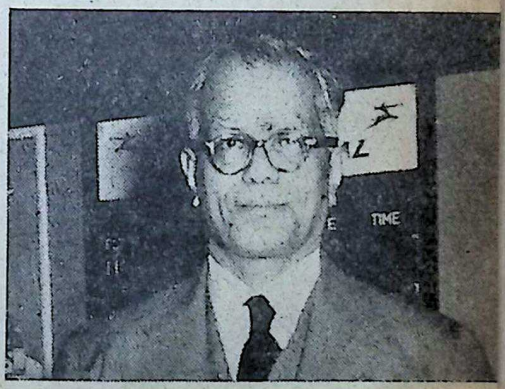
The women of today are, indeed, different from those of the Victorian era.

Long hair and long skirts are no longer in fashion. The modern woman no longer rides sideways; she rides astride. In her conversation she is totally uninhibited. Even the youngsters try to keep up with their elders, like that well-bred, teen-aged girl in one of Aldous Huxley's novels, who demurely says at a formal dinner party: "Contraception has rendered chastity superfluous".

Had Shakespeare come down from the other world to attend the celebrations of the 4th centenary of his birth, he would have noticed that for every single Juliet or Desdemona today, there are a hundred Violas and Rosalinds, girls who pass off as men.

If women have changed, so have diplomats.

Top-hats and striped trousers are not as much in vogue today as in the last century. Indeed, when we Indians go about in our *churidar* pyjamas, it may look as if we have forgotten to put on trousers. And an assembly of African dignitaries often looks like a fancy-dress ball. The change which has caused the membership of the United Nations to swell from 56 in 1945 to double that number today was bound to affect the character of the diplomatic corps as well.



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...THEY THINK ALIKE
...THEY MUNCH ALIKE
SATHE'S WHAT THEY LIKE

SATHE
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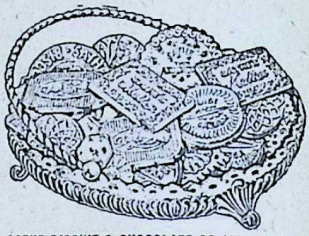

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Yet, the conduct as distinct from the appearance of diplomats has not changed much. That is because they are rigidly bound by the rules of protocol.

The Congress of Vienna, which met in 1811, has laid down the most elaborate rules for the conduct of diplomats towards one another, and towards the Governments to which they are accredited, and any departure from these rules is regarded as more serious than the violation of at least some of the Ten Commandments.

The Congress of Vienna was convened to ensure peace in the world; it has ensured conformity among diplomats.

To revert to the comparison between diplomats and women, it has been said that when a lady says no, she means perhaps; when she says perhaps, she means yes; and if she says yes, she is no lady.

On the contrary, when a diplomat says yes, he means perhaps; when he says perhaps, he means no; and if he says no, he is no diplomat.

Nowadays when a lady wants to say yes, she says yes; and when it is all over and

'She paces about her room again, alone,
She smoothes her hair with automatic hand
And puts a record on the gramophone.'

But when a diplomat wants to say no, he still prefers to say perhaps—and he says it in such a way that the listener understands it but does not lose face.

Here, again, there has been a change. In the past, the Chinese hardly ever used to say no, even when they meant no. They used to infer from their tone and from their demeanour that what they meant was no. Those were the days when Confucius ruled the roost. Now Confucius has been debunked; and the dicta of Mao Tse-tung have taken the place of the edicts of Confucius.

The present-day Chinese go to the other extreme. They take a delight in saying no. They shouted no, no, from the house-tops to Yugoslavia, meaning the Soviet Union, and to Enver Hoxha, meaning Mr. Khrushchev; and they added such elegant epithets as right deviationist, revisionist, adventurist and capitulationist.

Now they have discarded all pretence and dubbed Mr. Khrushchev as their enemy No. 2, though they have reserved the place of honour for Mr. Nehru.

It is sad to think that the Chinese have discarded values to which their own teacher, Confucius, had attached paramount importance, such as moderation, urbanity and respect for the golden mean. Unfortunately, it is not China alone which, in the rough and tumble of modern diplomacy, has transgressed these virtues, though she is undoubtedly the most flagrant offender.

Thus, time has brought about some changes in the style and demeanour of diplomats. But are they merely superficial or highly significant?

There have been definitions of diplomats, complimentary and uncomplimentary. By far, the best definition of a diplomat is an Indian one. It appears in the famous play, *Malati-Madhav*, written by one of our greatest poets, Bha- in the 5th century B.C.

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EXPANDING EDUCATION IN WEST BENGAL

Consistent with the major objectives of West Bengal's planned efforts, progress in education has been accepted as a major social responsibility in all the three Plans. The results have been reflected in the rapid strides which the State has taken in the fields of basic, secondary, collegiate, medical and technical education.

Number of Schools (General Education): 1947-48 = 15,853
1962-63 = 36,960

Number of Students (in Schools): 1947-48 = 15,66,611
1962-63 = 43,14,046

In 1962-63.

Primary Schools (including Pre-Basic & Junior Basic): = 32,228

Senior Basic Schools = 283

		(Boys)	(Girls)
High Schools:	1,127	826	301
Higher Secondary Schools:	1,137	924	203
Colleges (General Education):	136	102	34

Technical Institutions (including College & Schools, Industrial, Engineering etc.):

	Institutions	Students
1947-48	86	6,119
1961-62	194	29,941

Medical Institutions (Colleges & Schools):

1947-48	9	4,414
1961-62	24	4,617

Literacy (percentage): 1951 = 24.54 1961 = 29.3

Universities: 1947-48 = 1 1963-64 = 7

Expenditure on Education:
1947-48 = 5.59 (Crores) 1961-62 = 38.09 (Crores)

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"He is a true diplomat who, conducting himself outwardly in the most pleasing and charming manner, can seal inwardly even the minutest aperture of escape for others very firmly, and thus he accomplishes all his acts of policy by remaining seemingly indifferent and neutral and keeping his mouth shut". There you have all the traditional qualifications of a good dipomat—a mind of his own, reserve, charm of manner, a seeming unconcern, a refusal to display a quality to which Talleyrand attached the highest importance—'*pas trop de zela*' and a capacity for silence.

Was our late Prime Minister consciously echoing Bhavabhooti when, irritated by the tendency of some of our diplomats to hold forth in season and out of season, he once said in the Parliament that a diplomat must know how to keep his ears open and his mouth shut?

All great diplomats have been distinguished by these qualities from time immemorial and all diplomats must continue to cultivate them. It must be admitted, however, that the scope for the exercise of these qualities today is more limited than in former times. With the advent of the aeroplane, the jet plane and now the supersonic plane, the world has shrunk. Every one is everyone else's neighbour and takes a delight in looking over the walls. The press has gathered enormous power and a scoop is regarded as the test of a reporter's ingenuity. Privacy has become a thing of the past, and diplomats find it difficult to function with that degree of secrecy on which their success depended in former days.

Secrecy has become not only impracticable but is almost regarded as undesirable. Did not President Wilson say that henceforth the goal of foreign policy should be "open covenants openly arrived?" No wonder so few important covenants have been reached since then. It is certainly good to have open covenants instead of the kind of secret treaties which, in the bad old monarchical days, some Governments took a pleasure in concluding even without the knowledge of their own people; but to try to arrive at open covenants openly, in the glare of television cameras, is often not to arrive at them at all.

Another phenomenon which has affected the position of diplomats is the spirit of wanderlust which has seized politicians and even officials throughout the world. Heads of states and Governments, members of parliament and delegates of various kinds are always moving about from one capital to another arrogating to themselves some of the functions which used to be discharged by diplomats in former days. To some extent such visits are useful, for they promote mutual understanding.

Moreover there may arise occasions when a situation can be saved, or a seemingly insoluble problem solved, only by a face to face confrontation between the heads of two states or Governments.

The most remarkable example, which I have come across, of the value of such confrontation was one between Mr. Khrushchev and Mr. Raab,

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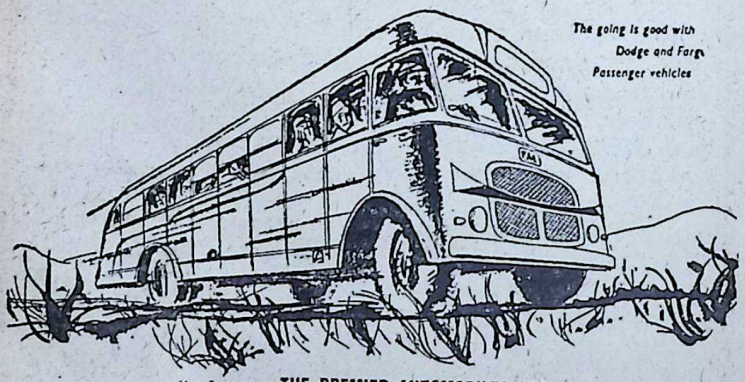

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the Austrian Chancellor. In the course of two hours, they did what 194 meetings of the Foreign Ministers of the Four Great Powers could not do, namely to come to an agreement about the independence of Austria.

Not all confrontations of peregrenations, however, have been so fruitful. The late John Foster Dulles was an inveterate traveller and yet the prospects of peace have improved far more under his comparatively stay-at-home successor, Dean Rusk, and President Kennedy, in whose time American diplomats enjoyed far greater latitude than under Dulles.

The continuous influx of V.I.P.'s may be a source of embarrassment to a diplomat. It often distracts his attention from his normal duties and may diminish his prestige in the eyes of the Government to which he is accredited. After all there is a technique in diplomacy—a technique which has to be applied with patience, persistance and a judicious mixture of firmness and finesse and diplomats are its natural custodians. By all means train the diplomats properly, give them constant directions, keep a watchful eye on them, commend them when they do well and censure them when they go wrong; but leave them to their job.

The diplomat must be regarded not simply as a tool, but as the pivot, of his country's foreign policy in the state to which he is accredited: a constant star, illuminating the relation between his own Government and people and the people among whom he is stationed.

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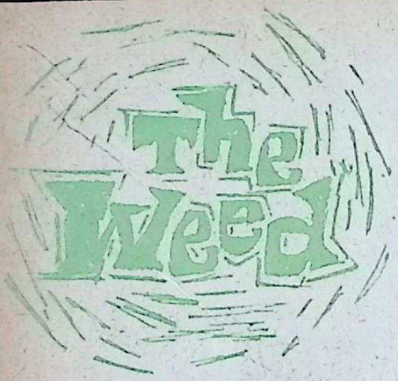

AMRITA PRITAM

ANGOORI was the new bride of the old servant of my neighbour's neighbour's neighbour's. Every bride is new for that matter. But she was new with a difference. She was the second wife of her twice-married husband, who could not be called new because he had already drunk at the conjugal well. As such the prerogative of being new went to Angoori only. This realisation was further accentuated considering the five years that passed before they could consummate the union. Besides she had been here for a few months only. She still carried a rustic freshness and girlish coyness about her.

About six years ago Prabhati went home to cremate his first wife. When the cremation was over, Angoori's father approached him and took over his wet towel. He wrenched it dry making a symbolic gesture of wiping away Prabhati's tears of grief, the profusion of which had wet his towel.

There never was a man though who cried enough to wet a yard and a half of calico length. The towel became wet only when he had the after-cremation bath. The simple act of drying the so-called tear-stained towel on the part of a person with an unmarried daughter said, "I give you my daughter to take the place of the one who died. You need not cry now. I have dried even your tear-wet towel."

This was the way Angoori married Prabhati. However, their union was postponed for over five years for two reasons, her age and her mother's

ABOUT THE AUTHOR

Poet, novelist and short-story writer in Punjabi, the author won the Sahitya Akademi Award in 1956. Here are the break-down figures: 14 collections of poems; 10 novels; 5 volumes of short stories; 3 collections of folk-songs; a book on Punjabi literature; a biography; and a travelogue. All her novels have been translated in Hindi, and many in Urdu; one of her novels has been translated in English and Gujarati.—Ed.

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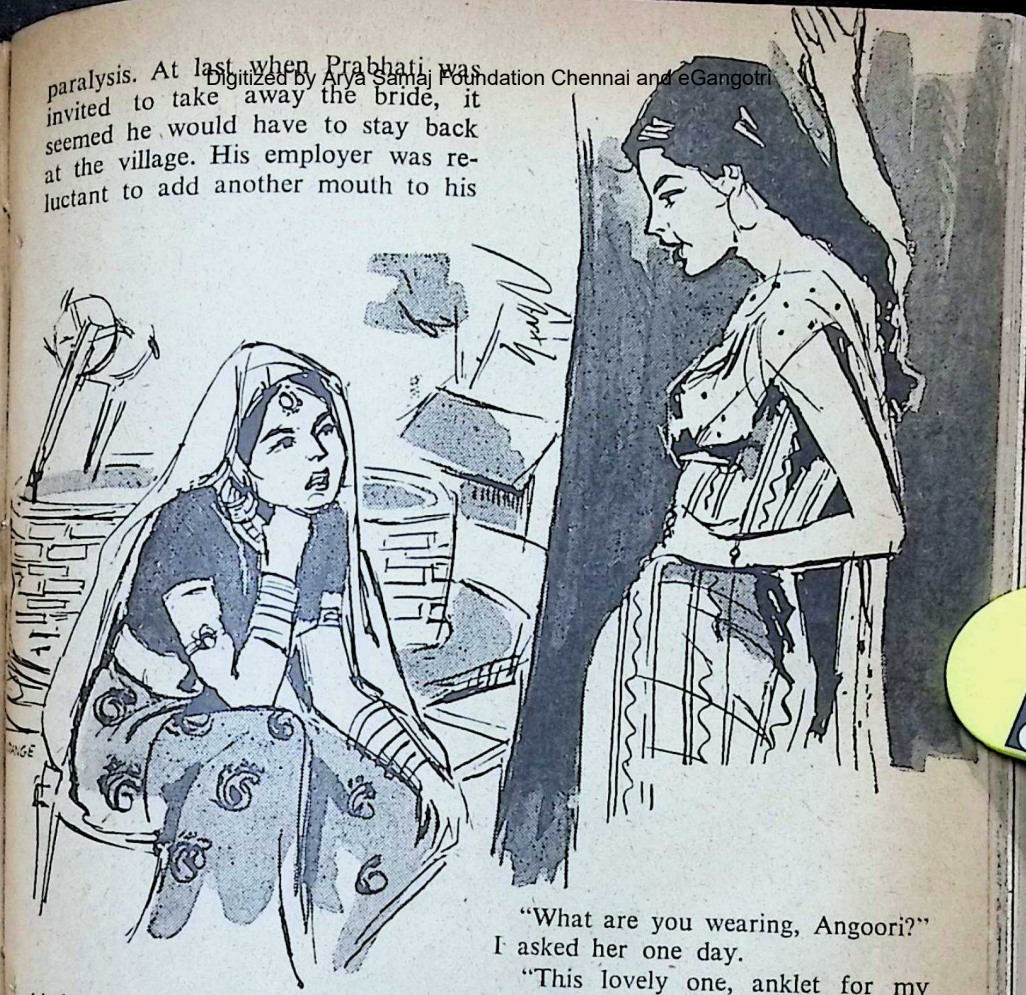
paralysis. At last when Prabhati was invited to take away the bride, it seemed he would have to stay back at the village. His employer was reluctant to add another mouth to his



kitchen. But when Prabhati told him that his wife would keep her own house, he agreed.

Angoori stayed behind the veil from both men and women in the beginning. The loop of the veil soon started shrinking till it only covered her hair as was becoming of an orthodox Hindu woman. She was a dear one, a delight to the eye and the ear. There was laughter in the tinkling of her thousand ankle bells and a hundred thousand bells in her laughter.

"What are you wearing, Angoori?" I asked her one day.

"This lovely one, anklet for my foot."

"That on your finger?"

"*Bichhwa* it be."

"And on the arms?"

"*Pachela*."

"Now tell me the one on your forehead."

"They call it *aliband*."

"Nothing on your waist today, Angoori?"

"Pretty heavy it weighs. Tomorrow I wear. Today no necklace see. Joint's gone. Tomorrow I go to the city and get a new joint to it, also buy a

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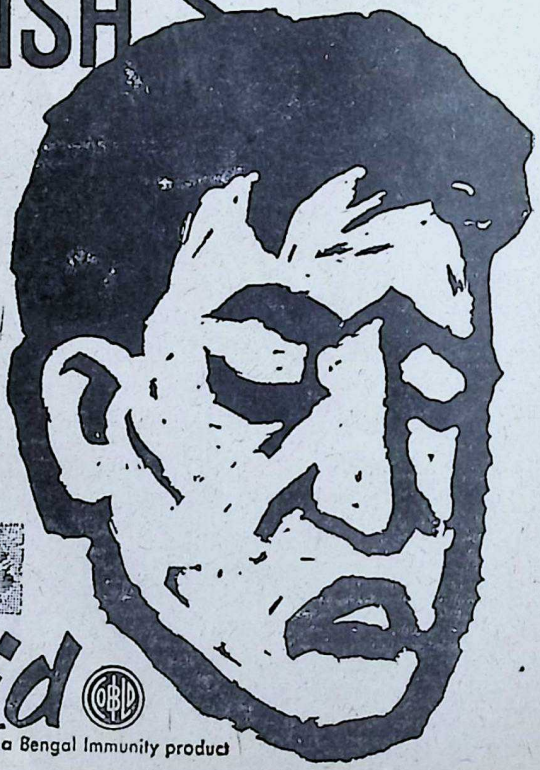

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nose-pin. Had a big nose-pin with a ring. My mother-in-law kept it."

Angoori was very proud of her silver jewellery. She was transported by the mere touch of her trinkets. Her whole being seemed to be setting them off to maximum effect.

The weather became close with the turn of the season. Angoori too must have felt it in her hut where she passed the good part of the day. She stayed out more now. There are a few giant *neems* before my house and an old well under them. The well is not in use though occasionally the construction worker still draws from it. The spilt water makes several puddles around the well which keep the atmosphere cool. Angoori often relaxed by the well.

"What you be reading, *bibi*?" Angoori asked one day finding me with a book. I had a chair placed under the *neem*.

"Want to read it?"

"I, no reading."

"Want to learn?"

"Oh, no!!"

"Why? What's wrong with that?"

"Sin for women, reading be, see."

"What about men?"

"They, no sin."

"Who told you all this?"

"I know."

"I read. I must be sinning."

"City women, no sin. Village women, all sin."

We both laughed at that. She had not learnt to question what she was told to believe. I thought if she found her peace in her native convictions who was I to question them?

Her body redeemed her dark complexion. There was an intense sense of ecstasy radiating all the time from her being; a resilient sweetness in her body. It is said a woman's body is like a lump of dough. Some have the looseness of under-done dough while others have the clinging plasticity of leavened dough. Rarely has a woman a body that can be equated to rightly done dough that is a baker's pride. Angoori's body belonged to the last category. Her rippling muscles impregnated the metallic resilience of coiled springs. I felt with my eyes her face, arms, breast, legs and experienced a profound languor. I thought of Prabhati, old, short-statured, hanging jaw of a man who could be the death of Euclid. Suddenly a funny idea struck me. Angoori was the dough covered by Prabhati. He was the one protecting, not the one participating. I felt a laugh welling up inside me but I checked it lest Angoori be offended. I started talking to her about her village and kinsfolk.

I inquired the way marriages were arranged in her village.

"Girls, when five or six, adore someone's feet. He be her husband."

"How do they do it?"

"Her father does it for her with money and flowers."

"That's not the same as the girl doing it."

"Oh, he does it for the girl, so it be the girl."

"But the girl hasn't seen the man even."

"Girls no see."

"Not a single girl?"

She said "no" hesitatingly but then added, "One in love do."

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"Do the girls in your village have love affairs?"

"Some few."

"Don't they sin, those who fall in love?"

"It's a sin, great one it be."

"Aren't they afraid of sinning?"

"They are. It's not them that do. It's men make them do it."

"How do the men make them do it?"

"With the weed, a wild one. One who eat love the man who gave it."

"Does she know when eating the weed?"

"Oh, no, they do it her not knowing. Give her in sweet or betel. Once eaten the weed nothing satisfies her but be with her man."

"True!"

"I know. I seen with my own eyes. She be my friend, older than me."

"What happened?"

"Why, she went crazy. Ran away with him to the city."

"How do you know it was the weed?"

"What else? Why she be leaving her parents? He brought her many things from the city, clothes, trinkets, sweets."

"Love can be otherwise?"

"No otherwise. When parents object why she like that?"

"Have you seen the weed?"

"No. It grows in a far land. My mother warned me not to accept a betel or sweets from a man lest it contained the weed."

"You were wise. How come your friend eat it?"

"Suffer herself," she said sadly. "No comb to her hair. Sang at night," she talked to herself.

"What did she sing?"

"Not know. They sang them who ate the weed. Weep also." The talk becoming emotional, I retired.

I found her sitting under the neems one day in a profoundly abstract mood. Usually one could hear Angoori's arrival at the well much before she reached it. Her anklets carried the tiding. But dumb they were that day.

"What's the matter, Angoori?"

She gave me a blank look and then recovering said, "Teach me reading, bibi."

"What happened Angoori?"

"Teach me writing my name."

"Whom will you write?"

She did not answer. Once again she was lost.

"Won't you be sinning?" I said to draw her. She would not talk. I retired for the afternoon siesta.

When I came out in the evening she was still sitting there, crooning to herself a sob of a song. Hearing my footfalls she turned round and swallowed her song. She sat with hunched shoulders perhaps because of the chill in the evening breeze.

"You sing well, Angoori." I watched her gigantic effort to turn back the brimming tears and instead sketch a smile across her mouth.

"I know not singing."

"You do, Angoori."

"This was a...."

"Song that your friend sang," I completed her sentence.

"Heard it from her."

"Won't you sing it for me?"

"Oh, it's just about the change of

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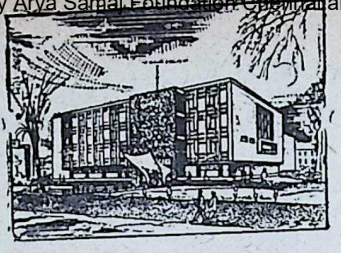

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seasons, four months winter, four months summer, four months rain."

"Not like that. Sing." She did not sing though she did tell the wording. It went: Four months winter reign, my heart shivers, my love; four months summer it be, wind shimmers in the sun; four months come rains, clouds tremble, my love.

"Angoori?"

She looked up as if from a trance. I felt like shaking her by the shoulders and ask if she had eaten the weed. I did put an arm around her shoulders. I asked if she had lunch. She cooked for herself since Prabhati ate at his masters.

"Did you cook today?"

"Not yet."

"Did you have tea in the morning?"

"Tea! No milk today."

"Why wasn't there any milk today?"

"I not get milk. Ram Tara...."

"Fetched milk."

She nodded.

Ram Tara was the street night watchman. When Angoori was not there he used to get a cup of tea at our place at the end of his watch before retiring with a cot to the well. After Angoori's arrival he prepared his tea at her hearth. He, Angoori and Prabhati all had tea together sitting before the hearth. Three days ago Ram Tara went home on leave.

"You did not have tea for three days."

She shook her head.

"Haven't eaten too." She did not answer. Apparently if she did it was not more than a morsel.

I remembered Ram Tara, good looking, quick-limbed, full of mirth. He had a way of talking with laughter hovering to take off at the corner of his lips.

"Angoori?"

"Yes, *bibi*."

"Is it the weed?"

Tears flowed down her face in two rivulets and gathered in two tiny puddles at the tip on either side of her mouth.

"Curse it be on me," she started in a voice atremble with the load of tears, "if I ever ate sweets from him. Not a betel even. If it be tea." She could not finish.

Words were rocked and shattered in the avalanche of her sobs.

[*Translated from Panjabi by Raj Gill.*]

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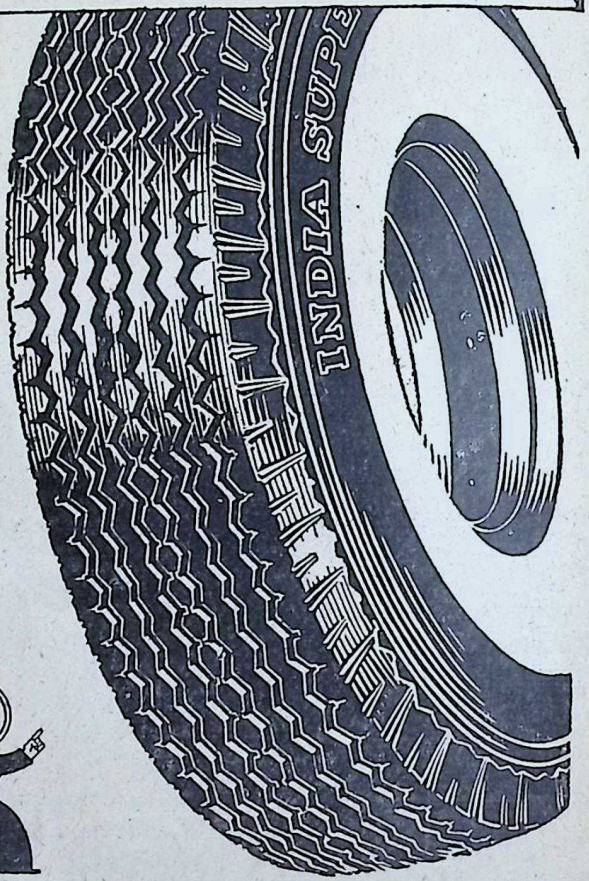
CHOOSE WITH CONFIDENCE



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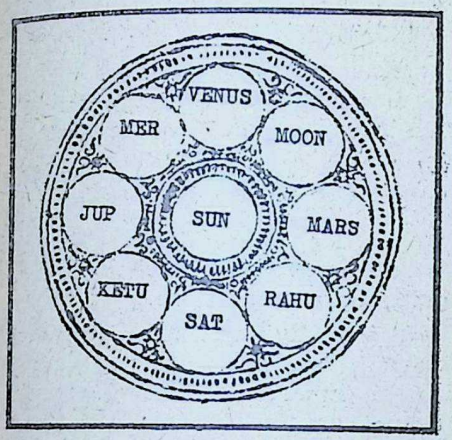
PLANETS & GEMS



IT has been regarded from time immemorial that there is an intimate connection between human beings and planets on the one hand and planets and gems on the other.

Perhaps the very reason why Indian deities and women have been wearing gems from those times must be because of the recognition of this fact.

Astrologers prescribe, among other things, the wearing of some gem or other in propitiation of some planet or other in particular horoscopes.

They say that for this purpose the gem should be worn in close proximity to the body. If the gem be set in jewels, it must be so set that the rays of the sun passes into the body of the wearer through the medium of the gems.

From this it is reasonable to presume that some curative principle is being directed into the body.

Among Indian texts that make reference to this practice of wearing planetary gems, apart from astrological texts, is *Shukraneeti*, an ancient and authoritative work which deals for the most part with statecraft.

Let us see what it has to say on the subject.

वज्रं मुक्ता प्रवालं च गोमेदश्चेन्द्रनीलकः ।
वैदूर्यं पुष्परागश्च पाचिमाणिक्यमेव च ।।
महारत्नानि चैतानि नव प्रोक्तानि सूरिभिः ।।

"The learned ones mention the following nine gems as *maharatnas*:— *Vajra* (*diamond*) ; *Mukta* (*pearl*) ; *Praval* (*Coral*) ; *Gomeda* ; *Indraneela* (*Sapphire*) ; *Vaidurya* (*Lapis Lazuli*) ; *Pushpa-raga* (*topaz*) ; *Pachi* (*Emerald*) and *Manikya* (*ruby*).

रवेः प्रियं रक्तवर्णं माणिक्यं त्विन्द्रगोपरुक् ।

"The Sun loves red colour, ruby of the colour of the red insect Indragopa."

रक्तगीतसितश्यामच्छविर्मुक्ता प्रिया विधोः ।।

"The Moon loves pearls of the

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following colours—red, yellow, white and dark."

सपीतरक्तरुग् भौमप्रियं विद्रुममुत्तमम् ।

"Mangal or Mars loves orange colour and the gem Coral."

मयूरचाषपत्राभा पाचिर्भुधहिता हरित् ॥

"Budh or Mercury favours leafy green and Emerald."

स्वर्णच्छविः पुष्परागः पीतवर्णा गुरुप्रियः ।

"The favourite colour of Guru or Jupiter is yellow, golden; and his gem is Pokrag."

अत्यन्तविशदं वज्रं तारकाभं कवेः प्रियम् ॥

"Diamond with star-like brilliance is the gem most acceptable to Shukra or Venus."

हितः शने रिन्द्रनीलो ह्यसितो घनमेधरुक् ।

"The gem Sapphire and dark colour of the pregnant cloud are favourable to Shani or Saturn."

गोमेदः प्रियकृद्राहोरीषत् पीतारुणप्रभः ॥

"*Gomed*, with a slight yellow and red colour is the most acceptable gem to Rahu."

ओत्वक्ष्याभश्चलत्तन्तु वैंदूर्य्यः केतुप्रीतिकृत् ॥

"Lapis Lazuli of the colour of the cat's eyes is pleasing to Ketu."

The same is expressed by an astrological text too as follows:

माणिक्यं तरणेस्सुधार्यममलं मुक्ताफलं शीतगोः
माहेयस्य च विद्रुमं मरकतं सौम्यस्य गारुत्मतम् ।
देवेज्यस्य च पुष्यरागमसुराचार्यस्य वज्रं शनेः
नीलं निर्मलमन्ययोश्च गदिते गोमेधवैडूर्यके ॥

Before proceeding further we shall listen to *Shukraneeti* on some general observations about gems, their quality, their effect etc.

अजालगर्भं सद्वर्णं रेखाबिन्दुविवर्जितम् ।
सत्कोणं सुप्रभं रत्नं श्रेष्ठं रत्नविदो जगुः ॥

"That gem is said to be precious which has proper colours and has no flaws like a cloudy bosom, lines, dots etc. inside, has proper geometric angles on the surface, and is lustrous.

श्रीपुष्टिकीर्तिशौर्यायुःकरमन्यदसत्स्मृतम् ।

"(Flawless ones) bestow wealth, health, fame, prowess and longevity. Others are bad."

कालेन हीनं भवति मौक्तिकं विद्रुमं धृतम् ।
गुरुत्वात् प्रभया वर्णात् विस्तारादश्रयादपि ॥

"The pearl and coral are subject to wear and tear in respect of weight, lustre, colour, area and setting."

नायसोल्लिख्यते रत्नं विना मौक्तिकविद्रुमात् ।
पाषाणेननापि च प्राय इति रत्नविदो जगुः ॥

"Barring pearl and coral, other gems (mentioned) rarely receive scratches even by iron or stone."

Apparently synthetic gems had already made a beginning even in those times; for the *Shukraneeti* says:

कुर्वन्ति कृत्रिमं तद्वत् सिंहळद्वीपवासिनः ।
तत्सन्देहविनाशार्थं मौक्तिकं सुपरीक्षयेत् ॥

"The Ceylon islanders make artificial pearls, so one must examine pearls carefully for genuineness."

A test is prescribed for the purpose which is as follows:

उष्णे सलवणस्नेहे जले निश्युषितं हि तत् ।
व्रीहिभिः मदितं नेयाद् वैवर्ण्यं तदकृत्रिमम् ॥

"Salt and sweet oil are mixed together in water and boiled. In that solution the suspected pearl is immersed, mixed along with some grains of cereals like wheat. The whole of this should be left for a full night. In the morning the grains should be vigorously stirred. That pearl is not

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genuine which changes colour in this test."

Now, there are different ways of wearing gems on the body.

In the absense of any particular ailment, all of them can be worn on the body in the form of, say, a chain, so as to invite the blessing of all the nine planets. Alternatively they can be set in a ring, belt, etc. to be worn on the body. Of course particular ailments would need particular gems only.

But when all of them are sought to be set in a ring to be worn on the finger, an accredited pattern or order has been ordained by the *rishis*. It is this:

मध्ये तु भास्करं विद्यात् लोहितं दक्षिणेन तु।
उत्तरेण गुरं विद्यात् बुधं पूर्वोत्तरेण तु॥
पूर्वेण भार्गवं विद्यात् सोमं दक्षिणपूर्वके।
पश्चिमे च शनिं विद्यात् राहुं दक्षिणपश्चिमे॥
पश्चिमोत्तरतः केतुं स्थापयेत्.....

"Sun at the centre; Mars at the East; Jupiter in the West; Mercury in the North-west; Venus in the North; Moon in the North-east; Saturn in the South; Rahu in South-east and Ketu in South-west."

One such arrangement is illustrated at the beginning of this article.

The *rishis* have prescribed the wearing of planetary gems by all both for assuaging ailments and improving our prospects in life. Their wisdom has not been proved false unto this day.

Planets being worshipped as God, the worship we offer them ultimately reaches God.—*Jyotisharnava.*

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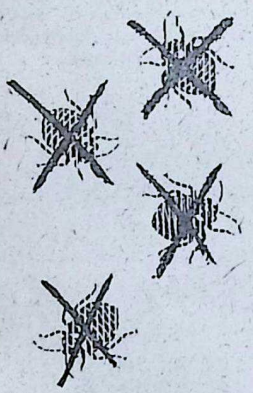

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K. M. MUNSHI

Prithvi-Vallabh

THE BELOVED OF THE EARTH

Translated from Gujarati by H. M. Patel, I.C.S. (Retd.)

THE STORY SO FAR: Munja, the great Paramara conqueror of Malva, who had routed Tailap, the king of Telengana, eighteen times, was finally vanquished by Bhillam, Tailap's Commander-in-Chief. He was taken prisoner and brought to Manyakhet, the capital of Telengana.

Meanwhile, Mrinalvati, the forty-six-year old widowed sister of Tailap, with a will all her own, was virtually the ruler of Telengana. At the victory parade of the prisoners, hard-hearted as she was, she experienced a momentary flutter seeing the handsome face of Munja.

[*Continued from last issue*]

FEARING that Tailap might go back on his plighted word to spare the lives of the poets of Malva, Bhillam himself went to the place where the poets had been imprisoned. The jailor was surprised when Bhillam told him of Tailap's orders, but he did not hesitate to let him into the jail.

There was a commotion among the poets when they saw Bhillam come.

Addressing them Bhillam said, "Friends, I have a request to make and that is to invite you to accept my hospitality."

A short but handsome and gentle-looking young man stood up and asked with a smile on his face, "Are you the God of Death?"

Bhillam was attracted by the personality of this man. "No; why do you ask that question?"

"Who else but the God of Death would want to extend hospitality to us, in this city of the cruel Mrinalvati?"

"Dhananjay," said the first poet, "this is not the God of Death, but he is the most excellent among the Generals of Tailap—the ruler of Syundesh."

Bhillam smiled. "No, I am only the Commander-in-Chief. I have not come to call you to death, but to save you from this hell on earth."

Dhananjay replied, "What is there living in a world without Prithvi Vallabh?"

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The years pass, but my TMB stays strong!

Together, we have climbed ghats, crossed plains, negotiated hairpin bends, through all seasons, night and day for over 5,00,000 miles — and never has my sturdy TMB let me down.
Soon, when I retire, my son will operate this same truck and it will continue to haul a fortune for him and the family.

The Star that hauls a fortune

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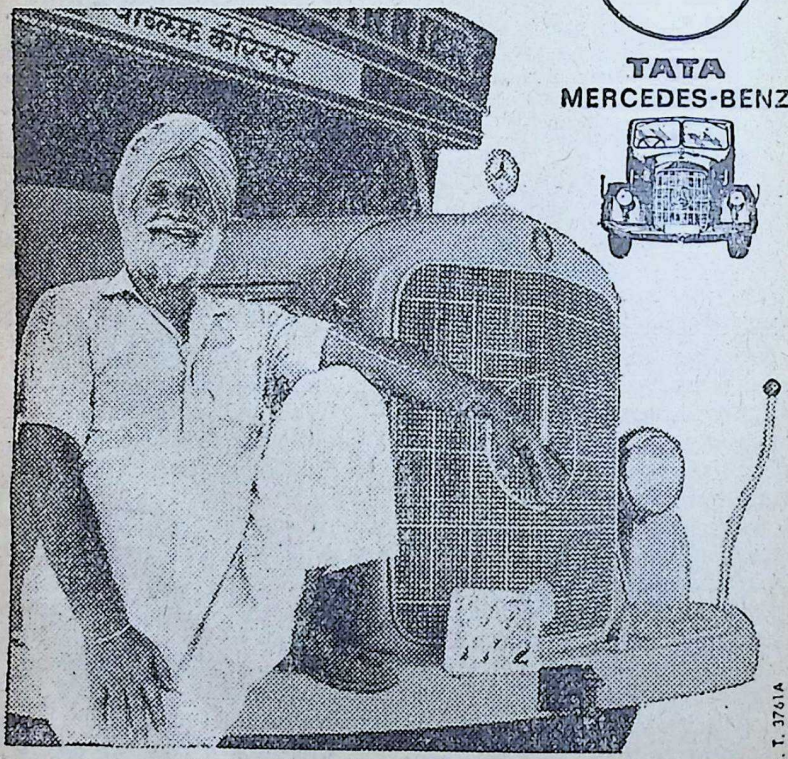

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Ignoring the last remark, Bhillam said, "Take heart; Raja Tailap has decided to spare your lives and that is why I have come to invite you to my house."

The amazed poets surrounded Bhillam.

"You are Dhananjay?" asked Bhillam of the second speaker.

"Yes."

"And you?" he asked the handsome young poet who had spoken first.

The youth hesitated.

"His name is Rasnidhi," replied Dhananjay on his behalf. "And this is Padmagupt, and this....." he introduced the others.

They streamed out of the jail, following Bhillam.

As they walked, Bhillam had occasion to observe his companions closely. It seemed to him that gentle and small as Rasnidhi looked, he was by no means a weakling. The general who was accustomed to judge the strength of young warriors, was satisfied that Rasnidhi would look well in armour. This thought made him smile and say to himself, "What an absurd idea to picture this poor devil as a soldier!"

No one spoke until they arrived at Bhillam's palace, which was near the royal palace.

On arrival Bhillam ordered his servants to look after his guests and make them comfortable. Before leaving them, he turned towards Dhananjay and said, "My wife and daughter have not had the good fortune to enjoy the company of poets for quite a long time. Would you come with me to meet them?"

"It is hardly surprising that in a country from which poets are banished, culture and beauty should disappear. When kings think lightly of honour, women would lose the quality of mercy," interposed Rasnidhi with scorn.

"You too accompany me," said Bhillam.

"I?" asked Rasnidhi with some constraint.

"Of course. Is there any objection?"

Dhananjay looked thoughtfully at Rasnidhi, and said, "Certainly, Rasnidhi, you also come with me. Let us both go to meet the General's family."

Bhillamraj still valued the title, 'Protector of Poets', which his ancestors had earned. He derived much pleasure from this contact with cultured men, the contact denied to him for so long. He felt happy and proud in their company.

Laxmidevi had not yet returned from the royal palace, while Vilas was engaged in worship at the temple.

Bhillam sent a man to fetch Vilas, while he took the poets into the garden just behind his palace. There, beneath the shade of a spreading tree, they talked of various matters, until they were interrupted by the arrival of Vilas.

"Is that you, Vilas, my dear?"

Vilas came close to her father. He pointed to the poets and said, "Here are the poets whom you have been longing to meet."

Vilas looked at the two young men with some embarrassment.

"This is Dhananjay, king among poets. His fame had spread up to our own land of Syundesh."

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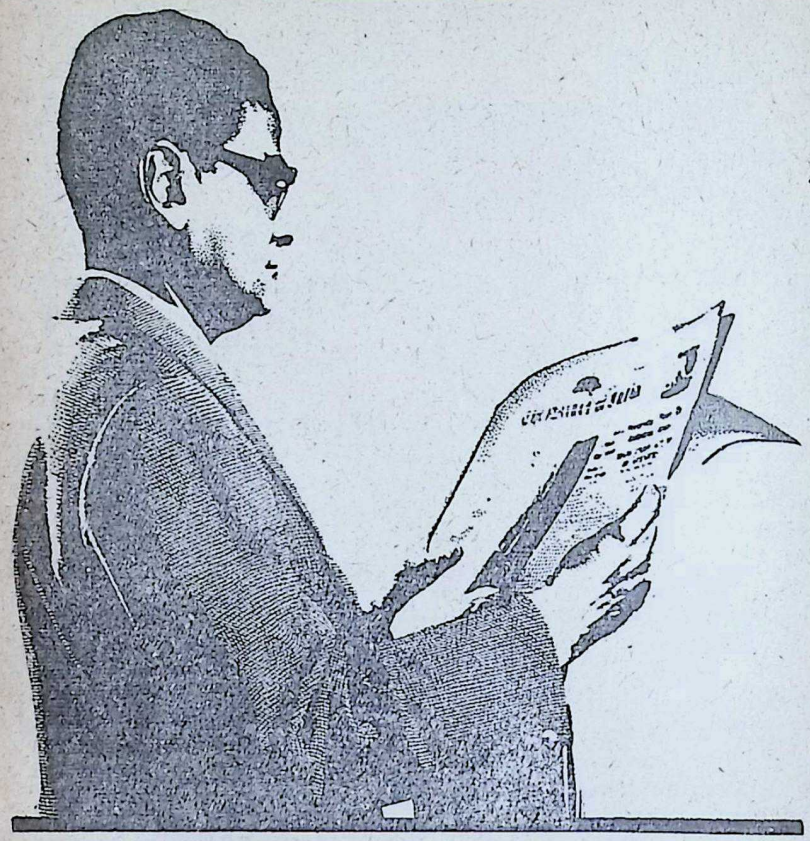

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"Here are the poets you have been longing to meet."

Vilas saluted him with respect.

"Young lady, may you be the wife of a king as great as Raghav and the mother of sons as bright as the sun," said Dhananjay sententiously.

"This is Rasnidhi, poet amongst poets," said Bhillam introducing the other young man.

Bashfully, Vilas lowered her eyes, and then, curiosity overcoming her shyness, she looked up at Rasnidhi. She found his face strange, but she could not quite decide why.

"Gracious lady, how shall I bless you?" exclaimed Rasnidhi with a smile. "May you wed the god of nectar, and having tasted nectar, live in happiness as no one else has done."

Vilasvati found it difficult to understand the meaning of the blessing, but Mahasamant who understood its significance, burst out laughing and exclaimed: "Know you not that this is not Avanti?"

"Of course. How can I forget? Would I be in this state otherwise?"

"In our country, the source of nectar has dried up. Indeed to live in joy or happiness is a sin!"

"Surely, that cannot really be so."

"You have not yet seen the strength of Mrinalba's austerity. Look at my daughter. She has from this early age started living a life of penance and austerity."

"But why?" asked Dhananjay.

"Kaviraj, Telengana has some strange customs."

"But why should such a young girl have to impose austerity upon herself?"

"Because Vilas is to marry Prince

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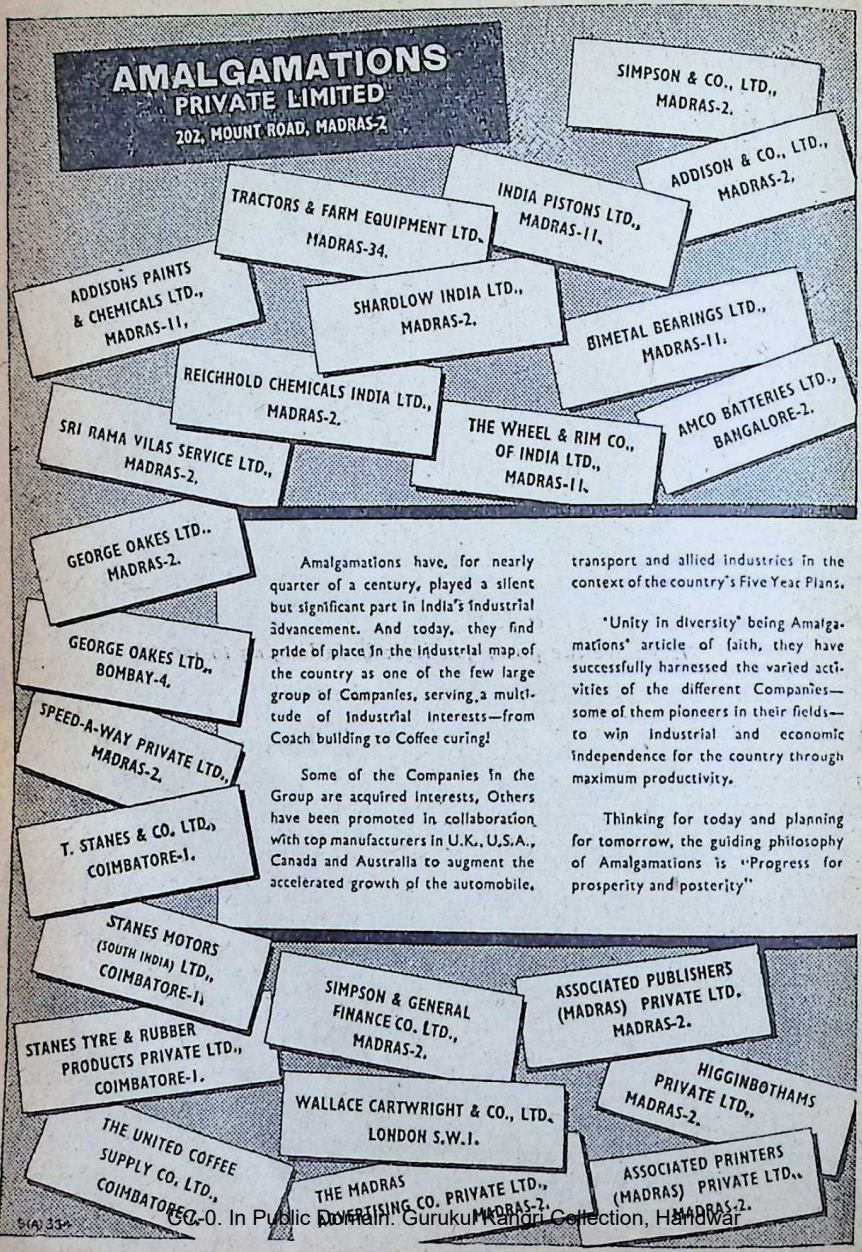

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Satyashray. She must receive training befitting the future queen of Manyakhet," replied Bhillam with scarcely veiled bitterness. "Would you not say so, Vilas?"

Vilas smiled, while the two poets gazed at her with pity in their eyes.

"In other words," said Dhananjay, "you can only become the queen if your heart dries up first."

"That is what our Mrinalba believes. Come Vilas, sit down. I got these young poets released. They will stay with us."

Vilas came close to Bhillam and looked silently at the two poets. This was a totally new experience for her. Each of them was dressed differently. Their manner appeared to be free, frank and warm. There was neither solemnity nor undue restraint in their conversation, qualities which she had been taught to value. Their faces did not display either harshness or profound wisdom. Their very presence seemed to create an unfamiliar atmosphere. She was shocked at what they said, but the shock had something attractive; she did not feel like going away!

"So, it is true then," asked Rasnidhi, "that you have banished poets from your country? I had thought it was a baseless rumour."

"The less said about what happens in our country, the better," was Bhillam's bitter comment.

"If you can neither enjoy poetry nor live in happiness or affection, what is left for you in life?"

"Vilas, what would be your answer?"

Vilas looked up slowly and fixing her eyes upon Rasnidhi, said, "Sacrifice and peace."

"Have you any idea how many men have really achieved peace through sacrifice?"

"Oh, but we are all minor gods!" interjected Bhillam smilingly.

"But even gods welcome joy whereas you are all anxious to become stones."

"It is a pity that Laxmidevi is not here. She would be very interested in this conversation."

"Everything else is transitory. Only peace is eternal," Vilas repeated her philosophy parrotwise.

"No, not even peace is eternal. The only thing that is eternal is joy."

Vilas smiled contemptuously as she retorted, "How can you have joy without peace?"

"By living in happiness."

"But happiness is momentary."

"Who said so? Where there is love, eternal happiness follows."

Mahasamant had lost interest in the conversation. He got up to go. "I cannot understand what detains Laxmidevi. I must send someone to fetch her."

As soon as Bhillam went out, Dhananjay also moved towards the window to gaze on a lotus-pond outside.

[To be continued]

A man who has never had religion before, no more grows religious when he is sick, than a man who has never learned figures can count when he has need of calculation.

—*Sam Johnson*

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KANCHI

AMONG *mokshapuris* Kanchi occupies an exalted position. It is said :

नेत्रद्वयं महेशस्य काशी काञ्चीपुरीद्वयम् ।

"Kasi and Kanchi constitute the two eyes of Maheshwara."

It is claimed that Kanchi is indestructible even at the time of the Great Deluge. The city is built in the shape of the Sri-Chakra. And Mother Kamakshi presides over the city in the Kama-Koti-Peetha and blesses Her devotees.

Mother Kamakshi is none other than Mother Lalita. It is said in the *Lalitopakhyana* :

यद्यद्वाञ्छन्ति तत्रस्थाः मनसैव
महाजनाः ।
सर्वज्ञा साक्षिपातेन तत्तत्कामान–
पूरयत् ॥
तदृष्ट्वा चरितं देव्याः ब्रह्मा
लोकपितामहः ।
कामाक्षीति ततोभिज्ञां: ददौ
कामेश्वरीतिच ॥

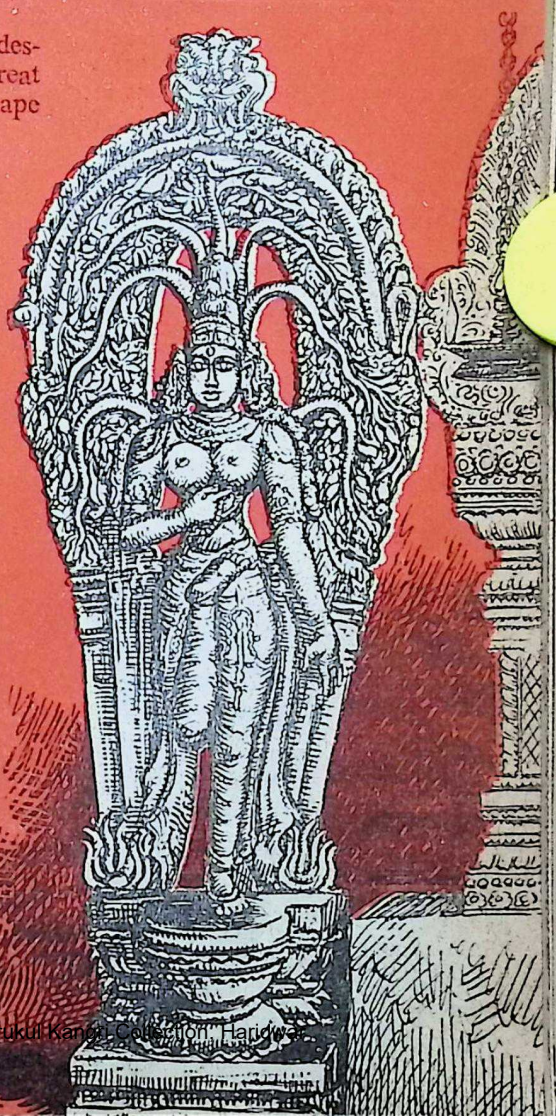
"Whatever people wanted, the Mother bestowed by mere sight. Seeing that power of the Mother, Brahma gave Her (Lalita) the name Kamakshi and Kameswari."

The Lord of the place is known as Ekamranatha. It means Lord of the single-mango tree. It is said such a tree continues even today. This form of the Lord is worshipped as follows :

शिवबीजसमुद्भूतं
वेदशाखाभिरन्वितम् ॥

Kamakshi Temple:

Sri Tapas Kamakshi : Mother Kamakshi as she appears in the Garbhagraha. The *bilakasa* is said to be here.



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मृकण्डुतनयाधार रसालं त्वां नमाम्यहम् ॥

"Grown out of the seed of Siva, shining with branches constituted of the Vedas, the refuge of Markandeya—prostrations unto that mango tree."

आदि श्रीमन्त्रस्यास्य वायुभागे महेशितुः ।
विस्तृतं भुवनश्रेष्ठं कल्पितं परमेष्ठिना ।
श्रीगृहस्याग्निभागे तु विचित्रं विष्णुमन्दिरम् ॥

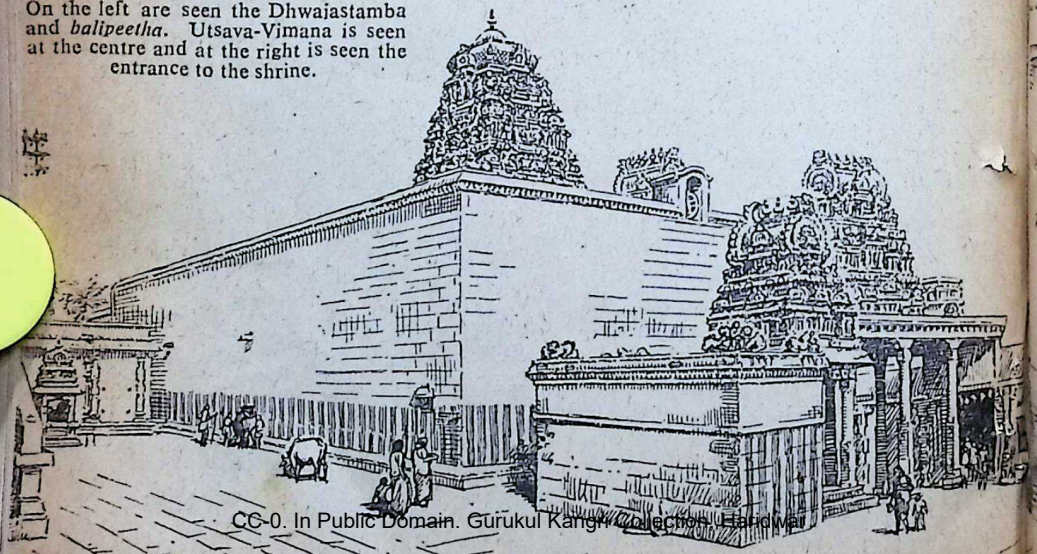
"To the north-west of Mother Kamakshi's Sri-griha is the temple of Sri Ekamranatha and the single Mango tree; Kameswara is another name for the Lord. To the south-east of Kamakshi temple is the beautiful Vishnu temple of Sri Varada-raja."

Tapaswins believe that the great Mother Goddess Kameswari shines in this city in the quadruple form of Kamakshi, Kamesa, Varada-raja and Bilakasa-rupini at the Kamaraja-pitha at Kamakoti.

Legend says that what is known as the Mahabila is in reality the Paramakasa constituted by Nada-bindu, the substance of Brahman or Kamakala. When the Mother was in the Bilakasa form, an Asura by name Bandhaka did havoc to the three worlds. The

Sage Durvasa: Facing Sri Adi Sankara shrine in the Utsava Kamakshi Mandap.

On the left are seen the Dhwajastamba and *balipeetha*. Utsava-Vimana is seen at the centre and at the right is seen the entrance to the shrine.



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Sri Raja-Matangi : Facing Bangaru Kamakshi *sannidhi*.

Mother took the form of a girl and killed the Asura. Afterwards at the behest of the Mother, the Devas constructed the present Gayatri Mandapa (where the Devi presides) which acts as cover for the Mahabila. The following prayer is in the *Kamakshi Vilasa*.

गायत्रीमण्डपाधारां नाभिस्थानं भुवः
परम् ।
पुरुषार्थप्रदं शम्भोः बिलप्रान्तं
नमाम्यहम् ।

"Prostrations unto the Bila region of Shambhu, which bestows the four ends of life, that which forms the base of the Gayatri-mantap and that which is the navel of the universe."

Sankara-Vijaya has it that the Adya Sankáracharya pacified the fierce Mother Goddess who was in the Bilakasa form, embedded the Sri-Chakra there and made the

Vasanta-Mantapa : This is rich in artistic workmanship.

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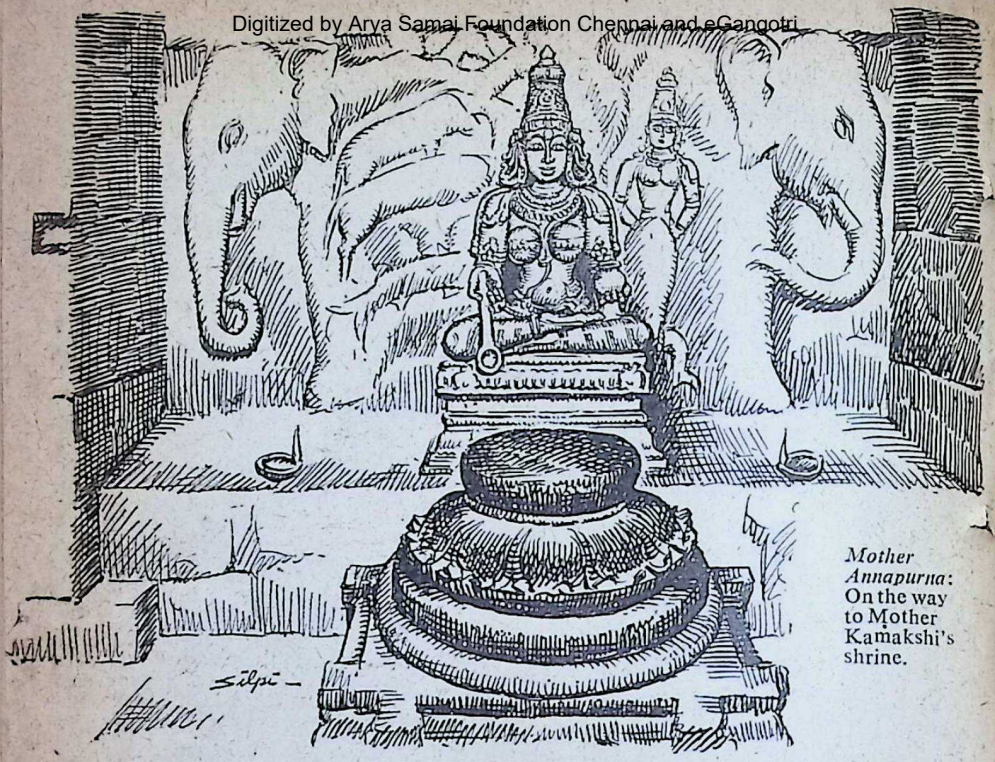
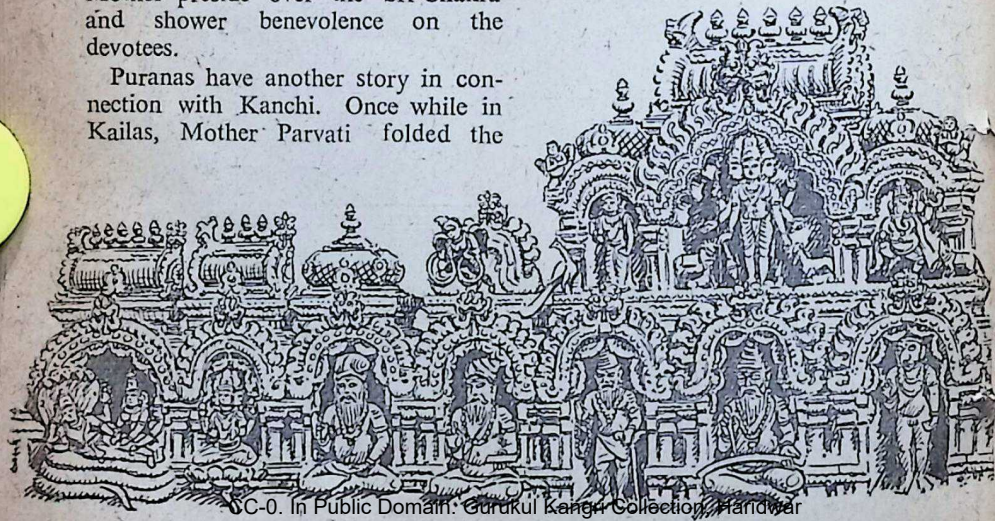


Mother Annapurna: On the way to Mother Kamakshi's shrine.

Motner preside over the Sri-Chakra and shower benevolence on the devotees.

Puranas have another story in connection with Kanchi. Once while in Kailas, Mother Parvati folded the



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Adi Sankara's Guru-parampara: On top of Sri Adi Sankara's shrine.

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eyes of Her Spouse with her hands playfully. As a result the entire universe became dark and the *jivas* went through untold trouble. Lord Siva became angry at this prank and pronounced a curse on Devi. Asked for reprieve, the Lord said, "Go and perform *tapas* at Kanchi and try to come to me back."

Mother Parvati repaired to Kanchi and seating herself beneath the single-mango tree, performed severe penance. She had prepared a *linga* out of sands which she worshipped. The Lord wanted to have some fun. So he ordered the Ganga to proceed to Kanchi and fall in cascades along the

Shrine of Adi Sankara in Kamakshi Temple. The Utsava-murti is seen below.

Goudapada. Govinda Bhagavatpada

city so that Parvati's *tapas* might get into trouble. The Mother saw the danger to her Murti—Linga made of sands—and unmindful of everything else. She held the Linga-murti in her embrace till the deluge was over. Exhilarated by the embrace of His beloved, the Lord appeared before Her and

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Dwarapalaki: On the way to the shrine of Bangaru (Golden) Kamakshi. The latter, it may be recalled, was taken to Tanjore and installed there during the disturbing days of Mohammedan rule.

Sri Varahi. In the Kamakshi Gayatri-Mandapa near Arupa Lakshmi.

stopped the floods, and granted Parvati's wishes. For the reason that Parvati was rattled by the river, it is called *Kampa*, meaning the same.

It is said that the Linga-murti here bears the impress of Mother Parvati's embrace even today. Says the poet :

उमालिङ्गनसञ्जातकुचकङ्कण-
मुद्रितम् ।
लिङ्गं एकाम्रनाथस्य सैकतं
समुपास्महे ॥

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"Adorations unto the Sand Linga of Jambukeshwara and Gangotri Ekamranatha which bears the impress of Parvati's breasts and armlets."

It is common knowledge that Sankara Bhagavatpada is the foremost among the poet-devotees who have sung in praise of Mother Goddess. In his *Soundarya-Lahiri* and other poems, he has poured out his heart on Lalita, Kamakshi, etc.

Of particular interest to us in connection with Kanchi is the story of a dumb soul who became a divine poet overnight as a result of the blessings of Mother Kamakshi. It is said the person was born dumb but worshipped Kamakshi night and day. Either by accident or by design, Mother Kamakshi blessed the dumb man by a spilling of *tambul* from Her mouth which made the person pour out mellifluous verses on the qualities of Mother Goddess. These verses, 500 in number, are commonly known as *Muka-Panchasati*.

Another school of thought holds that the fourth pontiff of the Kamakoti Pitha was the author of these verses.

इक्षुकोदण्डपुष्पेषु पाशाङ्कुशलसत्कराम् ।
उद्यत्सूर्यनिभां वन्दे महात्रिपुरसुन्दरीम् ॥
विश्वकारणनेत्राढ्यां महात्रिपुरसुन्दरीम् ।
बन्धकासुर संहर्त्रीं कामाक्षीं तामहं भजे ॥
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शुचिस्मिताम् ।
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"Wearing the sugar-cane as bow, the flower as arrow, the noose and the goad shining like the rising sun, with eyes that are the cause of the universe, the destroyer of Bandhaka-asura, Kamakshi, Maha-Tripura-Sundari—Her I worship. I bow unto Kamakshi who bestows whatever one seeks, who resides in Kanchi, who has golden body, clad in valuable jewels, holds the parrot in her hand and who smiles beautifully."

[*To be continued*]

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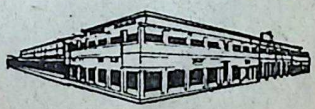

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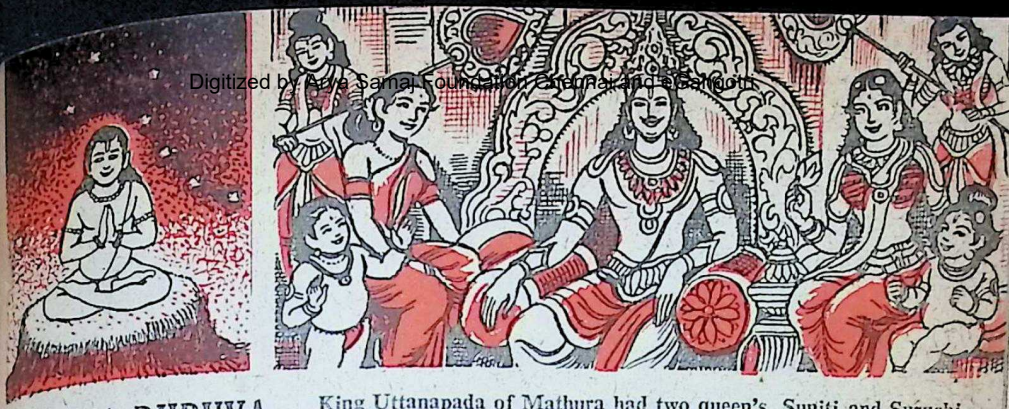
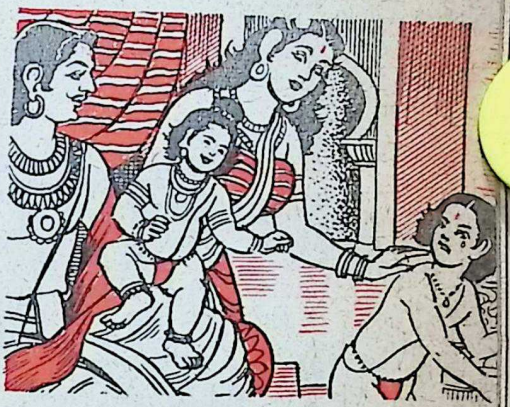


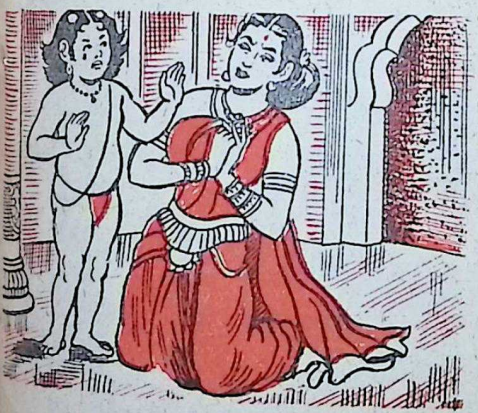
BHAKTA DHRUVA:

King Uttanapada of Mathura had two queen's, Suniti and Suruchi, and two sons Dhruva and Uttama respectively by them

Uttama was sitting on the King's lap one day. Dhruva asked : "Father ! May I also share your lap ?"



Suruchi dragged Dhruva from the King's lap and said : "Off you go and pray that you may be born as my son."



Disappointed, Dhruva asked his mother, "Ma, have I no right to sit on my father's lap just as my brother ?"

Child Dhruva started for the forest when Suniti permitted him saying, "May God bless you !"

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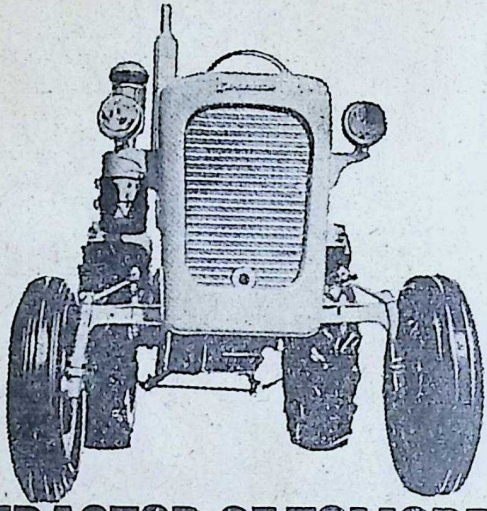

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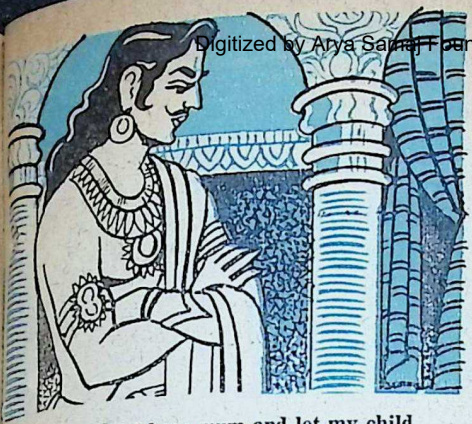

"O, why did I keep mum and let my child go to the forest?" thought Uttanapada.

Dhruva walked through the forest braving dangers and wild animals.

On the way Sage Narada met him. Dhruva asked the sage, "Sire, teach me how to propitiate Vishnu."

At first Narada tried to wean Dhruva away, but finding him determined, taught him Narayana-*mantra*, asking him to repeat it incessantly.

"Om Namo Narayanaya!" Dhruva chanted the *mantra* steadfastly.

Sage Narada met Uttanapada and comforted "Do not grieve; Dhruva will return safely."

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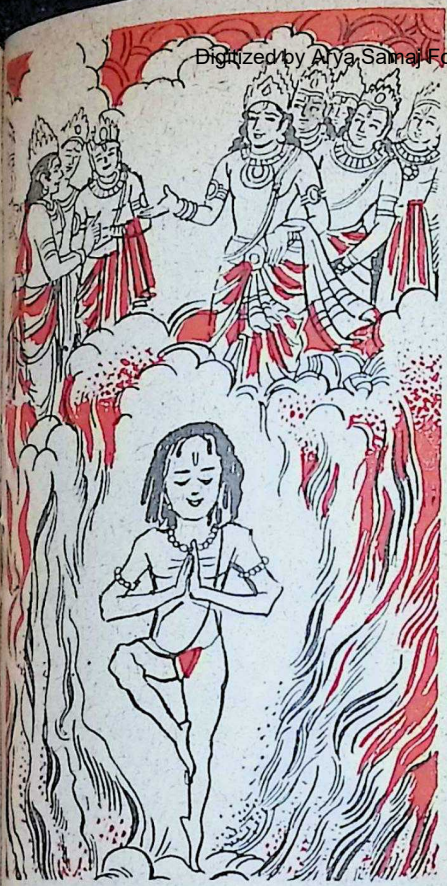

The power and intensity of Dhruva's *tapas* disturbed the Devas.

"O Lord! Save us from Dhruva's *tapa-syagni*" prayed the Devas.

"I shall save you" promised the Lord.

The Lord appeared before young Dhruva and removed His own image from the boy's mental eye. Startled Dhruva opened his eyes and saw the Lord.

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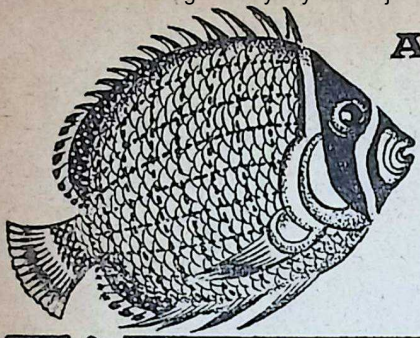

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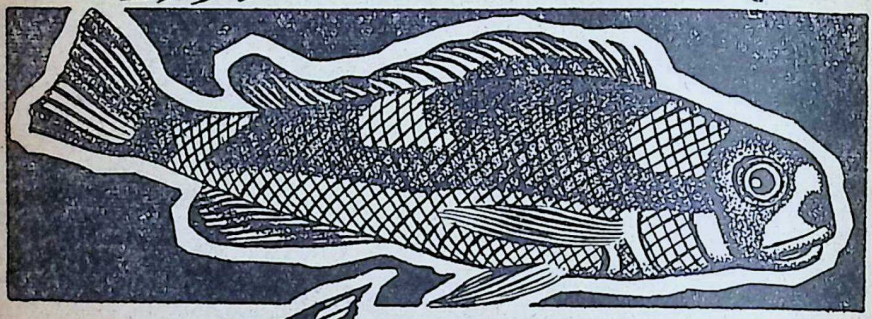

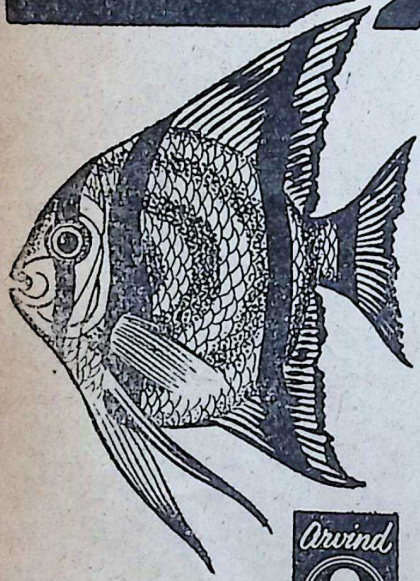

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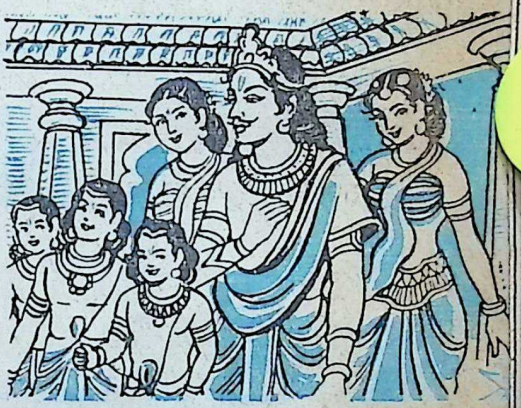
Dhruva praised the Lord. Said the Lord : "Child, after ruling for 26,000 years you will become the Pole Star."

Dhruva received a hero's welcome on his return. It was a happy reunion.

In due course Uttanapada crowned Dhruva as King and retired to the forest.



Dhruva married two queens and begot three sons.

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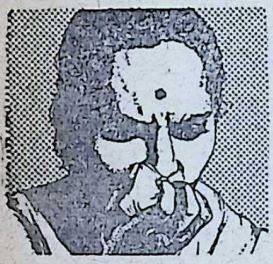

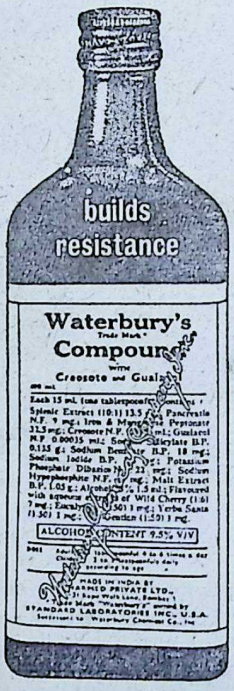

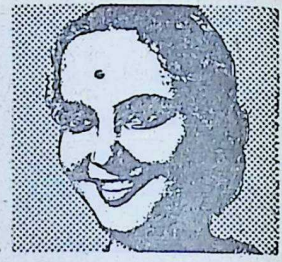

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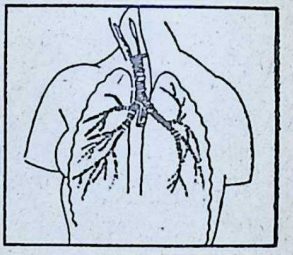

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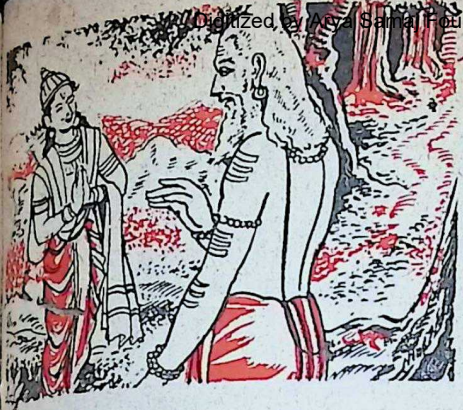
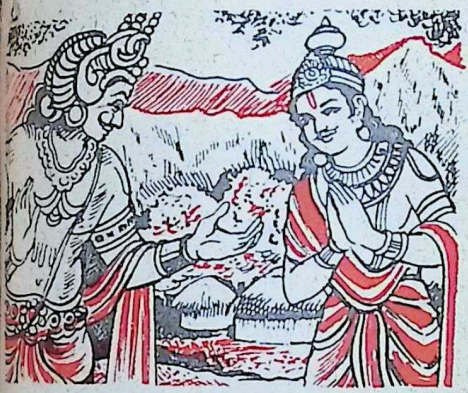


Dhruva's ancestor Swayambhuva Manu appeared before him and chided him :"Foolish boy, how can you unleash the mighty weapon when it is destiny that took your brother's life ?"

Dhruva fell at the elder's feet and apologised: "Kulapita, forgive me" and recalled the missile.



Then Kubera on behalf of the Devas appeared and said "King ! Please ask a boon of me."

Dhruva said : "Noble Sire! I seek nothing but the feet of Lord Hari." Kubera granted it.

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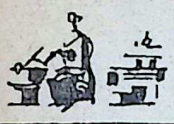

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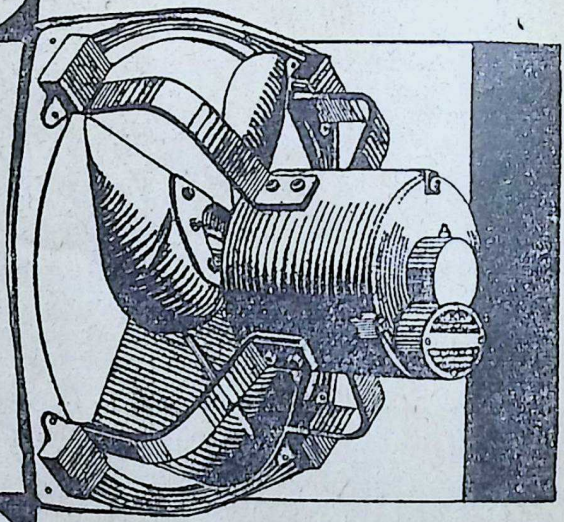

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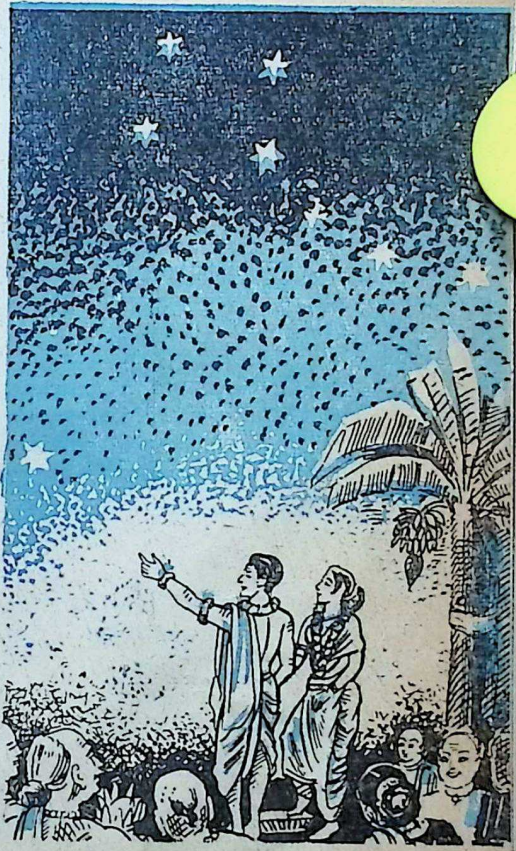
At the close of his reign, Dhruva crowned his eldest son as emperor and went to Badarik-ashrama.

At Badarikashrama, he performed mighty penance.

While engaged in *tapas*, a winged messenger from Vaikunta took him in the divine vehicle to Vaikunta.



From Vaikunta, Dhruva went to his permanent abode in the starry kingdom as Pole Star. Newly married couples seek his blessings for constancy.

At Vaikunta Dhruva saw his mother too.

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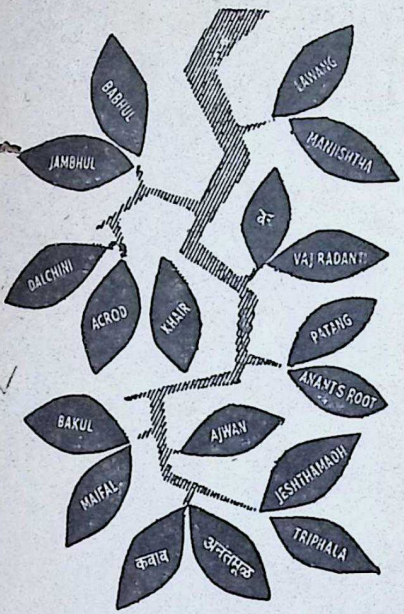

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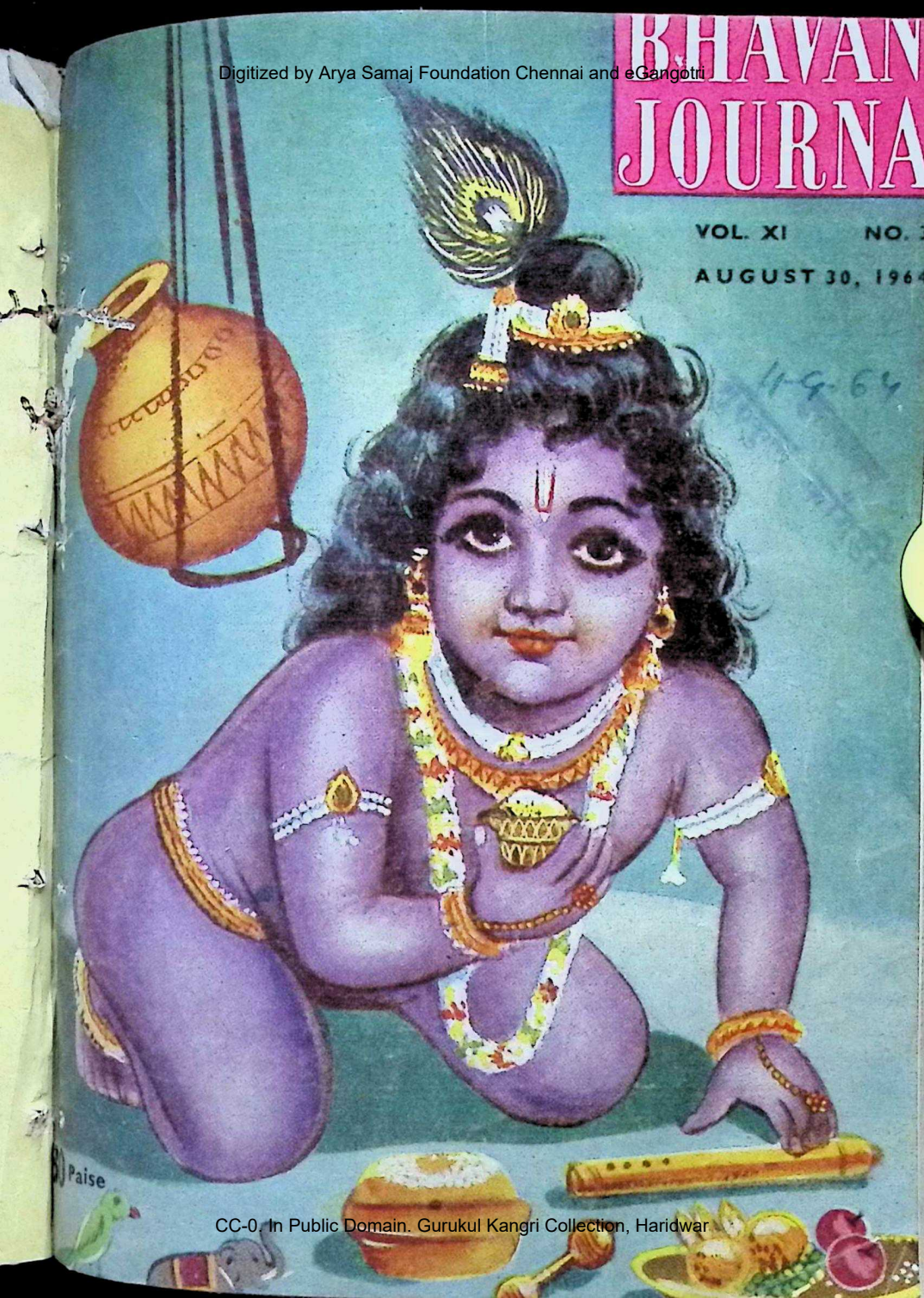

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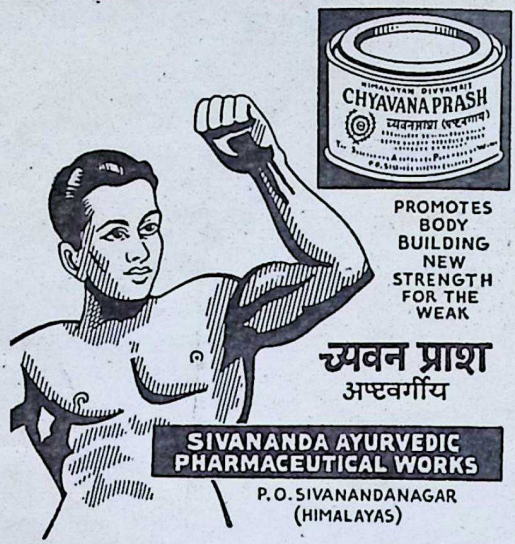

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contents

	Page
Child Krishna (Prayer)	5
Kulapati's Letter No. 317: Indian Secularism and Communal Militancy	6
Virat-swarupa (Gita)	9
Krishna, The Cowherd—Sage Narada	12
Many-sided Mission of Purnavatara Krishna—Swami Sivananda ..	14
My Vision of India—Subrahmanya Bharati	17
Vanamahotsava: A National Festival —Sri P. K. Sawant	19
Krishnavatara (Part IV): Draupadi's Bridal Night—Sri K. M. Munshi ..	24
Search for a Way of Life—Justice J. M. Shelat	33
* The Real Standard of Living—Sri T. V. Viswanatha Aiyar	38
* Dakshin Bharat Yatra—4 —A Yatrik	42
* Illusion (A Short Story)—Padmabhushan N. S. Phadke	51
* Prithvi Vallabh: Art in Life—Sri K. M. Munshi	60
* Kanchi—Varadaraja Temple (Art Suppl. Illus. by "Silpi")	65
* Notes and News	72
* Our Bookshelf	77

FRONT COVER:

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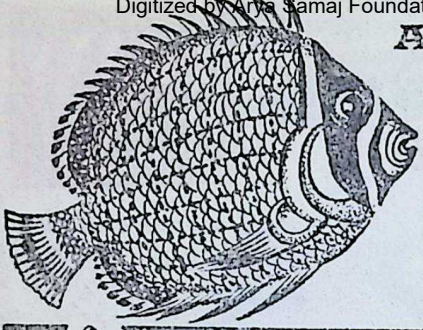

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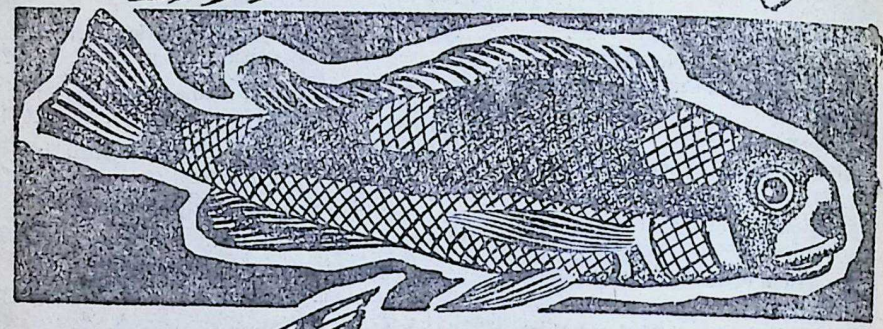

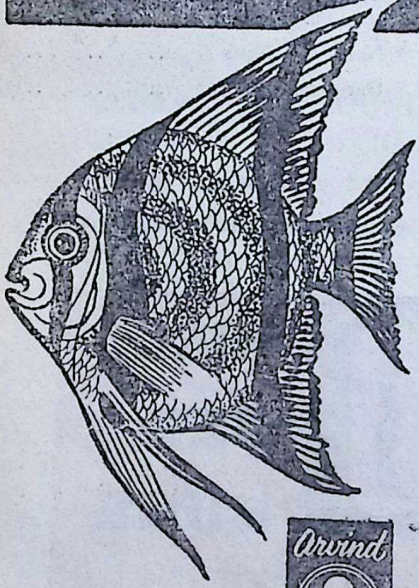

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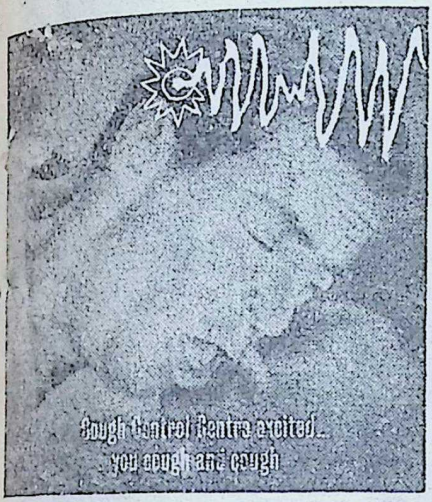

You need not suffer from irritating, sleep disturbing coughs. Medical science now knows that a cough is not just in your throat. In fact, your coughs are controlled in your Cough Control Centre. Throat irritation and bronchial congestion excite the Cough Control Centre and you start coughing.

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For correct dosage follow the instructions given on the carton.

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COUGH MIXTURE—*acts where coughs begin*

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आ नो भद्राः क्रतवो यन्तु विश्वतः।
Let noble thoughts come to us from every side
—Rigveda, I-89-i

BHAVAN'S JOURNAL

CHILD KRISHNA

पाणौ पायसभक्त माहितरसं बिभ्रन्मुदा दक्षिणे
सव्ये शारदपूर्णचन्द्रसदृशं हैयङ्गवीनं दधत् ।
कण्ठेकल्पितपुण्डरीखनखमपि उद्दामकान्ति वहत्
देवो दिव्यदिगम्बरः दिशतु नः सौख्यं यशोदाशिशुः ॥

May that Child of Yasoda Who, with His right hand tastes the sweet pudding delightedly, Who, in His left hand holds the butter white as the autumnal full-moon; Who wears round His neck a jewel set with tiger-nails that shine resplendently and Who is naked —may that Lord bestow happiness on us.

—*Sanatana-Gopala Mantra*

Vol. XI, No. 3

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No. 317

KULAPATI'S LETTER
on Life, Literature & Culture

INDIAN SECULARISM AND COMMUNAL MILITANCY

BHARATIYA VIDYA BHAVAN,
BOMBAY.

AUGUST 30, 1964.

MY YOUNG FRIEND,

INDIAN secularism is not the product of the modern concept of a non-denominational State. From ancient times, Hinduism has had a tolerant attitude towards other religions.

The Lord in the *Bhagavad Gita* said: "Even those who worship other gods in faith, because of their love, worship Me, although not in the right way."

Asoka's edicts enjoin respect for all religions. And true to the spirit of this attitude, India has been a home for alien religions.

When the Hindus destroyed a mosque in Cambay, Siddharaj Jaisinha, a devout Hindu king, got it restored in the 12th century.

When the Sultans of Delhi were destroying the Hindu shrines in Varanasi, a Hindu king is recorded to have granted, with the blessings of the head of the Somanath shrine, lands in sacred Prabhas to Muslims for building a mosque.

To come to our times, politicians, of whom a very large percentage was Hindus, awakened to new strength, established a modern secular State, not in the sense of being godless, but non-denominational, which guarantees to all citizens the freedom to follow the religion of their choice.

This country is today the hospitable homeland of the followers of perhaps all the living faiths of mankind.

Our Constitution accords to every Indian, regardless of his religion, equal rights and opportunities, equality before law and religious freedom. Every Indian, again, regardless of his religion, is entitled to the same educational facilities and the same opportunities of service.

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All offices in the State—whether of the Central or the constituent units—are open to followers of all faiths. Muslims have enjoyed high position of trust and confidence and on their own merits. The Vice-President of India is a Muslim; so are some of the Governors and several Ministers, ambassadors and officers of the diplomatic cadre, armed and police forces.

I have worked with Muslim Ministers both as a Union Minister and as a Governor and I do not remember a single occasion when they were denied the fullest confidence.

Education in India, during a large part of the last 17 years, has been in charge of Muslim Ministers.

All this has been rendered possible on account of the attitude of the Hindus who, in spite of their overwhelming strength in the country, in the legislatures and in the political parties, have held fast to the principle that there should be no religious discrimination as between one citizen and another.

When riots have broken out, ministers, officers and the policemen, again overwhelmingly Hindu by religion, have stood for law and order, protecting the weak, whatever religion to which they belonged, suppressing violence from whatever source it came.

It was a Hindu Union Minister, Hindu officers and Hindu policemen who scotched the recent riots in Calcutta and other places and protected the Muslims.

When Muslims held demonstrations when their holy relic was stolen in Kashmir, the Hindus and the Sikhs joined them. I am awaiting the day when Muslims would join the Hindus and the Sikhs in their religious demonstrations.

I am subservient to the will of the devotees and not free as you may think.

I am bound by the bonds of their love.

They hold Me, their Beloved, a prisoner in their heart.

I dwell in the heart of the devotees and they dwell in Mine.

They love Me so much that they know none besides Me and I reciprocate their sentiment, inasmuch as I know none besides them.

—*Srimad Bhagavata;* ix-4-63, 68.

Many institutions and homes of Hindus on occasions, chant the *al-Fatia* with Hindu prayers, and even in a religious celebration, sing the *bhajan* of the Sikh Guru, asserting *Ishwara Allah tere nam—Thy name is Ishwar and Allah.* I have scarcely come across any Muslim gathering openly asserting that the God of the Hindus and the Muslims is the same.

All legislatures in the country, though overwhelmingly composed of Hindus, have respected all religions.

The Parliament, composing mostly of the followers of the Hindu religion, has secularized the personal

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law of the Hindus, though the old law was rooted in their religion. It did not touch the *shariat*, as was done in Egypt and Pakistan, only out of respect for the susceptibilities of the Muslims.

Almost all the political parties are pledged to equal treatment of all citizens and to protect the victims of communal conflict.

Hindu chauvinism is confined to a very very small section of politicians in the country, and I don't think that any such section wants a State based on Hindu religion or wishes to do injustice to the Muslim citizens.

And yet, speeches made at the recent Muslim Convention held at Lucknow, sponsored by some very old and leading Congressmen, to the effect that in our country Muslims are victims of aggression on all sides and are exposed to a number of threats on the religious and cultural level.

This, with great respect, is not the truth. The Lucknow Convention evidently aims at sponsoring a party which would bring communal militancy in politics. This move is fraught with a great danger. It is forgotten that militancy on the part of any one community has always left a trail of bitterness behind.

I want the sponsors of the Convention to think for a moment. Muslim militancy against whom? Is it against the Government, or against the Hindu community?

Is it suggested that the State in India should cease to be non-denominational and develop a pro-Muslim bias or convert itself into an anti-Hindu body? Or is it suggested that the Government should confer special advantages on Muslims? Why not then for people of other faiths too? Where will this endemic lead the nation to?

If the object of the sponsors is to overawe the Hindus, a little reflection would show that it is not easy to do so. Any such attempt would inevitably result in reflex action on the part of the Hindus. They would develop an intolerant attitude, in spite of the efforts of the enlightened Hindus in the country to-day to promote a secular attitude in politics.

Those who talk in terms of communal militancy must remember that integration of the country can only be achieved by the political parties maintaining the State as non-denominational, respecting all religions and favouring none. And that is the line which all political parties are pursuing at present.

In India violence, communal or otherwise, has to be suppressed, not as a favour to any community or religion, but in the interests of national stability.

Whenever there is violence, forces of law and order should operate in restraining anti-social elements, and that is being done by all governments in the country.

Only steady pressure of Constitutional methods and of forces of law and order, can wean away all militant sections from blackmailing the State into giving them favoured treatment.

Whatever be the provocation, we must stand by the freedom and equality enjoined by the Constitution in all its plenitude.

Yours sincerely,

K. M. Munshi

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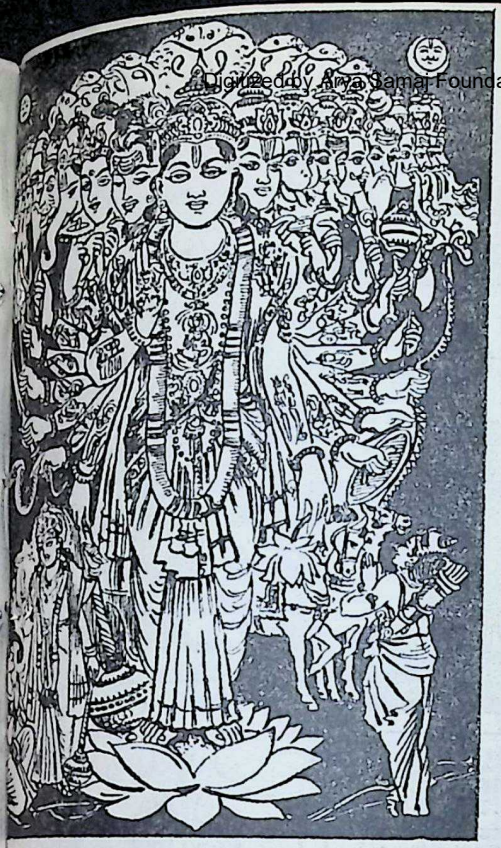

VIRAT-SWARUPA

Bhagavan Sri Krishna in the Bhagavad-Gita

I, O GUDAKESHA, am the SELF, seated in the heart of all beings; I am the beginning, the middle, and also the end of all beings.

Of the Adityas I am Vishnu; of radiances the glorious Sun; I am Marichi of the Maruts; of the asterisms the Moon am I.

Of the Vedas I am the Sama-Veda; I am Vasava of the Shining Ones; and of the senses I am the mind; I am of living beings the intelligence.

And of the Rudras, Shankara am I; Vittesha of the Yakshas and Rakshasas; and of the Vasus I am Pavaka; Meru of high mountains am I.

And know Me, O Partha, of household priests the chief, Brihaspati; of generals I am Skanda; of lakes I am the ocean.

Of the great Rishis Bhrigu; of speech I am the One Syllable (Om); of sacrifices I am the sacrifice of silent repetitions (*Japa*); of immovable things the Himalayas.

Asvattha of all trees; and of divine Rishis, Narada; of Gandharvas, Chitraratha; of the perfected, the Muni Kapila.

Uchchaishravas of horses know me, nectar-born; Airavata of lordly elephants, and of men the Monarch.

Of weapons I am the thunderbolt; of cows I am Kamadhuk; I am Kandarpa of the progenitors; of serpents Vasuki am I.

And I am Ananta of Nagas (ser-

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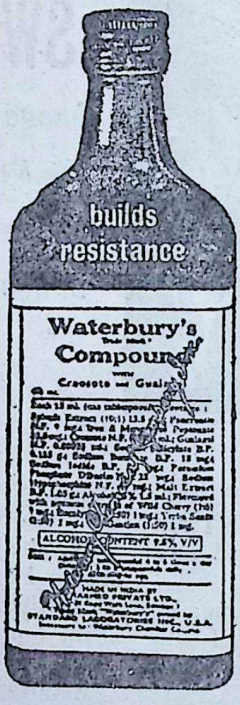

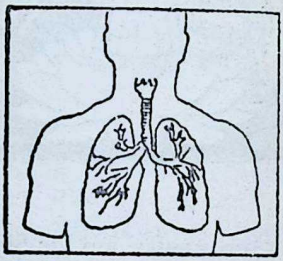

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pents); Varuna, of sea-dwellers I; and of ancestors (Pitrus) Aryaman; Yama of governors am I.

And I am Prahlada of Daityas; of calculators Time am I; and of wild beasts I the imperial beast (lion); and Vainateya (*garuda*) of birds.

Of purifiers, I am the wind; Rama of warriors I; and I am Makara of fishes; of streams the Ganga am I.

Of creations the beginning and the ending, and also the middle am I, O Arjuna. Of sciences, the science concerning the SELF; the speech of orators, I.

Of letters 'A' I am, and the duality of a compound; I also everlasting Time; I the Supporter whose face turns everywhere.

And all-devouring Death am I, and the origin of all to come; and of feminine qualities, fame, prosperity, speech, memory, intelligence, constancy, forgiveness.

Of hymns also Brihatsaman; Gayatri of metres am I; of months I am Margasirsha; of seasons, the flowery.

I am the gambling of the cheat, and the splendour of splendid things I; I am victory, I am determination, and the piety of the pious I.

Of the Vrishnis, Vaasudeva am I; of the Pandavas, Dhananjaya; of the Sages also I am Vyasa; of poets Ushana the Bard.

Of rules I am the sceptre; of those that seek victory I am statesmanship; and of secrets I am also silence; the knowledge of knowers am I.

Sweet His lips, sweet His face,
Sweet His heart, sweet His gaze,
Sweet His smile, sweet His gait,
Sweet's ev'rything of Mathura's Lord great!

Sweet His words, sweet His deeds,
Sweet His lilt, sweet His weeds,
Sweet His moves, sweet His turns,
Sweet's ev'rything of Mathura's Lord great!

Sweet His sing, sweet His drinking,
Sweet His eating, sweet His sleeping,
Sweet His person, sweet His head-mark,
Sweet's ev'rything of Mathura's Lord great!

—Sri Vallabhacharya

And whatsoever is the seed of all beings, that am I, O Arjuna; nor is there aught, moving or unmoving that may exist bereft of Me.

There is no end of My divine powers, O Parantapa. What has been declared is illustrative of My infinite glory.

Whatsoever is glorious, good, beautiful, and mighty, understand thou that to go forth from a fragment of My splendour.

[Translation by Dr. Annie Besant]

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Krishna, the Cowherd

Sage Narada

नवीननीरदश्यामं नीलेन्दीवरलोचनम् । बल्लवीनन्दनं वन्दे कृष्णं गोपालरूपिणम् ॥

Adorations unto Krishna Who is dark-hued like the fresh cloud, Whose eyes resemble the blue lotus, Who delights the cowherdesses, and Who has taken the form of a cowherd.

स्फुरद्बर्हदलोद्बद्धनीलकुञ्चितमूर्धजम् । कदंबकुसुमोद्बद्धवनमालाविभूषितम् ॥

His dark hair is tied along with shining peacock feather. Kadamba flowers have gone into the making of the flower-garland "Vanmala" that adorns Him.

गण्डमण्डलसंसर्गिचलत्कुञ्चितकुन्तलम् । स्थूलमुक्तफलोदारहारोद्द्योतितवक्षसम् ॥

Some rebellious hair move against his cheek. His wide chest shines with the garland of large pearls.

हेमाङ्गदतुलाकोटिकिरीटोज्ज्वलविग्रहम् । मन्दमारुतसंक्षोभ चलिताम्बरसंचयम् ॥

His person shines with golden bracelets, anklets and crown. The clothes He wears move in the gentle wind.

रुचिरौष्ठपुटन्यस्तवंशीमधुरनिःस्वनैः । लसद्गोपालिकाचेतो मोहयन्तं पुनः पुनः ॥

Sweet music emanates from the flute which He is pressing against His beautiful lips. With that music He maddens the hearts of the sporting cowherdesses again and again.

वल्लवीवदनाम्भोजमधुपानमधुव्रतम् । क्षोभयन्तं मनस्तासां सस्मेरापागङ्गवीक्षणैः

He is the bee, drinking the nectar from lotus faces of the cowherdesses. By His smiling side-glances He excites their minds.

यौवनोद्भिन्नदेहाभिः संसक्ताभिः परस्परम् । विचित्राम्बरभूषाभि गोपनारीभिरावृतम् ॥

He is surrounded by cowherdesses who are clad in a variety of colourful dresses and ornaments and who with their youthful bodies cling to each other (chainwise).

प्रभिन्नाञ्जनकालिन्दीजलकेलिकलोत्सुकम्। योधयन्तं क्वचिद्गोपान् व्याहरन्तं गवां गणम्॥

(Sometimes) He sports in the inky waters of Kalindi river; fights (in fun) with some cowherds and calls out to the herds of cows.

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कालिन्दीजलसंसर्गिशीतलानिलसेविते। कदंबपादपच्छाये स्थितं वृन्दावने क्वचित् ॥

He is seated under the shade of the Kadamba trees in the breeze blowing from over the cool waters of Kalindi river; for a while He stays in the forest of tulsi plants.

रत्नभूधरसंल्लग्नरत्नासनपरिग्रहम्। कल्पपादपमध्यस्थहेममण्डपिकागतम् ॥

He is seated on the bejewelled throne provided by the jewel-mountain's (rocks) and He enters the golden rest-house situated in the midst of wishgiving trees (bowers).

वसन्तकुसुमामोदसुरभीकृतदिङ्मुखे। गोवर्धनगिरौ रम्ये स्थितं रासरसोत्सुकम् ॥

(He is) seated on the lovely Govardhan mount whose atmosphere is fragrant with the spring-flowers and he is anxiously looking forward to enjoy and dalliance (with the cowherdesses).

मव्यहस्ततलन्यस्तगिरिवर्यातपत्रकम्। खण्डिताखण्डलोन्मुक्तामुक्तसारघनाघनम् ॥

He holds in his left hand the holy mountain (Govardhan) like an umbrella and is punishing Indra who sheds copious tears.

वेणुवाद्यमहोल्लासकृतहुँकारनिःस्वनैः। सवत्सैरुन्मुखैः शश्वद्गोकुलैरभिवीक्षितम् ॥

The herd of cows with their young ones, look up at him again and again with their moos, having been greatly delighted by the music from his flute.

कृष्णमेवानुगायद्भिस्तच्चेष्टावशवर्तिभिः। दण्डपाशोद्यतकरैः गोपालैरुपशोभितम् ॥

He shines by the other cowherds who, repeating his music and taken in completely by his mood and action, raise their hands holding the stick and the chords (for tying the cows).

नारदाद्यैर्मुनिश्रेष्ठैर्वेदवेदाङ्गपारगैः। प्रीतिसुस्निग्धया वाचा स्तूयमानं परात्परम् ॥

He is the God of gods Who is praised in a beloved manner by sages like Narada who are erudite in the Vedas and Vedangas.

य एनं चिन्तयेद्देवं भक्त्या संस्तौति मानवः। त्रिसन्ध्यं तस्य तुष्टोऽसौ ददाति वरमीप्सितम् ॥

This (beloved) God bestows the desired boon on him who contemplates devotedly on him and prays soulfully morning, noon and evening.

राजवल्लभतामेति भवेत्सर्वजनप्रियः। अचलां श्रियमाप्नोति स वाग्मी जायते ध्रुवम् ॥

That man surely earns the goodwill of kings, becomes the beloved of the public, wealthy for ever, a powerful speaker and man of word.

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Govardhan-dari

many-sided mission of PURNAVATARA KRISHNA

Swami Sivananda

THREE thousand years before the birth of Jesus Christ, Sri Krishna took a divine birth in the Indian city of Mathura. Down through the centuries, Indian spiritual experience has esteemed him as the supreme incarnation of God, as the great Lord Vishnu. Our scriptures call him Purna Avatara, that is, the full manifestation of God, God with all his sixteen Kalas, rays or excellences. This noble scion of the illustrious Yadava dynasty is Sri Krishna. Among the many things that he was, he was also the world-teacher and the greatest lover of mankind. Even today the enthralling divine form he had holds the heart of India captive in the chains of devotion and adoration.

The *Bhagavata Purana*, the *Vishnu Purana*, the *Mahabharata*, the *Pancharatras*, and a few other classical works in Sanskrit proclaim, with one voice, that there was none to match Sri Krishna in beauty of form, in wealth of wisdom, in power and perfection of every kind. His enchanting form with flute in hand is worshipped in the millions of Indian homes. The vision he grants to his devotees, the blessings he pours upon them even today, is a matter of common knowledge in this land of India.

Worship of Sri Krishna has been practised in India from the very ancient times. It is not a new cult. Sri Krishna has become the most common object of worship in the whole of India. Even in the West, hundreds of ladies worship Krishna and repeat his Mantra—*Om Namo Bhagavate Vasudevaya!*

A great historical figure, Sri Krishna was the towering genius of His age. He embodied in himself all the great qualities of the head, the heart

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A scene from Gita-Govind: Gujarat School.

and the hand. Krishna was altogether great in knowledge, great in emotion, great in action. The scriptures of the world have not recorded any life more full, more intense, more sublime, more grand than his.

Krishna is a glorious and extraordinary personality. Every word of his teachings and every act of his life is full of sublime and grand object-lessons of momentous import to humanity in a variety of ways. Even the sports of his childhood contain a number of object-lessons for all thinking men.

During his stay in the world, Krishna played various parts. He was an excellent statesman, as also a world-teacher. He was a charioteer to Arjuna. He taught the supreme truths of Yoga, Bhakti and Vedanta to Arjuna and Uddhava, and through them, to all the world. As a master-musician, he gave lessons to Narada in the art of playing the Veena. The music of his flute thrilled not only the hearts of the Gopis but also of the entire Nature.

Over the sixty-four fine arts, Krishna had a thorough mastery. No wonder he should be regarded as an Avatara with sixteen Kalas. As a child, a boy, and a cowherd he exhibited miracles, and accomplished extraordinary things. He had destroyed persons of superhuman evil despatched by King Kamsa. He enstaged sports of divine Love, Rasalila, the secrets of which can only be understood by men of devotion and incomparable learning like Narada and Gouranga, by women of supreme divine love like Radha and Gopis.

Greatest manifestations of God are called Incarnations or Avataras proper. Avesha, Amsha and Kala Avataras, Rishis, Munis, prophets, messiahs, sons of God, messengers of God, are minor manifestations.

Avatara is a descent of God for the ascent of man. A ray from the Hiranyagarbha descends on earth with

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mighty powers to keep up the harmony of the universe and the welfare of the society. The work done by the Avataras and their teachings produce a benign spiritual influence on human beings, and help them in their upward divine unfoldment and self-realization. An Avatara comes generally to reveal to man his divine nature, and make him rise above the petty egoistic life of materialistic pursuits and sense-indulgence.

For special reasons, and in special circumstances, Avataras appear. Whenever irreligion, unrighteousness, *adharma* prevail, and cause confusion, disorder and unhappiness in human society, whenever the evil forces seek to shatter the foundations of well-established social organisations, and the selfish, ruthless and cruel persons upset world order and human peace, Avataras appear to establish *Dharma*, restore order, and spread light and peace.

Prostrations unto Nanda's child who has lovely curly hair, who, of his own, always places His lotus feet on my mind, who destroys all sins, who protects the entire universe, who lives in the hearts of the Krishna-mad cowherdesses.

—Sri Sankara Bhagavatpada

The Avataras usually come with their particular groups or companions. Lord Rama came with Lakshmana, Bharata and Satrughna. Lord Krishna came with Balarama, Devas and Rishis. Sanaka came with Sanat Kumara and Sanandana.

Some, like Sri Sankaracharya, Ramanujacharya, come as teachers and spiritual leaders. Some like Chaitanya Mahaprabhu are born to instil devotion in the hearts of people and turn their minds towards God.

Avataras proper like Krishna come only when there is widespread catastrophe and misery in the land.

Many Avataras have discharged some one specific function, but Krishna's activities were many-sided. Hence, He is styled as Purnavatara. The object of Krishna's Avatara was threefold—to destroy the wicked demons, to take the leading part in the great war fought on the battlefield of Kurukshetra where He delivered His wonderful message of the *Bhagavad-Gita*, and to become the centre of a marvellous development of the Bhakti schools of India.

The purpose of the Krishna-Avatara was not only to destroy *adharma*, but also to reveal to the world the magnificance of God. Sri Krishna was the symbol of the Absolute, the representation of the mighty Sovereign of the universe. In His well-adjusted, symmetrical conduct of life is portrayed the majestic perfection of God.

Sri Krishna appeared as Parabrahman to the sages, as the supreme Tattva or Reality to the Yogis, as the Lord of Beauty to the Gopis, as a Warrior to the warriors, as a child to Vasudeva and Yasoda, as the Lord of Death to Kamsa, as King of kings to the kings, as an object of constant meditation to the devotees. He was different things to different men, and all things to all men. What Krishna was to any particular person depended on the view, the understanding and the attitude of that particular person.

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My Vision of India

Subrahmanya Bharati

Bharat, so is it named, the land of our birth;
Fear, its people know not, and enmity they conquer.
Over the snow-capped Himalayas let's promenade;
Let our ships sail on the high Western seas;
Let's make our seats of learning veritable temples;
Let's sing of Bharat in joy and dance in glee.
A bridge to link Ceylon, let's make;
Fill up Sethu and lay there a road;
Excess of water flowing in Bengal—
Let it grow crops in central Bharat.
Let's dig and bring out ores and gold from mines,
For sale in distant lands and buying what we want.
Pearl fishing in south sea we shall have;
To the west coast come traders from countries many
To seek our favours and fine goods to supply.
On the moonlit waters of the Sindhu,
Women from Kerala shall sport and sail
With Telugu melodies sweet on their lips.
With wheat from the Gangetic region
Let's exchange betel leaves of the Kaveri;
Ivory-ware from Kerala shall we give

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As presents to poets of leonine Mahrattas.
A device let's make for people in Kanchi
To hear Pandits' performances in Kasi;
To the brave Rajput heroes let's give
Gifts of gold from Karnatak.
Heaps of cloth in silk and cotton let's make
And to the traders who bring us gold, let's give.
Arms we'll make, and paper too;
Mills and schools we'll start.
Rest we shall not, nor bend our heads;
Truth shall we speak, and wonders do.
Umbrellas, and tools for the peasant,
Gunny bags and nails, vehicles for road and air,
Giant ships and ocean-liners, all we shall make.
Mantras and Tantras we shall learn;
The sky above and space we shall span;
Fish in the sea we shall measure;
Study the moon and so well learn of the planet;
Science of sanitation too we shall learn.
Poetical works we shall produce;
Rear forests green all around;
Arts let's encourage, and smithies too;
Paintings on canvas we shall make,
And even needles excellent.
To all the crafts in the world
Devotedly we shall put our hands.
To us nectar-like are the golden words
Uttered by the daughter of Tamil Nad:
"Castes are only two in number"
The great are the righteous ones
Who give to others, and the rest, low.

[Translated from the original in Tamil of Poet Subrahmanya Bharati "Bharata desam enru peyar solluvar...." by Sri N. Subramanian.]

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Vanamahotsava : A National Festival

P. K. SAWANT

[*Minister for Agriculture, Maharashtra*]

VANAMAHOTSAVA has now become a National Festival and it is being celebrated on a progressively bigger scale each year. Its object is not merely to plant trees formally here and there during the week but also to transform the entire landscape and men's minds. Vanamahotsava is thus a symbol of an unending movement towards making the country green.

The great example set forth by our beloved departed leader Jawaharlal Nehru, who was a great lover of trees and nature, should inspire us to dedicate ourselves to the cause of Vanamahotsava and to make the country सुजलां and सुफलां. While inaugurating thirteenth Vanamahotsava at Delhi, Jawaharlal Nehru had said that the thoughtless felling and lopping of a tree was like beheading a man and that needless cutting of trees was a crime against nature. These inspiring words should act like a torch-bearer and help us in reorienting our attitude towards trees and nature.

Tree planting in our country is as ancient as our culture. Our ancient civilizations like Mohenjo-Daro and Harappa flourished in the bountiful lap of forests. The Vedic Rishis lived around groves of trees and invoked their blessings for prosperity.

Indian literature is replete with instances of reverence and consideration, which our forefathers paid to trees. The *Padma Purana* assures, "The man planting trees by the wayside will enjoy bliss in heaven, for as many years as there are fruits, flowers and leaves on the tree he plants."

Most of our trees have been sanctified in religion. Our ancient scriptures and folklore teem with reference to a variety of trees. The Kadamba, Parijataka and Tulsi are associated with Lord Krishna, the 'Bel' leaves and the red Semal flowers are sacred to Siva, the white flowers of Kachnar are sacred to Lakshmi, the Goddess of Wealth; the Bodhi tree under which Buddha attained enlightenment is sacred to Buddhists. In the touching words of Lord Buddha himself, "The tree is an organism of unlimited benevolence that makes no demands for its sustenance and extends generously the products of its life activity; it affords protection to all beings offering shade even to the axeman who destroys it."

Trees lend grace and charm to the countryside as well as cities and towns and add to the scenic beauty of the country. The aesthetic and recreative values of trees in furthering the happiness of mankind cannot be underestimated.

Forests play an important role in furthering the agricultural prosperity of a country. They clothe mountain areas and low lands where rain-

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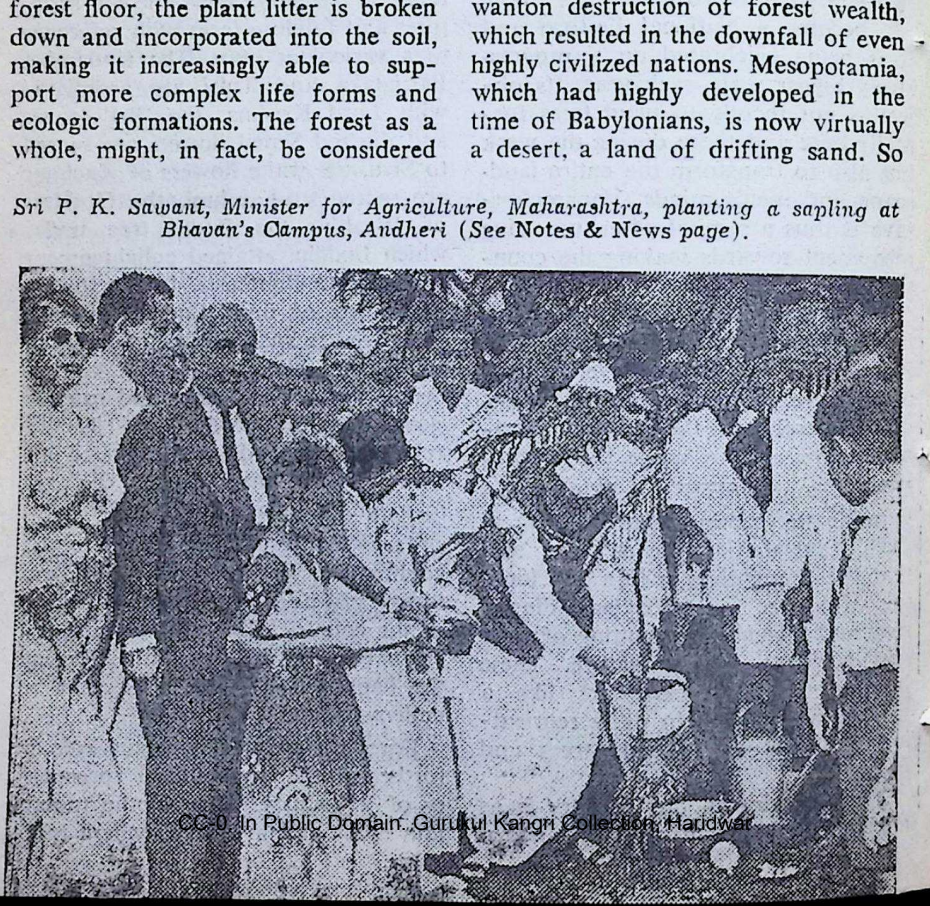
fall is adequate. They help to build soil and protect it from accelerated erosion. They break the force of the falling rain drops and maintain myriads of channels for infiltration of water into the soil, thereby diminishing flood crests and enhancing ground water flows. Forests serve as watersheds for the world's major river systems and are the favoured cover for municipal and industrial water supplies. They harbour a vast number and variety of wild creatures, many useful to man for food or fur. Others perform services from which man benefits. Through the small creatures and plants that live on the forest floor, the plant litter is broken down and incorporated into the soil, making it increasingly able to support more complex life forms and ecologic formations. The forest as a whole, might, in fact, be considered as a giant soil-building machine, using from 1 to 2 per cent of total solar energy to dissolve and break down rock fragments and to mix these with forest humus. Trees break the force of winds, thereby protecting soil, plants and animal life. They furnish plant fibre in the form of wood for fuel, construction material, household and office furnishings, industrial raw material for paper, other fibre products and chemicals. And they tend to evoke tranquillity of mind in man and often inspire him to great works of art, literature and philosophy.

History is replete with instances of wanton destruction of forest wealth, which resulted in the downfall of even highly civilized nations. Mesopotamia, which had highly developed in the time of Babylonians, is now virtually a desert, a land of drifting sand. So

Sri P. K. Sawant, Minister for Agriculture, Maharashtra, planting a sapling at Bhavan's Campus, Andheri (*See* Notes & News *page*).



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is the fate of Palestine and Syria, the home of Phoenicians, which had highly developed agriculture, with irrigated terraces in the older times; it has today a very primitive type of agriculture. It is but natural that civilizations which had sprung up from the forests should have their doomsday, when all the forests are annihilated. I am reminded of the French adage "Forests precede man and deserts follow him", which is most subtle and appropriate.

Coming nearer home, the position of forests in our country is not very satisfactory. There has been heavy over-cutting of the forest during the two world wars. The privately owned forests have also been over-exploited on account of the fancy prices realised for timber and other forest produce. The demand of the advancing civilization and increased population for forest produce, coupled with large-scale deforestation of marginal lands for extending cultivation, has upset the balance of nature. Consequently an ill-balanced rural economy prevails over the denuded countryside, with its attendant evils of erosion of fertile top-soil, low moisture content in the soil, shortage of timber, firewood and grass-fodder etc. The recurrence of the devastating floods in rivers and streams and the highly destructive rapidity of siltations of dams and reservoirs, is a direct result of the alarming denudation in the hill catchments. The rehabilitation, protection and extension of forests coupled with the rational use of the land and the forests should therefore receive the highest priority in the planned development of our country.

The importance of forests and their innumerable benefits, both direct and indirect, to mankind in general and to the agriculturist in particular are well known to all. However, the efforts made at extending this green glory of nature are too meagre. There is a general awakening about the importance of forests at the time of Vanamahotsava and thousands of seedlings are planted every year, but unfortunately everybody forgets about these plants, which are left to their fate. In the absence of any watering, weeding and protection, majority of the plants die in the same year.

I am reminded of a Sanskrit *sloka*:—

अतिपरिचयादवज्ञा सन्ततगमनादनादरो
भवति ।
मलये भिल्लपुरंध्री चन्दनतरुकाष्ठम्
इंधनं कुरुते ॥

"Familiarity breeds contempt; keeping constant company leads to disregard and disrespect.

In "Malaya Hills", the Bhill-woman burns sandalwood for her hearth."

As per the National Forest Policy of India enunciated in 1952, the optimum land area required to be maintained under forest cover is 33.3% and therefore, the forest area falls short of the optimum by nearly 11%. Considering that many of our forests are at various stages of denudation and further are unevenly distributed, the above deficiency is further aggravated. According to the F.A.O. study, the per capita wood consumption in India is 0.6 cft. which is very low as compared to that in many advanced countries like U.S.A. where

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the per capita consumption is 3.0 cft. and the U.S.S.R. where it is 37.00 cft. In Maharashtra we are short of even the average Indian figure which itself is very low. The fact that the wood consumption is bound to increase in a developing country like ours and considering the future increase in population, there is bound to be a serious wood famine, unless adequate steps are taken to zealously protect our forests and augment forest potential.

With the acute scarcity and the soaring prices of firewood in the countryside, an average villager is compelled to use the cow-dung manure for the hearth, instead of applying it in the field. Our soils are particularly deficient in Nitrogen, lot of which is further required to replenish that annually used by agricultural crops. Cowdung can make up this deficiency and help in augmenting food production. It is therefore no exaggeration if I say that burning of cow-dung is no less than burning of foodstuffs. Therefore, in our country which is chronically deficient in food, the importance of Farm Forestry cannot be over-emphasised. Farm Forestry alone can make the countryside well wooded, all-round self-sufficient and secure from the caprices of nature.

The choice of species depends on soils, climate and also requirements of the villagers. For example, dense-crowned shady fruit trees such as Jamun and Mango would be most suitable near wells, tanks and habitations. Ornamental trees like Gulmohor, Ashok, Jacaranda, Spathodia, etc. would be suitable for compounds of schools and houses. For planting along farm bunds, deep-rooted species with light shade, like Eucalyptus, Acacia arabica, would be most preferable. In villages, trees yielding small timber fuel and fodder such as Eucalyptus-hybrid, Sissoo, Shiras, Anjan would be most appropriate. Casuarina and Kaju will be excellent plants for growing in coastal districts. Bamboos and Ghaypat could be excellent for growing along the fence and at the same time yield raw material for cottage industries.

With the democratic decentralisation by formation of Zilla Parishads and Panchayat Samitis etc., the village Panchayats have an important role to play in protection of forests and raising village woodlands.

As usual, the Forest Department has kept ready the seeds and seedlings of various economic and useful species at different nurseries in the Districts. I hope that every one of us will take advantage of the free supply of seed and seedlings and celebrate Vanamahotsava with great enthusiasm. It matters little, how many seedlings are planted but what matters most is how many trees survive and are able to successfully grow on the land. Necessary technical guidance about the suitability of the species and the method of planting can be had from the officers of the Forest Department free of charge.

Let me appeal to you all to wholeheartedly join in this unending movement of making this country green; for it will be the most fitting memorial to our departed leader Jawaharlal Nehru who was the great lover and champion of the green glory of Mother Earth.

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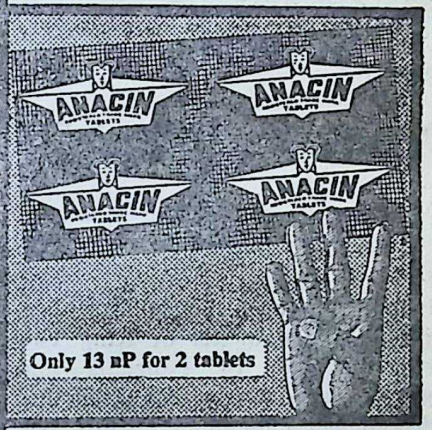

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KRISHNAVATARA

The Righteous War

THE BOOK OF BHEEMA

Chapter 1

Draupadi's Bridal Night

IT was the end of the month of Pausha[1]. Chill winds were blowing.

In one of the palaces in Kampilya, Krishn*aa,* the daughter of King Yajnasena Drupad of Panchala and therefore called Draupadi, sat in her bedroom, her chin in her hands. She was awaiting the arrival of her husband Yudhishthira, son of Pandu of the Kurus, the deceased Emperor of Hastinapur.

Draupadi was dark in colour, tall and graceful, with beautiful expressive eyes and a chin indicating strength.

She was richly dressed, as a bride meeting her husband on the first night should be. A large diamond shone in the middle of her forehead, suspended by a thread which was knit with thin braids of hair. The jewels in her ear and nose rings, necklaces, girdle and armlets, all made of gold, scintillated in the flickering light of the several oil lamps which lighted the room.

Over her bare shoulders, she had thrown a rich woollen shawl embroidered in gold. A charcoal fire burnt in a container and filled the room with the fragrance of sandalwood.

A game board of tender deer-skin in the shape of a cross, lay at her side. It had four sets of squares in gold, silver, bronze and copper colours. On it lay pieces in four different colours and dice made of ivory. Custom had it that the bridal night must begin with the auspicious game of dice.

1. December-January.

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CHARACTERS IN THIS STORY:

KRISHNA

BALARAAMA, His elder brother.
VASUDEVA, His father and Chief of Shoora tribe of Yadavas.
DEVAKI, His mother.
UDDHAVA, His intimate friend and third son of his uncle Devabhaaga.
YUYUDHAAN SAATYAKI, His friend and a Yadava Chief.
GURU SANDIPANI, His teacher, with his *ashram* at Ujjain.
ACHARYA SHVETAKETU, His friend and Sandipani's principal disciple.
RUKMINI, SHAIBYA, SATYABHAAMA AND JAMBUVANTI: His wives.
SUBHADRA, His sister, and wife of Arjuna.
ABHIMANYU, son of Subhadra and Arjuna.

BHEESHMA (Also GANGEYA)

KING SHANTANU, His father, Emperor of Hastinapur, of the Kuru tribe.
SATYAVATI, His step-mother, Dowager Empress of Hastinapur.
CHITRANGADA, VICHITRAVEERYA: His step-brothers, Satyavati's sons.
AMBIKAA, AMBALIKAA: Two daughters of the King of Kashi married to Vichitraveerya.
KRISHNA DVAIPAAYANA VYAASA, the Best of Munis, son of Sage Paraashara by Satyavati and great-grandson of the Vedic Rishi Vasishtha.
JAIMINI, His principal disciple.

PANDAVAS

PANDU, son of Ambalikaa begotten by Krishna Dvaipaayana Vyaasa, and King of Hastinapur.
KUNTI, Pandu's wife.
YUDHISHTHIRA (also Dharmaraaja), BHEEMA, ARJUNA: Pandu's sons by Kunti.
MAADRI, Pandu's second wife.
NAKULA, SAHADEVA: Pandu's twin sons by Maadri.

KURUS

DHRITARAASHTRA, Blind son of Ambikaa begotten by Krishna Dvaipaayana Vyaasa, and father of the Kurus.
GAANDHARI, Dhritaraashtra's wife.
SHAKUNI, Dhritaraashtra's brother-in-law.
DURYODHANA, DUSHAASAN: Two of Dhritaraashtra's sons.
VIDURA, son of a maid-servant begotten by Krishna Dvaipaayana Vyaasa, and a trusted Minister of Dhritaraashtra.

PANCHALAS

DRUPAD YAJNASENA, King of Panchala (Capital Kampilya).
KRISHNAA DRAUPADI, Drupad's daughter and wife of the Five Brothers.
DHRISTADYUMNA, SHIKHANDIN, SATYAAJIT: Drupad's sons.

OTHERS

JARAASANDHA, Emperor of Magadha.
DRONAACHARYA, A pupil of Parashuraama and teacher of the Pandavas and the Kurus in the art of war.
ASWATTHAAMA, Dronaacharya's son.
KRIPACHARYA, Dronaacharya's brother-in-law and colleague.
VIRAT, King of Matsya.

With her eyes fixed on the door, she was recalling the stages of the strange fate which had made her the wife of Five Brothers.[2]

Months before, her father Drupad had been wantonly made a prisoner by Dronaacharya, the military leader of the Kurus and an erstwhile co-student, and deprived of a part of his territory. Her father had then taken a vow to avenge the wrong.

A devoted daughter as she was, she had also taken a vow to marry

2. Vide *Krishnavatara, Volume III*—The Five Brothers. They were Yudhishthira, Bheema, Arjuna, Nakula and Sahadeva, the sons of Emperor Pandu of the Kuru family, a former Emperor of Hastinapur.

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Praise be to the Name of Lord Krishna, which purifies the mind of all sensual images and unholy worldly desires; allays the heat and fire of all those pains which man is heir to; offers eternal joy; the essence of all wisdom; a veritable sea of happiness; fruit of all *sadhanas* and satisfies all our holy yearnings towards the Lord.

—Chaitanya Mahaprabhu

the best warrior in Aryavarta in order to help her father to redeem his pledge.

At first she had been offered by her father to Krishna, son of Vasudeva, a Yadava Chief of Dwarka. He was reputed to be the best warrior in Aryavarta and a hero who could work miracles. But he had come to Kampilya, and while courteously rejecting the offer, had promised to stand by her father. He had advised him to hold a *swayamvara* for her in the best traditions of Arya Kings.

Krishna had indeed performed a miracle. Kings from all parts of Aryavarta and even outside had come to the *swayamvara,* and her father had been hailed as the crown jewel of kings.

Jaraasandha, the formidable Emperor of Magadha, too had come to win her by negotiations or force for his grandson Meghasandhi. His object, however, was frustrated. Krishna saw to it. Jaraasandha had to retire from the *swayamvara* with whatever grace he could command.

Duryodhana of the Kurus, the wicked Yuvaraj, the Crown Prince of Hastinapur, who was bent on winning her, had also failed in winning the contest.

To the amazement of all, the Five Brothers, the sons of Emperor Pandu, who, according to reports, had been burnt to death at the instance of their cousin Duryodhana, sprang into life at the *swayamvara.* The third of them, Arjuna, reckoned as the master bowman of Aryavarta, won the contest and her as well.

Then she had to marry all the five sons of Pandu—the Five Brothers; a strange fate for an Arya Princess of the highest rank. It was a nightmare of an experience.

Curiously enough, the Sage, Krishna Dvaipaayana Vyas—generally referred to as Swami or the Master—had arrived in Kampilya the next day after the *swayamvara.* He also said that such marriages under extraordinary circumstances had the sanction of the ancient custom. But he had left her free to decide to marry either all the Five Brothers or only Arjuna who won the contest. Inspired by the conviction that it was the only right way, she had accepted all the Five Brothers as her husbands.

Krishna Vaasudeva,—Govind, the endearing name by which she called

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him—who had dedicated his life to the triumph of *Dharma,* had, before the *swayamvara,* invited her to be his partner in this grand venture. At that moment she had felt that the decision which she took was necessary to promote it.

During the post-nuptial ceremonies lasting for fourteen days, though oppressed by the thought of being a wife of five husbands, she had been happy. In Kunti, the mother of the Five Brothers—so considerate, tolerant and understanding—she had found a long-lost mother.

In a variety of ways, Mother Kunti had conveyed to her that all her sons were good and she would never repent having entered into such extraordinary relations. However, Draupadi trembled at the very thought: Would she be able to make them all happy?

Yudhishthira, the eldest, was handsome—as all the Five Brothers were —and carried himself in a quiet, dignified way. He had a friendly smile for every one, and wise and understanding eyes. He had a way of talking, so transparently sincere that it was difficult to have mental reservations in his presence.

Anyway she felt like running away from this first meeting with him. Govind, who had come to meet her that morning, had, in his inscrutable way, hinted that something was going to happen—something unexpected and far-reaching—only if she would do her best. If something good was to happen, Draupadi thought, it would surely be the result of the uncanny way in which Krishna contrived things. But he had a knack of flattering her by attributing all good things to her. Anyway that gave her self-confidence which she had had never before.

Yudhishthira and Draupadi playing dice.

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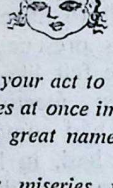

Dedicate your act to Vaasudeva,
It becomes at once imperishable;
Utter the great name of Vaasudeva,
All your miseries perish root and branch.
He's the imperishable and unaging,
The womb of the Universe and Brahman,
Please Him by your works and faith, brother mine!

—Sri Madhvacharya

Her heart was bursting with excitement when Yudhishthira, her husband, came with his kindly smile and eyes beaming with affection, and closed the door. Draupadi stood up. Modestly she looked down as a bride should, though shrewd as she was, she tried to gauge the mind and mood of her husband by a stealthy glance.

Looking at her, Yudhishthira laughed re-assuringly. 'Draupadi, are you happy?' he asked her. His tone was affectionate and indulgent.

She looked up. His eyes expressed a rare tenderness, and her confidence in herself was restored. He took off his diadem and was going to reach out for the recess where he wanted to place it, when she took a step forward and extended her hand. She always did it when her father took off his diadem in her presence. As a wife, she felt she must do the same for her husband.

He laughed again. The laugh was frank and affectionate. And he gave her the diadem. Then he took off his heavy necklace and gave it to her. She placed them in the recess.

'Sit down, Drupad's daughter. You must have been tired,' said Yudhishthira, as he sat down, leaning against the cushion.

She sat down near his feet.

'Your coming to us has been very auspicious,' he said, speaking with a sincerity which gave special emphasis to the words. Like her, he was also far from clear how the conversation had to be sustained, and paused.

After a while, he asked: 'Who, do you think, came this evening?' The way that he said it was so friendly that it took off the edge of whatever hesitation she had been feeling so far.

'I have no idea, lord,' she said in a halting tone. It was a strange experience calling a stranger of yesterday the lord of today. But she had become his wife,—as the Master had explained—the bone of his bone, the blood of his blood, the skin of his skin, no sooner she went around the sacred fire at the marriage in seven steps.

'Uncle Vidur suddenly arrived this evening. He had brought the blessings of Grandfather and Uncle Dhritaraashtra, and a boatful of presents. They have invited us to Hastinapur,' said Yudhishthira.

The joy in Yudhishthira's voice was infectious. Draupadi's face flushed

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with joy. She had never expected that her husband's uncle King Dhritaraashtra and Grandfather Bheeshma would invite them to Hastinapur so promptly. She did not know what to say and kept the conversation alive by asking: 'Who is Uncle Vidur?'

'He is the principal minister of the Kurus,' he said and then warming up, added: 'He is very much more. He is the wisest man alive. He has been a father to us. We would have been burnt alive at Varnavat as Duryodhana wanted it done but for his helping us to get out. I am sure you would like him. He attracts people like a magnet.'

Draupadi smiled.

'Uncle Vidur says that Grandfather is going to install me as the King,' said Yudhishthira shyly as if he doubted his own worthiness.

Draupadi's heart bounded with joy. She had never expected that she would be the Queen of Hastinapur no sooner she was married to the Five Brothers. Both of them smiled at each other. No doubt was left in her mind that she had found favour with him.

With delicious trepidation, she had looked forward to meeting her husband for the first time. His sedate, self-possessed behaviour during the days following the marriage had given her the impression that she might not be able to meet him on equal terms. Now she was sure she could. Yudhishthira was so kindly, so gentle. She required no effort on her part to ask the question: 'Is your Grandfather so terrible, he said?'

Today I witnessed the Lord of Beauty—my Girdhar!
Beautiful His form such as would send a cupid into ecstasy.
His eyes shot forth captivating rays of effulgence.
He played deftly on the flute as amidst His companions
He danced to its tune—
Since that moment His sweet form has taken up its abode in my heart, and does not leave me for a moment.

—Sant Mira

'He is terrible only to those who deviate from *Dharma,* Draupadi,' he said as he looked tenderly into her eyes. 'You will find no difficulty to get on with him.'

'And you have a grandmother too, whom they call the Venerable Mother. Will she be kind to me after our strange marriage?' she asked.

'The Most Venerable Mother is our great-grandmother; in fact we treat her as the Mother Goddess. Do you know that the Master is her son?' asked Yudhishthira.

Draupadi nodded assent.

'Don't you worry about her. She is a very wise and generous woman. Uncle Vidur would never have come with the message if she had not approved,' he said.

'And Duryodhana....?' asked

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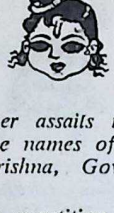

Fear never assails those who sing the names of the Lord Sri Krishna, Govinda and Gopal.

Even the repetition of Lord's exploits and the mere narration of them gained emancipation for Parikshit.

Narsi knows, O Lord Krishna! that Thy name is a sure canoe to cross the ocean of metapsychosis.

—Sant Narsi Mehta

Draupadi. Her memory brought forth the image of Duryodhana as he had cast a malevolent glance at her after his failure at the *swayamvara*.

'Oh, he appears to be reconciled too,' replied Yudhishthira. 'He is an unfortunate man. He commits mistakes and lives to be sorry for them,' he added generously.

'Are you sure that he is reconciled, lord?' asked Draupadi with a shudder. 'His appalling look after he failed in the contest, still haunts me at night.'

'Draupadi, you must forgive him for his weaknesses. Poor man, he has been dealt with cruelly by evil planets,' said Yudhishthira. 'We have to treat him generously.'

'And your Guru Dronaacharya? Would he accept me? I am his enemy's daughter,' she said.

Yudhishthira laughed frankly. 'There is no difficulty on that score. Your Govind has already overcome that difficulty when he sent to Acharyadeva, your brother Shikhandin—a woman—for being converted into a man. You know how Krishna got Aswatthaama, Acharya's son, to give a promise to your father.'

'Yes, I know,' she said, smiling gratefully at the way in which Krishna had solved all difficulties in the way of the *swayamvara*.

'Acharyadeva is sure to be won over,' said Yudhishthira and smiled broadly. Then he added: 'On one matter, you and I are agreed: With Krishna as our guide, our path will always be thornless.'

'Oh, I know,' said Draupadi, her eyes shining. 'But for him I could never have faced the *swayamvara*. He gave me the strength.'

'Yes. And but for him we would have been rotting in the Land of the Rakshasas,' said Yudhishthira. Both laughed simultaneously.

'Do you know the game of dice? asked Yudhishthira, glancing at the chequered piece of game-board lying near with pieces and dice.

'I know a little', replied Draupadi.

'Shall we have a game?' asked Yudhishthira. Saying this, he drew the piece of deer-skin, spread it between them and began to adjust the pieces on it. Draupadi smiled and joined her husband in the game.

'I am very fond of this game. It is a game for valorous Kshatriyas,' said Yudhishthira.

'Yes, my father and brothers also play it,' said Draupadi.

When they began to play, Draupadi was surprised at the change that

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came over her husband. He was no longer the detached, serene, meditative man that he usually was. His eyes glowed with enthusiasm. His brows were knit in concentration. He rolled the dice with a loving hand. When he moved the pieces, he caressed them with his long, slim fingers. He was joyous if the throw was favourable; pained when it was not. She had never seen her father or brothers taking such an absorbing interest in the game. To them it was a game. But, to her husband, it appeared to be a passion—rather a point of honour to play skilfully and with scrupulous regard for the rules.

After two games were over, both of which Yudhishthira won, he became his usual self, turned to her and said: 'Now, Draupadi, let me tell you something before we retire. You have stood nobly by us. But for you, we would have been in serious trouble.'

'The choice was not mine; it was pre-ordained,' she said modestly.

'When the Master left the choice to you of marrying all the five of us or only Arjuna, I was afraid that you would not choose the unpleasant way. Then our whole life, which we have built on *Dharma*, would have fallen to pieces,' said Yudhishthira.

'Why? Was it so important?' asked Draupadi.

'Draupadi, you know Mother had said that we should all marry you. We wanted her word to stand true,' said Yudhishthira solemnly. 'From our birth, we have pledged ourselves to respect her word, whatever the consequences. And if we would have disregarded it in this matter, it would have broken her heart.' Then he added: 'And broken the magic bond which binds us brothers.'

Draupadi looked down. Her heart would have rebelled at the idea of her being sacrificed to a mother's words spoken in ignorance, had she not seen what that love was during these fifteen days.

'And again, what the Master said was right,' continued Yudhishthira. 'We could only face our enemies and our fate if we, five, stand together. With a common wife, we would be irresistible. One of us marrying you would have frustrated our destiny.'

'What is your destiny, lord?' asked Draupadi.

'To live for *Dharma*,' replied Yudhishthira.

Draupadi laughed. 'I too followed the advice of the Master. I accepted all the five of you because it was my *Dharma* too.'

'You are a wise woman, Draupadi,' said Yudhishthira with a faint smile, almost like that of an indulgent parent. 'But we should not take advantage of your goodness and force you to live with husbands whom you have not chosen. Arjuna is brave and generous. He has in him to make you happy. You shall, in reality, be his wife.'

'Would it be right to be only one brother's wife when I am married to all the five?' asked Draupadi, boldly facing her husband. 'I would be living in untruth.'

'In a way you are right. But we have to take the way which is least painful. I will take you to Arjuna,' said Yudhishthira.

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Draupadi looked up. She had overcome her fear of Yudhishthira. 'Forgive me, lord. I have accepted all of you. I will not deviate from my duty either,' she said.

'It would not be an easy task,' Yudhishthira warned.

'I also wanted to establish an empire of *Dharma* for myself; that is why I accepted all of you. And I cannot do it if I am not the loyal and dedicated wife of you all,' said Draupadi decisively.

'It would be very difficult. You will always be oppressed by the thought of displeasing one or the other of us,' said Yudhishthira frankly.

'Then I will be on my trial. And I am determined to succeed,' she said.

'How could you do it?' asked Yudhishthira.

'I may be young in experience, but I know what is due to you all. I hope to see that you do not find me wanting,' said Draupadi.

Suddenly Draupadi looked up as if she had an inspiration, and with a challenging eye, faced Yudhishthira. 'Lord, all the four of you want to remain my nominal husbands. That is your suggestion.'

'Yes, that is what we have decided. It is the proper thing,' said Yudhishthira.

'But that would deprive me of my decision to share the life of all of you,' said Draupadi and added: 'I know my way, if you help me.'

'You have a way of your own, have you? What is it?' asked Yudhishthira, again smiling indulgently at this exhibition of spirit. 'Tell me.'

'I can only help build an empire of *Dharma* for myself, if I am the wife of each one of you—loving you all fully and loved by you all. If you have no objection, I would like to be with one of you for one year by turns. During that time I shall belong to him,' said Draupadi.

'It is very, very difficult to have the strength to rigidly maintain this discipline,' said Yudhishthira, opening his eyes wide in appreciation.

'Is it difficult for you?' asked Draupadi.

'No, for you,' replied Yudhishthira.

'I can do it, if you have faith in me,' said Draupadi. 'At the end of each year, I will perform the *Chandrayana Vrata*[3] and then live with the next brother. But can you all do it cheerfully? You have to put it to your brothers,' she added.

'I am sure they will agree to it. Draupadi, you are a wise woman at your age,' said Yudhishthira.

'I chose you because I was wise,' said Draupadi with a smile. 'You are said to be *dharma-incarnate*. I want to be your counter-part.'

Yudhishthira surrendered to Draupadi. 'Draupadi, we have to thank the Great God for giving you to us.'

'....and also Govind,' she added. And they laughed....The distance wore away....

When Draupadi awoke in the morning, the tenderness with which Yudhishthira had treated her, clung to her like the delicate aroma of a *parijaataka* flower.

3. *Chandrayana Vrata* is a purificatory rite which is performed by increasing or decreasing the intake of food corresponding to the phases of the moon for a month, followed by offerings to the sacred fire.

[To be continued]

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[Continued from last issue]

search for a way of life

J. M. SHELAT
[Chief Justice of Gujarat]

THE Aryans were fair; yet their acceptance of Krishna, the dark-skinned hero, the acquiescence if not deliberate acceptance of marriage with the non-Aryan women, the Nag-Kanyas from the central parts of India, show the fluidity of their society and a statesmanship of high degree. Aryan polity was at first elective but as they spread towards the south and had to meet resistance from tribes who had long settled down in those regions, rural democracy gave place to States and selected leaders to monarchs.

After the Aryans followed several tribes, Greeks, Bactarians, Sakas and various other sects and communities but their civilisation being only rudimentary and inferior to the one moulded by the Aryans, they were absorbed and merged without any upheaval which would have broken the continuity and the unity of the country. Like pebbles thrown into a pond, they caused a few ripples but the waters smoothened them up into deep silence.

The tendency towards unity and universality which could bring about oneness in social and spiritual spheres could not however succeed in bringing about political oneness. Attempts at empire building no doubt are visible immediately after the invasion in 326 B.C. by Alexander, when, as a result of that invasion, contacts with the west became closer. But first the Mauryan and then the Gupta Empire and later still Harsha's and Kanishka's empires flourished for a while and then fell. The very vastness of the country and the essentially rural character of the society which had helped to lessen the rigours of invasions and prevent the disintegration of society were factors which made one central administration impossible. The tolerance with which the foreign elements were accepted into society also turned the essentially rural society indifferent to a concept of one nation and one State. The heterogeneous character of the people with different religions, different beliefs and different languages kept the people's consciousness away from the concept of nationalism. Yet, though the country was divided into several kingdoms, the kingdoms were not so watertight and exclusive as in Europe. People from one part moved about freely to other parts and though they spoke different language, Sanskrit was the one language common throughout the land. At least, it was the language of the Court and the *elite* and that fact helped the exchange of ideas, religious and philosophic and helped maintain the unity of social and intellectual India.

Until recent times there has continued a set pattern in the history of India. There have been plenty of in-

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vasions; wars and pestilences have been equally plentiful, bringing with them horrors and misery but once they were over, society went on again as placidly as ever and the foreign elements were time and again absorbed and merged till they lost their identity not being able to resist the power of absorption of Hinduism.

A serious threat to the continuity and the oneness of the civilisation arose when the Muslims, tempted by the wealth of the country, hoarded since generations began to stampede into the country again through the north-west corridor. The Arabs were the first to arrive, originally in Sind and then on the Malabar coast, followed by the Afghans, the Persians and the several tribes of Turkish origin. The advent of Islam had a deep and profound effect. The resistance was intense and often mortifying. Periods of oppression, pillage, rapine and destruction followed. The clash between Hinduism and Islam was accentuated by the contrast between the outlook of the people and the invaders. Hinduism had had an ascetic and other worldly outlook and in its search for the absolute and the universal truth, had relegated the affairs of the secular world to an insignificant place. Islam on the other hand was non-ascetic and held a concept of life, which was social and democratic. The invaders until now had belonged to an inferior and under-developed civilisation and could therefore be absorbed without the necessity of the structure of the society having to undergo any radical change. But here was a civilisation vitally different, having its own philosophy, aggressive in outlook, formulated and definite. This time the problem would not be of absorption but of fusion and that was the task which the Indian culture had to resolve.

Once again we find the spirit of unity prevailing, though it took decades to succeed. The history of the mediaeval ages is the history of attempts towards fusion, a history of earnest experiments in various aspects of life for bringing about once again oneness in Indian society. Though the process of synthesis and assimilation could not be completed, the interest in that era of our history lies more in those endeavours than in the careers of the various dynasties that flourished from time to time and fell. No one can say that these attempts and these experiments totally failed, for in 1857 though the last Mughal enjoyed sovereignty over his royal precincts only, the country in general regarded him and respected him as the Emperor of India.

In his autobiography *Babar* records his insistence to make India his home. Those of his followers who had accompanied him merely for plunder were allowed to return to Kabul. The battle of Fatehpur Sikri, which he fought against Maharan Sangh and the entire confederation of Rajputs was one of the most crucial battles in our history, for, it was a conflict between two cultures and made the advent of Islam permanent. The very first act which Akbar did on his coming to the throne was to declare that India was his home and since then neither he nor his successors ever looked westwards as their homeland,

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though they continued to maintain their political claims over Afghanistan and beyond. Historians have given credit to Akbar and the emperors who followed him for trying to bring about unity between the two races but long before Akbar, at least since the 14th and the 15th centuries intellectuals in both the sections had started attempts at fusion and synthesis. Credit goes to Akbar for accelerating and fostering that spirit and for encouraging those who promoted that spirit. His was a mind tolerant, comprehensive and versatile and with the historic sense he possessed he at once realised that no two civilisations can co-exist without influencing each other. He realised that the existence of different languages would be a barrier to the process of fusion he had helped to accelerate and which would keep the two parts of his subjects into two separate societies. Though his administration was strong and pervaded even into the villages, with the local Kazi, the Foujdar and the Amil as the representatives of the centre, the lower strata in the services was predominantly Hindu using local languages for all administrative work. This impeded the process of fusion of the two societies. The impediment had to be removed. Therefore through Todermal he made Persian the language of administration. Persian became the *lingua franca* and as we know, until recently knowledge of it used to be cultivated even in Hindu families. The spirit of fusion manifested itself in all aspects of life. The *Bhakti cult* already affected by the Sufi's doctrines developed with such unique and extraordinary vigour that no other country has in any age witnessed such extensive production of devotional literature. The alien elements which the invaders represented were thus deftly mixed with the indigenous elements. The wafts and the warps were so skilfully woven into the social fabric that by the time we reach the modern age, we feel once again that same oneness, at least in the social life of the country.

Before Akbar, Ramanand, Kabir and Nanak in the north and Chaitanya and his followers in the east had preached the spirit of universality. Among the Muslims, Sufists had preached the unity of existence and though they found their main inspiration in Koran, they drank deeply from the current Indian thoughts. It is possible to think that the *Bhakti cult* which grew in the wake of Chaitanya in the east, west and in the south drew not an inconsiderable inspiration from Sufism. New religions were established, a sect known as Rampir in Bengal was a significant and an interesting experiment giving concrete expression to the spirit of fusion and integration. These experiments did not fully succeed because the contacts between the two counterparts were confined to the cities and towns only, and could not penetrate into the villages, where the Hindus were dominant and where life went on in the old way unaffected by the new currents in the cities.

The process of assimilation could not be completed because from the very first invasion by the Arabs, Hindustan with its ascetic mode of life

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and the spirit of non-violence accentuated by Buddhism, receded to the south leaving the north to make the best it could. It is significant that until about the 9th century it was the north which mostly produced great preceptors and founders of cults. Since then the balance shifted to the south and all the great Acharyas were born and mostly worked in the south.

Nevertheless, the activity particularly during the Pathan Sultanate and the Mughal period towards fusion had a great effect on our social structure. New customs and new fashions were evolved showing unmistakable signs of synthesis. Even the celebration of festivals did not remain unaffected. In every sphere of life, social, political and cultural, there was the impulse of amalgamation. In architecture and sculpture, music and painting, the fusion of the old and the new values permeated as new forms were created having consequential effects on the culture of the people. The genius of Tansen brought about new forms of music which were manifestly the mixture of the old and the new music, which the Muslims brought with them. Abdus Samad, the great Persian painter could induce Hindu youths, some of whom were in the domestic and household service of Akbar to take up painting and through them made way of the new school known as the Mughal School. Indo-Saracenic in spirit and outlook, it gradually spread in later years as far as Rajasthan.

But before this process of fusion had time enough to get completed, new and foreign elements began to come into the country first with only mercantile ambitions, which a little later developed into ambitions of establishing a sovereign state only two hundred years after Babar had thought of making India his home and of establishing in India the Turko-Persian culture of which he was the product. He could have hardly then known that within so short a time, another civilisation, superior materially and having mastery over the seas would insert itself, this time from the rear, through the west coast and would claim paramountcy over the culture which he had injected in Indian society. Even though these elements were totally alien, the spirit of unity and fusion once again began to function. Who can say that during our contacts with these elements during the last 150 years, our life and our culture and even our social structure have remained untouched and unaffected?

Looking backwards, one is amazed at this extraordinary continuity of the Indian way of life in spite of so much apparent diversity in customs and beliefs, in language and in literature, in religion and metaphysics. What is it, one asks, that has given so much vitality, so much reinforcement to it that in spite of so many vicissitudes, that way of life, which has stamped oneness to one and all so that whether he is a Gujarati or a Deccani, a Dravidian or a Bengali, each one of them has the appearance and outlook which distinguishes him from any other race, has persisted? The explanation is to be found in the pacifism and tolerance, the flexibility and fluidity of our social struc-

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ture, the pull and the power of absorption of Hinduism, the statesmanship and the wisdom which those whose task it was not to prevent a break in the career of our civilisation possessed. Time and again, when new elements found their way into the country, they were absorbed in the wide and extensive folds of Indian life, unifying and integrating them with the native elements and allowing the old to be revitalised and reinforced. That continuity and that unity have kept our civilisation still alive, so alive that it promises to last for several centuries to come.

Diversity is inevitable in a land so vast and so ancient. One who searches conflict is bound to have ample materials to justify his promises and his thesis. But one thing is certain that throughout our career as a civilisation, we elected to apply the method of unity and amalgamation to absorb amongst us the different elements that entered into this country for an easier way of life or for economic advancement, for preaching a new religion or a new philosophy, rather than exterminate them or be exterminated. We have preserved the Indian way of life during our career as a civilised people for the last 5,000 years and we have done so with the method of toleration, the spirit of live and let live and the fluidity of a social structure which our ancestors invented.

That is our heritage and it is the task of each one of us to maintain and foster that sense of universality, that sense of unity and oneness which have been the chief manifestations of our culture and our civilisation.

[*Concluded*]

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THE REAL STANDARD IN LIVING

T V. Viswanatha Aiyar

IT has been widely affirmed that the main objective of our Democratic Socialism and our controlled Economy and State Planning is to usher in a Welfare State at the earliest possible moment. This ideal is accepted on all hands. But the true welfare of the state and its citizens does not all end with freedom from want, social security, old-age pension and the like, desirable as these undoubtedly are. In a country of the size and population of India, the attainment of these physical goals will by themselves be an achievement of the first magnitude of which the country and its people can be rightly proud. But the question still remains: how is the true and lasting welfare of the people secured? Obviously, it cannot be by increasing beyond reason our desires and wants, physical needs and material possessions. The main and chief source of our welfare does not consist merely in the satisfaction of our physical wants, important as they are, but in a continued effort to attain equipoise of the mind and in striving for a good and contented life bereft of greed, avarice and a race for more and more of the world's goods.

There is much talk and rightly so of raising the standard of living, especially of the masses. Food, clothing and shelter are compelling necessities and there can be no gainsaying that everything should be done to satisfy these primary needs. While the objectives of the plans are oriented towards this result, there is another side to the picture. The huge Defence and Development expenditure amounting to over Rs. 15,000 crores have in a large measure gone into the Rural Sector in one form or other and among the so-called middle class, so much so that it has become urgent for the Government now to offer inducements for these large sums to come out and do duty as serviceable and productive investments. Previously what went into land and gold (as readily available and tangible in-

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vestments) cannot now do so and has therefore to be tapped for use into fruitful and productive purposes. In fact, one of the reasons given for the rise in prices is the availability of large funds in the hands of the Rural Section and the consuming public, and their taking to more sophisticated types of living and spending, so much so that the content of the words "standard of living" is rapidly changing even in India as the plan periods roll on. These words have different meanings in different countries according to their state of development and economic strength and political thinking. It is quite possible and even natural for us now to go on asking for further and further amenities and more labour- and time-saving devices. But the real problem is as to what good purpose the time and the money saved are going to be put. Innocent and simple enjoyments there are in plenty; but it appears to have become inevitable now to measure standards of living by the goods and gadgets one possesses and the show and pomp one puts up. The TV, the Radio, the washing machine, electrical appliances, air-conditioning, motor car, cosmetics, and many other things may conceivably be regarded as basic necessities without which life may not be considered worth living. The question is, is that really so? The answer largely depends upon our mental attitudes and outlook. Thoughtful minds may feel these are not necessities and may even consider them handicaps to a simple and contented life.

Be that as it may, let us have a peep into our present-day village life and face the facts as they stare us. As a result of the two wars, the impact of industrialisation, land reforms, plan expenditure, easy transport and communications, party and radio propaganda, the evils and difficulties of an urban life have begun to permeate and affect more and more the simple and peaceful life in the villages. Walking has given place to bus travel, simple and homely enjoyments to costly and time-consuming amusements, traditional food habits to patronage of tea and coffee shops. The younger section has become more and more addicted to a life of ease. The main preoccupation is news and gossip mongering, Ceylon broadcasts, factions, fights and a love to get rich quick and acquire goods, money and power without doing anything serious to deserve or earn them. Family cohesion and co-operation, good neighbourliness and respect for age, learning and straight conduct, are all fast dying out. Instead, we have factions and irresponsible criticism of all and sundry including those whom we ought to hold dear and near and a race to wield power and influence by any means and without any qualification for them. The peace of the village has been increasingly and perhaps irrevocably interfered with and "back to the village" has perforce become an empty slogan. In the old days, village folk used to take pride in cultivation and production and one witnessed a regular stream of men going to the fields in the cool hours of the morning in order to do efficient field work. "Koozhu" and "Kanji" and other such things gave them staying power to withstand the

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tiring physical work and they eagerly looked forward to their midday meal in the open fields lovingly served by their womenfolk, albeit made of *Cholam*, *Kambu* or *Ragi*. It was a soul satisfying meal. Now, in many cases, the day's work starts with a visit to the hotel or tea shop, discussion on politics, the cinema page etc., and talk to bring in fixed working hours as in industrial establishments. The rural sector which forms the backbone of our country both in numbers and political power cannot be caught in the back-lash of our urbanized and industrialised fast moving political society.

Whomsoever you ask, whether in the rural or in the urban and industrial areas, they have a bucketful of woes and misery and discontent. Anxiety and fear of one sort or other and want of confidence in themselves or in the future of their families and in the economic set-up have become the unspoken concern of the many. This does nobody any good.

The robust life and healthy outlook in the village has been interfered with physically, mentally and morally so much so one has seriously to doubt whether adult franchise, elections and the modern type of education are at all any unmixed blessing. Strife and indiscipline and discontent have a field-day.

The ideals of simple living and high thinking which all ultimately depend upon family cohesion, faith in our *Dharmic* ideals and belief in a Divine power have been seriously interfered with. The bulk of us have still a simple belief in God, though looking at the misery and fraud all round, our faith tends to be greatly shaken. If, therefore, we are serious in our belief in a Welfare State and in the urgent necessity to raise the standard of living, the emphasis should be, not merely on the physical and economic needs, but also on our mental and moral make-up and preparedness to bear with fortitude the difficulties and deficiencies inherent in a developing economy, in a country of the size and population such as ours. The first and foremost requisite to achieve the desired result therefore is to keep our mental attitude right and not to run down our beliefs in our Dharma and ways of life. Let us remember that duties to oneself, to one's kith and kin, to one's community and country, in a word, to everyone in the world are persistently stressed in our prayers from time immemorial. For the liberation of oneself and for the welfare of the world (*Atmano Mokshartam Jagad Hitayacha*) is our great ideal. Gandhiji emphasised all his life on one's duties rather on one's rights and refused to join in the formulation of any declaration of "Human Rights", but suggested instead, the formulation of "Human Duties". In this, he was but speaking for all the religions and philosophies of the world.

Freedom from want can be achieved in two ways—first, by not going on increasing one's wants beyond the bearest minimum and second, by a mental effort to live and be happy with the honest fruits of one's labour. There is no end to our desire for possessions and pleasure and it grows by what it feeds on. It is

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not for nothing that our ancient rishis warned us that

"Aasaasaa Paramam Duhkham
Niraasaa Paramam Sukham"

What India stands for can be described in two little words "Abhaya" and "Tyaga". "Abhaya" means not only that we should not be afraid of others, but also others should not be afraid of us. In that sense, it embraces "Ahimsa" and universal love as well. "Tyaga" is a great conception, so much so, India has been for long known as "Tyaga Bhoomi," the land of sacrifice and renunciation. If, therefore, we are talking of the standard of living, let us not merely think of physical needs and economic requirements but also of moral ideals. What applies to each one of us should naturally apply to the Government as well. Let not our Government do anything to make us live in "Bhaya" (fear), selfishness, greed, anxiety or concern.

Man does not live by bread alone, though of course no good can flourish on an empty stomach. What does it profit us even if we gain the whole world but lose our soul in the process. Hence the real standard to be lived and worked for is to restrict our physical and material needs and external help to the bearest minimum and to cultivate to the maximum self-reliance and self-help, and strive earnestly to be good and to do good and live a simple and purposeful life, without greed or anger, with faith in God and in ourselves. A truly Welfare State, therefore, has to be based, among other things, upon the four pillars of right conduct and right effort and a sound mind in a sound body.

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[Continued from issue dated Aug. 2, 1964]

DAKSHIN BHARAT YATRA—4

by a yatrik

a travel diary

THE next place of our *yatra* was Cochin.

We visited the Maharaja's palace. It was built by the Portuguese in 1554 and presented to the Maharaja of Cochin. We also visited a Christian church. Here there is a gigantic hall in the memory of Vasco-de-Gama, the roof of which is 90 feet high. It was first built in 1502 and in 1522 Vasco-de-Gama was buried here.

The rulers of Cochin are great lovers of art and the Sanskrit language. The *pundits* of this language assemble together and hold learned discussion regularly. The present ruler has kept up these traditions. Cochin is a major port. There are about 4000 Gujaratis in Cochin, mostly engaged in trade.

From Ernakulam our party went to Alwaye, a great industrial centre of Kerala, on 26th May and reached there in the evening. The heavy downpour during our halt at Ernakulam was a great relief from the sweltering heat we had to pass through for the greater part of our journey. We were told that the advent of monsoons was unduly delayed in Kerala this year. But here we had the opportunity of seeing the monsoons in Kerala in full blast and although these rains slightly came in the way of our sight-seeing arrangements, we thoroughly enjoyed both the rains and the scenic beauty.

On the 27th morning we started for Kalati from Alwaye in a bus. As we entered this small village, our hearts were filled with joy and elation, for Kalati is the birthplace of that great son of Mother India who initiated a mighty and noble revolution in the moral, spiritual and religious life of our country. The inexhaustible fountain of divine knowledge that Sri Adi Sankaracharya's works and teachings are, generations of Indians have dived deep into its pure and sweet waters to sustain and ennoble their lives. The opportunity to touch the dust of the blessed soil where this Mahatma was born was for us an experience not to be easily forgotten. To some of us it was a dream come true, and we thought that it was a memorable day in our lives.

Blissfully unaware of the impending tragic shock (Sri Nehru's passing away) that we, along with all the good people of the world, were to receive in the afternoon, we went to see the small temple of Vishnu which was founded by Sri Adi Sankaracharya himself.

The house where Sri Sankaracharya lived was turned into a temple of Sri Sarada by Sri Narsinha-

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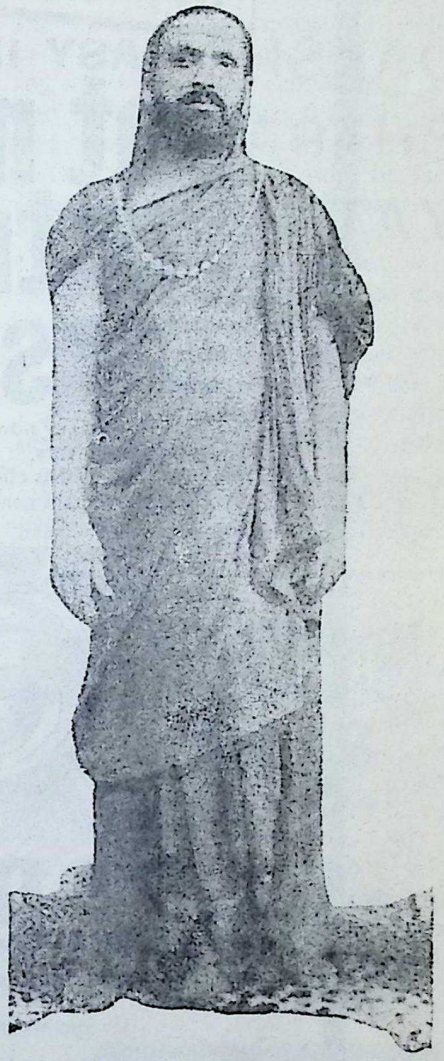
bharati. The beautiful *murti* of Sarada is carved out of marble. Round about the *garbhagriha* are idols of Maheshwari, Katyayini, Indrani, Chamundi and Durga. Slokas depicting the life of Sri Sankaracharya are inscribed in stones on the walls of this temple.

Facing the temple stands a small memorial on the spot where Sri Sankaracharya's mother was cremated. Nearby is a temple of Sri Adi Sankara whose image is inspiring. The Periyar river runs through the eastern side of the temple. There is a *ghat* to enable the devotees to take bath in the river. There is a separate *ghat* for women. The temple is administered by H.H. the Sankaracharya of Sringeri.

It was indeed a happy coincidence that we were able to have *darshan* of His Holiness the present Sankaracharya of Sringeri, who happened to be in Kalati at the time of our visit. He blessed us and lovingly enquired about the purpose of our *yatra*. It was a delight to listen to his wise words which had rare force and grace.

On our way back to Alwaye, we visited the big Travancore Rayon factory of Perumbavoor and then went to see the Rare Earth Factory too. It was here at about 2.30 in the afternoon that we received the tragic news that Jawaharlal Nehru, the darling of our country, was no more. When the news came through the entire party of *yatriks* and the large number of workers and the administrative personnel at the factory stood dazed and speechless for a few minutes, as though hit by a thunderbolt. Quite some time



His Holiness Jagadguru Sri Sankaracharya of Sringeri.

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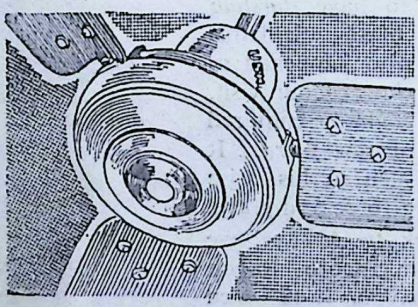

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passed before some of us could recover from the shock of the event. But slowly and painfully we gathered our wits; a condolence meeting was summoned in the factory at short notice in which all the workers and our *yatriks* participated. Tributes were paid to the great architect of Modern India. We cancelled our visit to the Fertilizers and Chemicals of Travancore, the Premier Tyres factory and the rest of our engagements and returned to our abode with tears in our eyes, silently praying for peace of the noble soul, who throughout his life fought with rare wisdom and valour and toiled for his countrymen's freedom and happiness.

On the 28th morning we came to Trichur. This lively township, normally ebullient with brisk activity, presented a picture of gloom and sorrow. Along with the rest of the country, the population of this township was plunged in grief and one could read on the face of everyone the question what next. The politically conscious people were discussing in street corners the consequences and problems resulting from the passing away of our Prime Minister.

This lovely town is said to have been built by Bhagawan Parasurama. The famous temple of Sri Vadakkunnathan, it is believed, was worshipped by Bhagawan Parasurama. The Siva Linga of this temple is covered by a mound of solidified ghee poured as offering by the devotees.

Nearby is an idol of Sri Satyanarayan-Vishnu chiselled out of metal. On the left of it is a big and beautiful idol of Sri Ganapati. Close at hand is a small temple of Lord Rama

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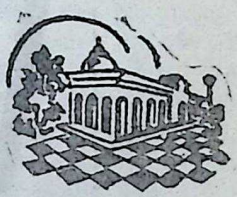
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with His comely idol bedecked with a moulded replica in silver.

The Parasuram Chowk in the temple is supposed to be the place where Bhagawan Parasurama disappeared in final *samadhi*.

Twenty-two miles away from Trichur is the village of Guruvayoor celebrated for its great temple of Lord Krishna, where thousands of devotees from all parts of India come to offer prayers. We came here on the morning of the 29th May by a special bus. Many interesting stories of the deity's amazing power to bestow on the devotees with health and happiness are narrated.

Tradition has it that when the Lord left his mortal body at Prabhas in Saurashtra, Uddhava handed over his *vigraha* to Guru Brihaspati and Vayu, the god of wind, who brought it here and installed it in the shrine. Hence the name Guruvayoor.

The idol of Lord Krishna is about $2\frac{1}{2}$ feet tall. In the very early hours of the morning, when *abhisheka* is performed with milk, *chandan*, oil, etc., hundreds of devotees swarm the place. In the course of a day the idol is worshipped three times with different fascinating dresses and costly ornaments. In the evening, the Lord is ceremoniously placed on a richly decorated elephant which slowly and majestically moves around the temple in a gay procession. The feeling of devotion, the thrill, the excitement, the joy and the regal grandeur of this procession of the Lord was for us a most gratifying experience. Here one feels like pray-

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ing for hours and days.

A number of marriages, thread-ceremonies, *anna-prasana* (the first feeding) of the child etc., take place in this temple during the auspicious months. *Thula-Bhara*, the weighing of a person in a balance, with something piously resolved by the devotee, is a very popular form of offering to the Lord here. Centuries ago the poet Sri Narayana Bhattatiri, recovering from a serious illness by the grace of Guruvayoorappan, composed the famous *Narayaneeyam* in a thousand verses in beautiful Sanskrit which is very popular with Hindu devotees. It is summary of the great *Bhagavata*.

A small and simple temple of Lord Siva (Mammiyur) is situated a few furlongs away. There are also separate shrines of Parvati, Ganapati, Sasta, and Karttikeya. There are many palm, betel and other big trees around the temple which make the atmosphere pleasant.

Next morning, we proceeded to Cranganore. On the way we halted at Irinjalakkuda, 20 miles afar from Trichur, where there is a strikingly artistic temple of Bharata of *Ramayana* fame. Near the entrance of the temple there is a small pond where we saw two playful elephants being washed by their keeper. Adjacent to the temple is another bigger pond with separate *ghat* for males and females. There are various engaging pictures on the walls of the temple. In the small but heavily sculptured sanctum the idol of Bharata reminds us of the nobility and moral excellence of this the most upright of the characters of the *Ramayana*.

We then went to Cranganore eight miles away from Irinjalakkuda, where an unembellished temple of the famous Bhagawati, surrounded by small temples of Siva, Ganapati and Sasta, is located. Yet another temple of Siva stands at a distance of one mile in a place known as Tiruvanchikulam.

Twenty miles to the north of this Siva temple at Triprayar is a large temple of Sri Rama on the bank of a rivulet. There is a vast *mandap* facing the temple with an imposing flag-pillar. The pillars of the temples as well as the *garbhagriha* with the idol of Sri Rama are full of exquisite drawings and alluring specimen of masterly craftsmanship. We offered prayers here and returned to Trichur after completing our morning engagements.

In the evening we went to Peechi, thirteen miles to the north-west of Trichur. A big dam, built on the river at a cost of twenty-five million rupees in 1957, provides 47 thousand acres of land with water for irrigation.

Near the dam a fine structure with over a hundred steps is erected where people go to enjoy the picturesque view all around. Nature, in one of its generous moods, has blessed the place with eye-filling sight of glowing beauty. There are green and smiling fields and tall and majestic mountains and of course the river and lovely trees on the mountainside and veritable beds of variegated flowers. It is a landscape which leaves even the most widely travelled man wonderstruck.

[*To be continued*]

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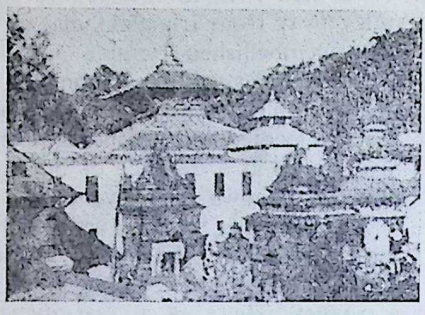

BHAVAN'S

SAMSKRITIK VIKAS YATRA–4

PILGRIMAGE TO PASUPATINATH

Pasupatinath Temple at Kathmandu.

We have pleasure in announcing our fourth *yatra* under the Bhavan's Samskritik Vikas Yatra Scheme. This journey will cover the ancient shrine of Lord Pasupatinath at Kathmandu, the capital of Nepal, for the sacred *darshan* of the Lord on the Holy Mahashivaratri Day. Darshan of Lord Pasupatinath on this day is considered highly auspicious and meritorious by the devout. Every year a large number of devotees assemble here on this occasion to worship the Lord and witness the grand festival. Lighting of Mahadeep, Akhanda Deep and Lakshabatti, fasting, and singing in praise of Lord Siva throughout the night are the main features of the festival.

The valley of Kathmandu is also picturesque. Situated in the lap of the mighty central Himalayas, surrounded by green hills and mountains with snow-capped peaks, the valley presents a peerless picture of scenic beauty and enchantment. It consists of three main towns Kathmandu, Patan (Lalitapur or the City of Beauty) and Bhadgaon (Bhaktapur or the City of Devotees) and the valley is known as the "Land of Temples" because it contains a large number of temples, pagodas and shrines representing some of the finest specimens of Buddhist and Hindu architecture.

We have also included in this programme visits to the well-known Vishnu-thirthas of Dwarka, Dakor and Puri, *darshan* of the famous Jyotirlingas of Sri Mahakala at Ujjain and Sri Somnath at Prabhas-Patan, Tristhali *yatra* of Kasi,

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Prayag and Gaya, visits to the famous centres of Buddhist pilgrimage at Sanchi, Sarnath and Bodh Gaya and the sacred and renowned temples of Jains at Palitana as also many other centres of developmental and national importance.

The following are the important places that will be covered during the *yatra*.

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JUNAGADH	KATHMANDU (NEPAL)
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ANAND	HOWRAH
DAKOR	PURI
UJJAIN	KONARAK
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The *yatra* will be of 35 days' duration commencing from Bombay on 6th February 1965 and returning by 12th March 1965. The *yatra* will be conducted in specially reserved First Class Bogies. The journey from Patna to Kathmandu and back will be by plane.

The fare per person for the entire *yatra*, inclusive of food, sight-seeing expenses, accommodation and conveyance at Kathmandu and air-flight from Patna to Kathmandu and back will be Rs. 1,250/-.

Members and friends of the Bhavan are cordially invited to participate in the above *yatra* with their families. For further particulars, please write or contact personally the Samskritik Vikas Yatra Vibhag, Bharatiya Vidya Bhavan, Chowpatty Road, Bombay-7. (Telephone Nos. 77451 and 78702).

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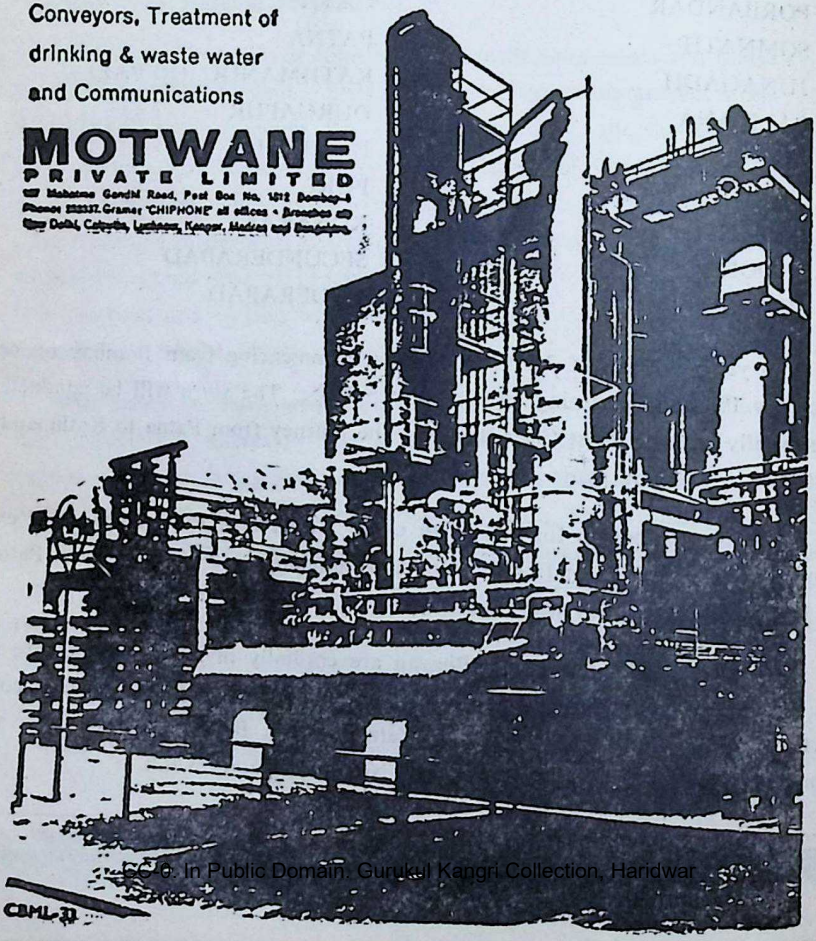

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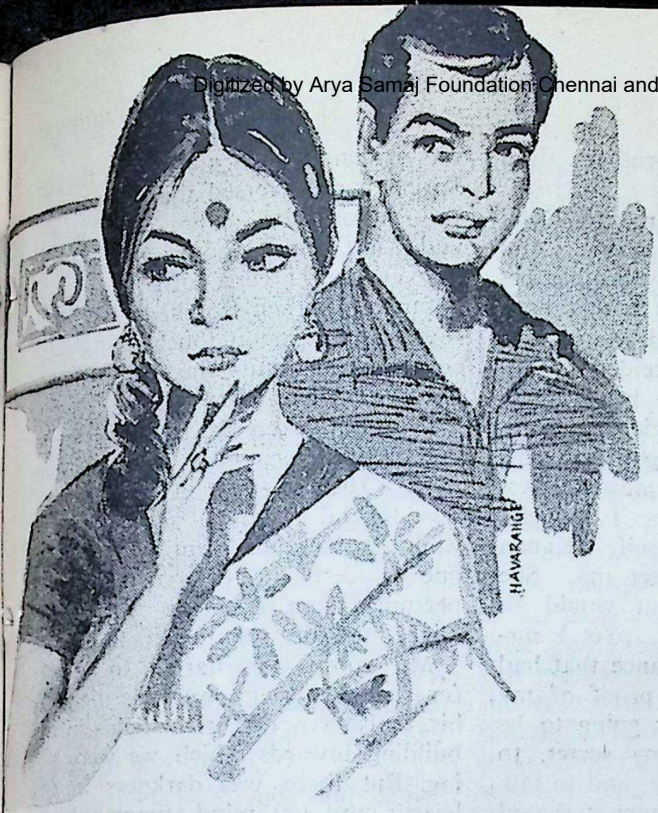

a short story

Padmabhushan
Prof. N. S. Phadke
[*Leading Novelist and short story writer of Maharashtra*]

illusion!

"I WISH I was dead—not he," I thought as I looked at my own reflection in the mirror. "Yes, things would have been a lot better if I had been killed instead of my brother Dileep."

Standing before the mirror, fully dressed, with the crimson beret in my hand, I became acutely aware that we two—myself and my brother—had always looked strikingly alike, and yet our lives had taken different directions. And I wished I was dead—not he. I wished I had at least not learnt the definite news of his death and had remained in ignorance a little longer.

Because I had prepared to leave this Jullunder Camp by tomorrow's plane, I was looking forward cheerfully to going home, meeting Kanan, my brother's wife, taking sunshine and laughter into her dreary life, making her talk and laugh and telling her that God wasn't blind, her love must be rewarded, and Dileep must return. And today morning, when I was full of these rose-coloured dreams, I had learnt from a Sikh officer who had newly come to Jullundur that my brother had died five years ago, and there wasn't a shadow of doubt about it. This Sikh officer too had been in the Rani of Jhansi Regiment along with my brother. They had both been wounded when Rangoon had fallen into the hands of the British on the 4th of May 1945. They had both been removed to the hospital where he had seen

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with his own eyes my brother's dead body taken away....

A plane would take me to Delhi and from there to Bombay....And now I had learnt that my brother belonged to the dead....I hadn't been myself since then. I had almost cancelled my leave and decided not to go home. I hadn't the heart to be the bearer of the tragic news to Kanan. But other thoughts had curbed my desperation. It wasn't necessary to break the news, I thought. I could keep it to myself. Kanan would be happy to meet me. She loved me so. Yes, that would be for the best, I decided....Yet I cursed the perversity of chance that had brought me convincing proof of my brother's death. It was going to be hell for me to keep my secret, to pretend to know nothing, and to talk gaily with Kanan as though I shared her hope.... I was filled with these thoughts as I dressed, picked up my beret, drew my locks back with the left hand, and stood before the mirror. And then, as I looked at myself in the mirror I wished I was dead instead of my brother....

"Ready Major?" I heard a voice from outside. "Yes, ready," I answered, and, moving away from the dressing table, I rushed out. "Come on," I said, joining my friend. We had to attend a farewell dinner given in honour of Brigadier Hussein who had been transferred from Jullundur.

The sound of our steps broke the stillness of the night. Spring must be in full bloom, I knew, away in Srinagar beyond the mountain pass, spreading its riot of fruit, flower and fragrance; but here too there was evidence of its glory. As though Spring had traversed this land on its way across the snowcapped peaks, and left its footprints behind. The evening breeze softly rustled as it fanned the sun-scorched earth. The silver of the moon touched the massive Chinars and the tall slender Safetas. There were islands of willows and thickets of Piyach grass in the distance on both sides of our road. The air smelt of the Panjeena and Khatai blooms, and, when a whiff of Yosman scent floated past, one wondered if this were some rare perfume from Behashta with which Night had dressed her tresses....

My companion started to whistle for joy. My steps were as light as his. I also saw the bright lights in the building towards which we were going. But there was darkness in my heart; and my mind, tugging backwards with heavy steps, and digging out the ruins of the past...as though to ask, "Do you remember this? This? And this?..."

Yes, I remembered everything...

I first met Kanan at a party given by the Principal of our college in honour of the cricket team of which we brothers were both members. As we sat in the drawing-room, before dinner, mixing with the other guests and talking chiefly cricket the Principal brought an elderly gentleman towards me. "Meet my friend Mr. Premnath, Executive Engineer," he said to me, "He was keen on meeting you."

I bowed and shook hands. "Very pleased," I murmured and then, wanting to compliment him on his fine health, I said, "You must have

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played quite a lot of cricket in your young days, Sir."

He grinned. "You bet I did," he said. But I wasn't looking at him. Another face had caught my eye—the face of a young girl behind him.

"Come up," I heard the Principal saying to her. "What's keeping you back?"

And then turning to me he said, "She was even more keen than her father on meeting you." She stepped forward. I should have folded my hands and said "*Namaste*". But an impulse made me decide against this respectful aloofness. "How do you do?" I said, and offered my hand. Was she surprised? Perhaps. But then a sweet smile flickered round her lips, and the next instant I felt the softness of her fingers...

I let a week pass, and went to her house. She seemed surprised on seeing me. "You've come alone?" she murmured. Her voice puzzled me. I couldn't decide whether she was disappointed not to find my brother with me, or thought it improper of me to go alone to a girl. I had never before run after any girl. We brothers were known—or rather notorious—for our lack of romance and had been nicknamed 'The Frigidaire Brothers'. My desire to visit Kanan had surprised me, and I had fought with it for a whole week. I hadn't even disclosed to Dileep that I was paying her a visit, fearing he would make fun of me. And now she asked me, "You've come alone?" I thought of running away. But she had closed the door behind me. "I'm glad you've come," she was saying. She moved towards a window, dragging her 'chappals' on the carpet. I followed her. Her little white feet looked very pretty under the dark border of her red 'sari'. There was grace in her movement. Her stem-like neck which matched her height was partly covered by the loose knot of her dark shining hair. When she opened the window the breeze came in and lifted the locks near her ears, and against the light her arms made a beautiful silhouette, I forgot my chagrin. She's lovely, and it's grand to look at her, I thought. Why should I care a hang if she thought my visit...

She picked up a book from the table and came towards me. "Will you help me with this?" she said as she sat opposite me, "I was reading this poem. I couldn't quite understand these four lines, and was wondering whom to ask when you came."

Ah! So that was why she had said. "I'm glad..." I nodded and smiled, and looked at the page which she held open before me.

It was all Greek and Latin to me. I was studying Physics and Chemistry at the college, and poetry had no charms for me. Dileep had a fairly good liking for literature, but I had none. But it was a case of a damsel in distress, and I was prepared to do anything to help Kanan, including a battle with a verse. So I said, "It's very easy, you see."

"Yes?" she smiled, and that smile was enough to turn any one into a Professor of Literature. "A.. hm." I cleared my throat, and hit out all round the wicket of poetry, explaining the hidden meaning of the lines that had baffled her.

I couldn't guess whether she

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thought my interpretation sensible. But she listened with deep interest, and seemed to enjoy my talk. When I finally took leave she gave me a rare smile. "It's good to know you are so hugely interested in poetry," she said, "We'll have lots to talk about when you come again." The veiled invitation made me happy. But I could also see in it the threat that I would have to discuss poetry every time I called on her. This made me nervous. She would soon discover my utter ignorance of literature, I thought, and I would be clean bowled. I had better stop going to her, and preserve my self-respect—unless there was some way out of this queer situation.... And there was a way—as I soon found out.

Dileep was amazed to see me develop a sudden enthusiasm for literature. He was, however, glad to encourage and nurse my interest. I got from him endless tit-bits and latest news concerning writers and poets and their books. My stock with Kanan soared up. I became a frequent and welcome visitor. It wasn't possible to keep Dileep out of the picture for long. So I began taking him along with me occasionally. Kanan's face beamed with a special delight whenever Dileep came. "You must come oftener," she said to him, and there was eagerness in her voice. But Dileep avoided accompanying me. "I'm sorry, but I've some work to do in the laboratory," he used to tell me, "You go alone." Perhaps he had guessed that I was wooing Kanan....

We took our B.Sc. degree with distinction, and began doing post-graduate research work in the college. But hardly had the first term ended when the second world-war broke out. Men like us were needed, and military service held a lure for both of us. We decided to enlist in the army. Kanan didn't like this. She hated to think that we would be far away from her—and away in a place where our lives would be in constant danger. But she could see that we had made up our minds, and so she gave us a cheerful send-off.....

Active service separated me from Dileep. We both saw Kanan whenever we went home, but each one of us met her separately, since our leave never coincided. I grew more fond of Kanan, and to live without her became more difficult for me. The war dragged on. I learnt that we would be soon sent out to fight in France. I thanked God for the short leave we got before leaving India. I went home and met Kanan. I didn't wish to precipitate our wedding, but I wanted to know for certain that she loved me. I would face death bravely, I thought, if I knew that she cared and would wait for me.

Our talk wasn't easy. "You'll miss me?" I kept asking her. And she kept nodding, and smiling blankly, and murmuring "Yes, I'll miss you... But you must take care of yourself..." I got tired of this beating about the bush. "Kanan..." I whispered, and touched her hand.

She gave me a look of surprise and withdrew her hand.

"Kanan," I said, "Don't you see I love you?"

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She remained silent. As though my words had struck her.

"It'll help me a lot to know that you care for me," I mumbled, "to know that you'll be mine when I come back...."

She averted her eyes. I noticed her tears.

"Why don't you say something?" I asked, "Does some other man love you?"

She began to cry.

"Do you love someone else?"

She nodded.

"Who is it? I wouldn't mind. Tell me. Who?"

"Your brother Dileep," she lifted her head and told me. Her lips trembled as she spoke. "He doesn't know. I never told him. I don't even know if he loves me. But I love him. Very much..."

So, that was that. I had loved her, but failed. Dileep had avoided her, knowing that I cared for her, but she had fallen in love with him. What a queer business this love was!

I went away...to take my plunge in the business of fighting, and to forget things. But there came a day when I thought I must come to terms with myself. I wrote to Dileep. "Kanan loves you," I told him, "Remember this when you go home on your next leave, and make her happy. I have forgotten that I once loved her. She will be dear to my heart as your wife..."

I had meant every word of this. And so I was happy when I learnt after six months that Dileep had married Kanan. When I went home after a long time I found her beaming with happiness. I was glad. I spent most of my time with her, and I couldn't believe my leave was over. When I took leave of her, she said, "I'm impatient for the day when we three will come together, and talk and laugh as in the old days." Her heart's ache was in her voice. "That's going to happen," I said, pressing her hand, and then added "soon".

But I knew that I was holding out a false hope. There was no sign of the end of the war. On the contrary the news which we heard soon after my return to the front indicated that if the war ended soon it would end in a defeat for the Allies. The Japanese smashed Pearl Harbour on the 7th December in 1942. And Guam, Wake Island, Hongkong, Manila, Penang, Singapore fell in rapid succession before the whirlwind onslaught of the Japanese forces. The news of the fall of Rangoon made me very uneasy. Because I knew that my brother was stationed there. The British, we learnt, fled from Rangoon, leaving the Indian soldiers to their fate. These soldiers fought valiantly, but couldn't succeed in defending Rangoon. They fell in Japanese hands as prisoners of war.

This was sickening news, and I felt terribly worried. I received cable after cable from Kanan, asking me to give news of Dileep. But what could I tell her when I was myself in total darkness? Months dragged on, and my efforts to get news of Dileep amounted to nothing. But at last news began to trickle in. We heard that the Indian soldiers who had fallen in Japanese hands had recognised Hitler's free army. That

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thousands of new recruits from Java, Sumatra, Borneo had joined the newly-formed Azad Hind Fouj. That Subhas Chandra Bose had gone from Germany to Tokyo and entered into a pact of friendship with the Japanese Government. And that at last he had gone to Singapore and officially assumed the leadership of the Indian Army. Of course we didn't read these things in the papers. But rumours have a way of filtering into the barracks and the mess-rooms.

When, however, I came home on leave in November 1943, Kanan showed me two letters which she had received from Dileep. He had managed to smuggle them with a Burmese refugee coming to India. It appeared from these letters that my brother was now a Brigadier in the Azad Hind Fouj. He had described in these letters the boundless enthusiasm of his army, and the phenomenal popularity of Subhas Bose. Hundreds of men came every day, he wrote, to flock under Bose's banner, and thousands of rupees were poured at his feet. Addressing a monster meeting in Malaya, Subhas had said, "I want ten crores of rupees from you." And people had given him ten crores. The Islands of Andamans and Nicobar had been handed over by Japan to Netaji Bose. They were now called Shahid and Surad, and the flag of Free India waved over them. "....I know how impatient you must be to meet me," he wrote, "I too am eager to come, believe me. But hold your patience a little, dearest. We shall soon set our flag on the Red Fort of Delhi. Then we'll meet. I will come to you wearing not the British uniform—the symbol of serfdom, but the..."

I was so moved that tears filled my eyes, and I couldn't read the rest of the letter.

I returned to my front with a heart heavy with a sense of humiliation. My brother was a soldier in the Azad Hind Fouj fighting for our country's freedom. And here I was, a slave driven by a foreign master. How utterly I loathed myself! But there was hope for me too, I thought. My country will be free soon. And then I shall be her proud soldier.

But this secret hope was crushed by the subsequent happenings. The Japanese began to retreat with the same lightning speed which had marked their advance. The Allies pushed on from place to place. General MacArthur moved with amazing swiftness. The Japanese fled from Rangoon, leaving the Indian Army in the lurch. Netaji Bose's Fouj fought bravely. But Rangoon fell. Brigadier Louder looted the Azad Hind Bank. He first made a promise that the Indian soldiers would be free to return to India, but later changed his mind. All the men of the Rani of Jhansi Regiment became war prisoners in British hands.

Thus crashed a grand dream of Netaji Bose...And with it our private dream of my brother's triumphant return. It became impossible to get news of the unfortunate men in the Azad Hind Fouj. Many of them, it was rumoured, went underground. After a few months the Government decided to hold a trial of the leading men of the Fouj. My brother's name wasn't on the list. We couldn't trace

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his whereabouts. At last Netaji died in a plane crash, and the curtain came down finally on a stirring drama which had begun years ago with his daring escape from his home in Calcutta. Soon afterwards India became free, and the public forgot everything about the brave soldiers of Netaji's army.

But we couldn't forget Dileep. We kept trying frantically to get news of him. His death wasn't known, and we refused to believe that he had died. Didn't people say Netaji wasn't dead? That he was in Russia? And that he would soon come back to India? So we hoped that Dileep too was living and hiding somewhere, and that he must return some day soon. Kanan clung to this hope. We nursed her hope and helped her live...

And now I had learnt from the Sikh officer that there wasn't any hope left for us. Dileep had been killed five years ago in the battle of Rangoon. And I was going home tomorrow. I was going to pretend that I knew nothing, to talk with Kanan and laugh, to feed her hope that Dileep would come back, and to give her strength to fight her battle with death on a sickbed.

I swayed like a man walking in a dream towards the dining-hall.

And I was in a stupor like this throughout my journey by plane. I reached home, went to Kanan's house, stood in the drawing-room talking with her parents, asked "How's she?", saw them shake their heads as they murmured some words, turned towards the staircase—but I had the feeling that I wasn't awake, that I was doing all these things in my sleep...It was nearly two years since I last saw Kanan. Even then I had suspected despair in her talk, as though the springs of hope in her heart had dried up. And even then consumption had overtaken the loveliness of her body. She had looked at me so pathetically when I had taken leave of her. I received a few brief letters from her, but then she had stopped writing to me. She had lost all her enthusiasm, I could see that. And although I wrote long letters, filling them with cheer and hope, I wasn't sure she read them. Her father's letters had followed a set pattern. "We are doing our best..." It was terrible to read this—to look at the picture of Kanan which it brought before my eyes—Kanan waiting and waiting for her husband, and clinging to life just to have a last look at him...

And now I was going up the stairs to her room. I was going to see her after two years. I couldn't give her the news for which she waited eagerly. On the contrary I must keep the horrid truth in my heart and wear a smile on my face. I was anxious to meet her. There was a flutter of impatience in my heart. But my steps were slow, as though my feet were heavily fettered, and I moved in my sleep.

I pushed the door softly, and stepped into the room. It was dusk outside, and the curtains were drawn, and I had to strain my eyes to look around. I could see a white sheet and a slate-coloured shawl on the bed in the corner away from where I stood. Where is she, I thought. But the

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next instant I noticed her dark hair on the white pillow. Her long illness had reduced her to the size of a small child... I suddenly remembered the first time I had met her when I had experienced the venturesomeness of young love and sought the touch of her hand... Was this the same Kanan, I wondered, with an ache in my heart. And was I the same young man? And where was Dileep now?... My feet made a shuffling movement. I had to clear my throat.

"Dileep..." I heard her faint voice. But she didn't turn her head. She must have heard the sound of my footsteps. And she asked, "Dileep?..."

I felt a stab in the heart, touched by the pathos of her voice. I closed my eyes and stood. Then I moved near her softly. Her eyes were closed. But there was a smile on her dry, fever-scorched lips. I stood looking at her. I wondered if she was aware of me. As I bent down, wanting to caress her forehead, she opened her eyes and looked. The effort seemed to be too much for her, and her gaze seemed to reach beyond me. "Kanan, I have come,"—these words were forming on my lips when she suddenly lifted both her arms and put them around me...

"Dileep!" she murmured. "At last!... I couldn't die until you came... O, dearest!..."

Her fingers pressed as if to draw me. She also lifted her head a little. But the next instant her hands lost their pressure, and her head fell limp on the pillow... Her eyelids trembled, and there came a faint voice from her throat, "We met at last"— and then even more faintly, "I am happy!"...

Her arms slipped. Her eyes closed. There was a slight tremor of her lips, but that too faded quickly into stillness. As though the last wave of life which had surged up in her body had suddenly ebbed out... I bent down, and stood, watching the extinguished flame...

Time stood still for me. I couldn't believe my eyes. It was too painful to accept the fact of Kanan's death. And yet the grief seemed to touch me only superficially, like the passing scratch of a dagger. Deeper and more definite than it was a strange subtle satisfaction... She had mistaken me for my brother, and in her last moments she was not alone. She had believed that she had met her beloved husband for whose return she had waited and fought with death. She had died in his arms, not mine... I had failed to make her life happy in the way I had wanted to. But I had made her death happy...

In the next issue!

Gautami Tells a Story

A Long Short Story

by MASTI VENKATESA IYENGAR

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Prithvi-Vallabh

THE BELOVED OF THE EARTH

Translated from Gujarati by H. M. Patel, I.C.S. (Retd.)

THE STORY SO FAR : Munja, the great Paramara conqueror of Malva who had routed Tailap, the king of Telengana, eighteen times, was finally vanquished by Bhillam, Tailap's Commander-in-Chief. He was taken prisoner and brought to Manyakhet, the capital of Telengana.

Bhillam who was also called the 'Protector of Poets', got released two young poets, Rasnidhi and Dhananjay, among the prisoners and entertained them as guests in his palace and introduced them to his daughter Vilasvati.

Chapter 7

ART IN LIFE

"WHAT is love of Beauty?" Vilas asked.

Rasnidhi looked at her incredulously. "Don't you know?" he asked.

"No."

"Are you fond of poetry?"

Vilas smiled: "I have heard Bhartruhari's *Vairagyashataka* chanted."

"Have you heard of *Shringarshatak?*"

"That is for the wicked!" she said with asperity.

Rasnidhi laughed. "Have you ever seen a play?"

"I saw one once, in my father's kingdom Syundesh, when I was a small girl, but I don't remember it now," she answered.

"Have you ever sung a song when the full moon shone?"

"No, I am forbidden to sing."

Rasnidhi looked at her gravely.

"How ever can you know what art is? Who makes you so strait-laced?"

"No one. I have my own life; Mrinalba only advises."

"Why do you live like that?"

"To cultivate detachment."

"You are living in a fool's paradise. Do you know what you are giving up?"

Vilas was lost in thought for a moment. "I may not, but Mrinalba tells me all about it."

"Only talk! You have not personally experienced anything."

"Is there any need for an experience which can only contaminate...?"

"What would degrade you?" asked Rasnidhi spiritedly. "If poetry contaminates you, or art, or beauty, or even love—what is wrong with such a contaminated life?"

"I wish to lead a pure life" retorted Vilas sternly and got up to go.

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Rasnidhi remained silent for a while and then said, "I suppose in your eyes people like myself are sinful?"

"May the Lord give you good sense?"

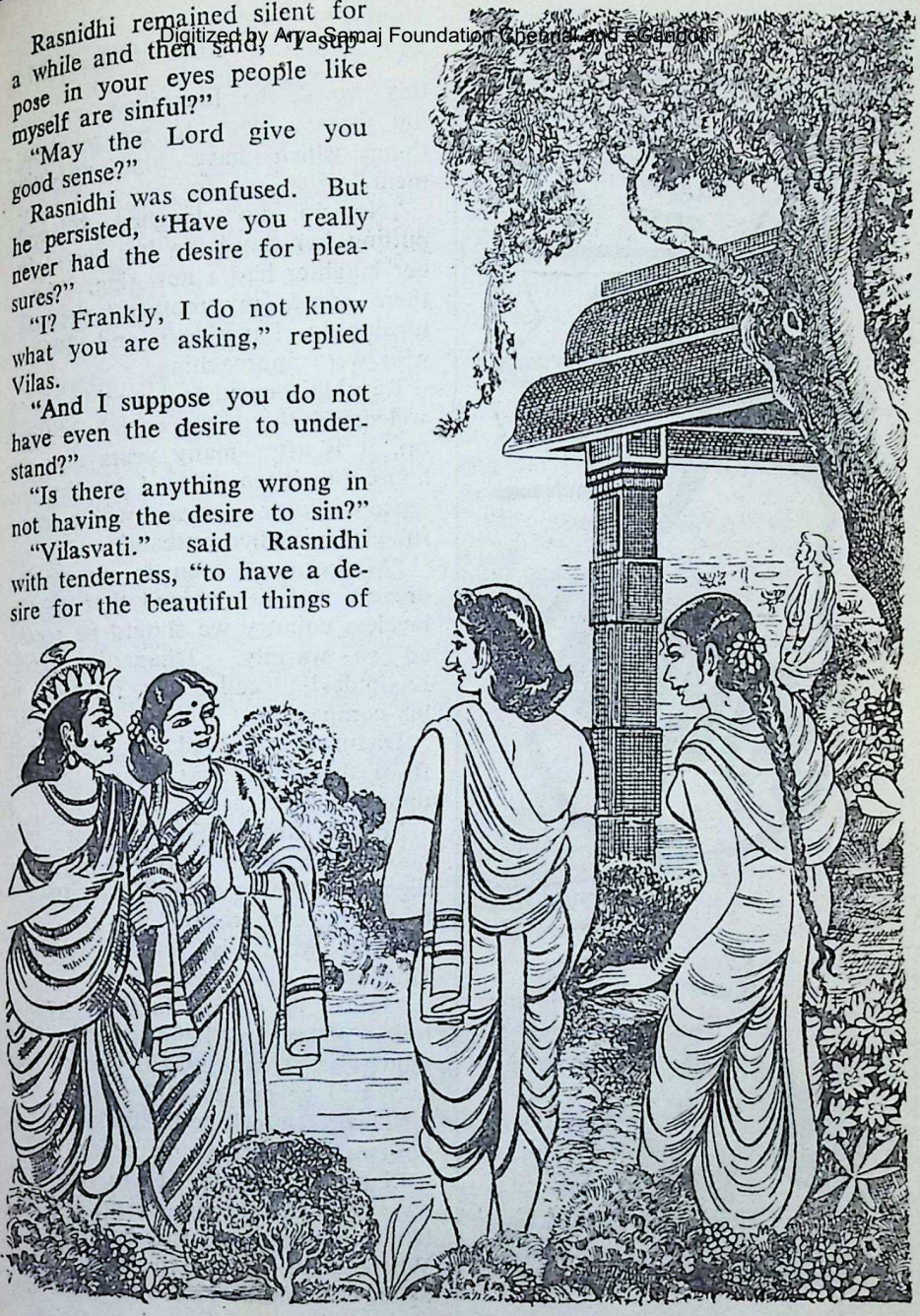
Rasnidhi was confused. But he persisted, "Have you really never had the desire for pleasures?"

"I? Frankly, I do not know what you are asking," replied Vilas.

"And I suppose you do not have even the desire to understand?"

"Is there anything wrong in not having the desire to sin?"

"Vilasvati." said Rasnidhi with tenderness, "to have a desire for the beautiful things of



"....Kaviraj, CC-0. In Public Domain. Panini Kanya Maha Vidyalaya Collection, Varanasi blessed by the presence of poets...."

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this world, to like them and enjoy them...these, to my mind, are things which have high self-fulfilment."

"No, no, no", laughed Vilasvati, putting her hands to her ears. But her laughter had a new ring. "Look, there comes my mother," she said, turning to Laxmidevi and Bhillam who were approaching.

Rasnidhi bowed to Laxmidevi, who welcomed the poet warmly. "Kaviraj, it is after many years that our house has been blessed by the presence of poets," she said with a scornful glance at her husband.

"Mother, not even in my wildest dreams had I imagined that in this loveless country we should be received so warmly. Dhananjay, meet Laxmideviji," called out Rasnidhi to his companion.

Dhananjay turned his eyes away from the lotus leaves and walked upto his hosts.

"Please treat this as your own house," Laxmidevi said with regal dignity. "There is only one request that I have to make."

"And what is that?" enquired Dhananjay.

"Please do not let anyone outside hear of your light-hearted talk. Otherwise, I am afraid your stay here will be cut short!"

"Devi," interjected Bhillam, "do you realise what you are saying?"

"I am in earnest. I am happy to have you as our guests and I would like to see that your stay is prolonged. Where shall we see the like of you again?" Laxmidevi's voice was tinged with bitterness.

Bhillam remained silent. Rasnidhi

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maintained an attentive attitude.

Laxmidevi continued, "So, Vilas, you have already met our guests."

"Yes, mother", replied Vilas smilingly, with her eyes downed.

"Kaviraj", said Laxmi, "let us go inside the house. It will soon be midday."

"As you wish."

"Vilas, what do you propose to do now?" asked Laxmidevi.

"I have still my prayers to offer."

"Kaviraj, who is the greatest amongst the poets?" asked Bhillam.

Dhananjay thought over the question for a moment. Then he replied with mischief in his eyes. "Of course, the ruler of Syundesh, Bhillam, who else?"

Everyone laughed as Bhillam exclaimed, "I?"

"Yes. He has vanquished Munjraj, a master-poet himself, whose every word is an inspiration to poets everywhere."

Bhillam smiled proudly. He knew that this was just flattery. Even so, his heart rejoiced. His wife, however, was not going to let his delight last very long.

"Kaviraj, if what you say is correct, why don't you say that the greatest poet is Mrinalba?" she said.

"How?"

"Syunraj has the highest respect for Tailapraj and if there is anyone who keeps Tailapraj under his thumb, it is Mrinalba."

Bhillam grew red in the face and he looked angrily at Laxmi. She saw this transformation, and wisely changed the conversation.

"Kaviraj, do you know the poems of Bhavabhooti of Vidarbha?"

"Where did you hear his name?"

"When I was young, the poets at my father's court used to sing his praises. They used to say that there had never been a poet like him and never would be."

"My friend Rasnidhi," said Dhananjay, "is a staunch devotee of Bhavabhooti."

"Is that so?"

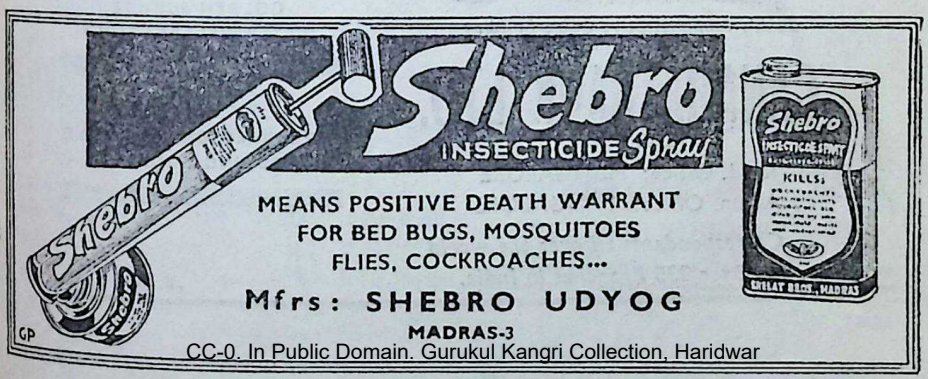
"Yes, he knows every one of Bhavabhooti's plays by heart."

"Mother, why did you never speak to me of this poet?" Vilas asked.

"My dear daughter," said Laxmi with a sigh, "what would be the good of telling you about him?"

Vilas could not understand her mother's reluctance. She believed that this was not the time to make further enquiries and went away.

[To be continued]



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Kanchi—2

Varadaraja Temple

The 100-pillar Mandap with the Saint-Saints as the backdrop. A specimen of a pillar is seen at the right. Marks the artistic excellence. Near the corner of the flight of steps is the Tirthavari Mandap where a statue of Sri Sankaracharya is seen. On the banks of this tank is the temple of Chakkarattalwar.

Silpi—

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BESIDES the Kamakshi Temple described in the last issue, Kanchi is also famous for the Vishnu temple dedicated to Lord Varadaraja. This temple is situated in what is known as Vishnu-Kanchi, a suburb of Kanchipuram proper.

The Lord of this temple is variously called—as Devaraja, Varadaraja, Lord of Hastigiri, etc. The last mentioned name arose out of the fact that the deity stands on a hillock called Hastigiri. Hasti means elephant and the divine elephant Airavat is said to have taken this form here.

According to legends Brahma first adored the Lord of Hastigiri. This is suggested by the first word *Ka* in Kanchipuram; *Ka* means Brahma. In fact *Brahmanda Purana* has a passage devoted to Hastigiri-Mahatmiyam. It is in the form of a dialogue between Sages Brighu and Narada.

According to this version, Brahma's creative activity suddenly ceased one day on account of some pollution of his mind. He was directed by an unknown voice to perform *tapas* on the banks of the river Ganga and do a thousand *yagas* to overcome it. Inasmuch as the last mentioned act was near impossible, the same unknown voice directed Brahma to perform one *yaga* at the place called Satyavrata *kshetra* which will be equivalent to a thousand *yagas* elsewhere. The present site of Sri Varadaraja temple was that place.

At the time of the *purnahuti* of the *yaga*, Lord Hari emerged out of the flames shining like a thousand suns in the form of Sri Devaraja or the king of gods. He was enshrined in a *vimana* called the Pranava Vimana. He blessed Brahma and the *devas*. At the request of Brahma, the Lord agreed to stay in the same sacred spot to bless His devotees during the ages to come.

After the completion of that sacrifice Viswakarma, the divine architect, constructed the edifice of the present temple at the place of the altar of the said *yaga*.

The above episode occurred in the Satya-yuga It is said that during the Treta-yuga the Lord offered liberation to the elephant-king Gajendra at the same spot. In fact this incident is enacted every year in the month of Ashada, on Purnima day here, when the deity is taken out on Garuda-vahana.

In the Dwapara-yuga, the Lord is said to have blessed the preceptor of *devas*, Brihaspati, who had to live an earthly life as a result of a curse. In the present Kali-yuga too, the Lord is said to have blessed Adisesha, the Lord of serpents. Indeed the sacred temple-tank is named Ananthasaras, after Adisesha.

The temple of Varadaraja has an inspiring edifice. Its main entrance on the western side is crowned by a high tower. On the east side too there is even a bigger tower, both having been constructed by the Vijayanagar rulers. There are inscriptions galore on stone all around the *prakara* of the chief deity.

The temple consists of five *prakaras*.

Entering through the western gate, if one looks around the fourth *prakara*, he will find a number of shrines dedicated to Vaishnava saints.

Among the important structures must be mentioned the 100-pillar *mandapa* erected during the Vijayanagara period. It contains exquisite

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carvings and images and is a marvel of monolithic structure, for which the artisans of Vijayanagar were justly famous.

Among the important shrines here should be mentioned that of Sri Sudarshana or Sri Chakkarattalwar. On the front side of this image there is a fine carving of Sri Sudarsana with 16 hands while the back side bears the fine image of Sri Yoga Narasimha, each of his four hands carrying a *sudarsana*. Sudarsana is the powerful weapon wielded by Lord Vishnu, translated as the discus. This weapon is irresistible. Consequently it has come to be identified as a divinity *par excellence* by itself with untold power, particularly against all evil forces. In the Mantra-sastra, therefore, this weapon of the Lord has been elaborately described and *mantras* have been evolved by which the help of this weapon could be invoked.

The most beautiful and important among the icons of this temple, of course, is the captivating image of the Mulavar or the original deity of Sri Varadaraja himself who, curiously, faces the west while His Consort Mahadevi or Perundevi faces east. Perhaps they were so situated at the time of Brahma's sacrifice!

The Utsava-murti of Devaraja is said to be one of the most bewitching images of South India. This deity holds the Sudarsana (discus) and Panchjanya (conch) in its two upper hands and the *abhaya* and mace in its lower hands. It is said that some Vaishnava saints of old had the privilege of direct conversation with this deity! As is well-known, Kanchi has been further hallowed by the stay in it of great Acharyas like Sankara, Ramanuja, and Vedanta Desika.

Ah what a happy, happy home hast Thou chosen to sing all day long. Down the sunlit hillside, by the meandering river, in the midst of smiling flowers, with calves and cows standing all around, O happy Cowherd! And Oh what song dost Thou sing—the song that melts the hearts of all! What magic flute is Thine, the little flute, that everyone longs to hear and hear evermore. Gopala, Govinda, Krishna, O Hari, O dear, dear Cowherd. How long shalt Thou sit on the same soft classic shore and pipe Thy melodious song. Thou wilt ever sing Thy song and the green woods shall ever resound with Thy sweet voice—the voice from Brindavan.

—V. A. Sundaram

A touching anecdote is indicated in a part of this temple in which two golden lizards received blessing at the hands of the Lord. Two *gandharvas* (semi-divine beings) were subjected to a curse of a *rishi*. These two *gandharvas* used to fetch holy water for the daily rituals of their *guru*. One day, unfortunately, a lizard fell into the water unknown to the youths. When the *guru* saw to his consternation the dead lizard in the water brought to him, he cursed

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The Mula deity of Chakkarattalwar or Sudarsana-Alwar. He holds 16 weapons in his 16 hands, facing east.

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Silpi-

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The back-view o Chakkarattalwar, facing west. Lord Yoga-Narasimha is seated in the middle of a Shatkona on Adi-Sesha.

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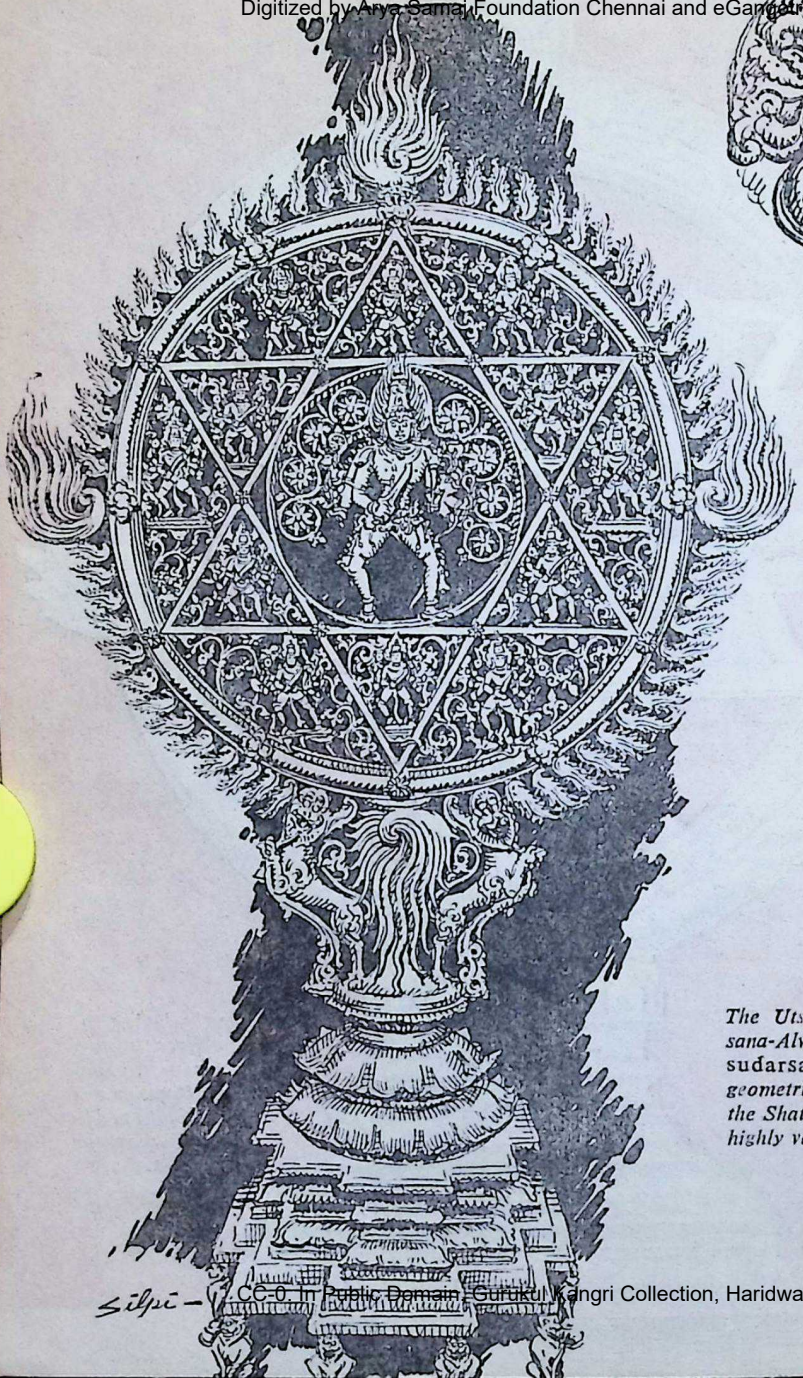

The Utsava-murti of Sudarsana-Alwar. There are 12 sudarsana-murtis *in the geometrical space created by the Shatkona. This* murti *is highly valued in the South.*

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them for their carelessness. Begging to be forgiven, the youths prostrated before him. The *guru* told them to wait at the foot of Hastigiri and look out for Indra to arrive there when their curse would lapse.

The two *gandharvas* having become lizards waited at the foot of a tree in Hastigiri awaiting Indra. Meantime, Indra became subject to the wrath of Sage Durvasa and earned his curse which was to be relieved by the Lord of this place at about the same time. So Indra came there. As he was returning from the sanctum of the Lord with his curse relieved, he saw two *gandharvas* coming from the opposite direction. When he enquired about them, they narrated their story.

Recognising him as Indra the *gandharvas* offered their obeisance to him. Indra took them to the Lord of Hastigiri who blessed them also. As a memento of this incident, Indra had two lizard-forms affixed at the north-eastern portion of the *prakara*. It was his intention that those who thought of these two "golden" lizards would be relieved of the evil effects of reptiles.

There are two important *tirthas* in this temple. One is the Ananthasaras earlier mentioned. The other is Brahma-tirtha (a well) from which the water for the daily worship of the Lord is taken.

Incidentally the original *mulavar* of this temple which was desecrated by the early invaders is being kept under water in this tank. Once in 40 years, this deity is taken out and elaborately worshipped and replaced once again in this water.

[*To be continued*]

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Notes & News

VYASA JAYANTI

THE VYASA JAYANTI was celebrated at the Bharatiya Vidya Bhavan, Bombay on July 24, 1964. Speaking on the occasion, Swami Akhandanandji described Vyasa as the Sun who dispelled the darkness of ignorance and kindled the light of absolute knowledge. He said that true knowledge could never be comprehended without profound humility and absolute faith, as arrogance, egotism and doubt were three mighty enemies of learning. That, he said, was one of the great lessons Vyasa taught us. Swamiji further asserted that the best way to worship Vyasa was to pay due respects to our *guru* and worship each and every source of true knowledge.

Swamiji congratulated the Bharatiya Vidya Bhavan and Kulapati Munshiji for their good and substantial work in the cause of our ancient culture. He blessed the new Sanskrit Journal "Samvid" of the Bhavan.

Kulapati Munshiji, who presided, said that Vyasa was the *guru* of *gurus*. The message he gave to the world through *Mahabharata* was so great and radiant, he said, that he could not find adequate words to praise it. Munshiji affirmed that as long as we performed Vyasa-Pooja, our culture would survive.

Hymns from the Vedas were also chanted by accomplished pandits.

The Vyasa Jayanti was also celebrated at the Bharatiya Vidya Bhavan's Dakore College on July 24, at a meeting of the students and the staff of the college.

VANA MAHOTSAVA

THE Vanamahotsava celebrations organised under the joint auspices of the Bharatiya Vidya Bhavan and the Bombay Agri-Horticultural Society on July 9, 1964, at the Bhavan's Campus in Andheri, Bombay, commenced with "Varsha Mangalam" by the Bhavan's students, which was followed by a tree-planting ceremony in front of the Bhavan's Engineering College. Sri P.K. Sawant, Maharashtra's Minister for Agriculture, was the chief guest.

Speaking at the meeting held in the Engineering College, Smt. Lilavati Munshi, President of the Bombay Agri-Horticultural Society and Vice-President of the Bharatiya Vidya Bhavan, welcomed Sri Sawant and thanked him for his "keen interest in the development of the Bhavan's Campus". She welcomed the reported move of the Government of Maharashtra to plant four crores of trees in the State this year and said that the campus of 25 years ago with barren and salty land was now transformed into a beautiful and picturesque spot due to tree-planting. She expressed the hope that the Minister would continue to take interest in their land development programme.

Kulapati Munshi, who initiated the Vana Mahotsava movement in 1950 when he was Union Food Minister, explained the significance of the movement and said that it gave him great pleasure to participate in the celebrations as Vana Mahotsava was a movement to beautify places. The Bhavan's fascinating campus, he said, owed its beauty to Vana Mahotsava.

Speaking on the occasion, Sri P. K. Sawant, Maharashtra's Minister for Agriculture, said that Vana Mahotsava was a "symbol of an unending movement towards making the country green." He said: "Tree-planting in our country is as ancient as our culture. Our ancient civilization like Mohen-jo-Daro and Harappa flourished in the bountiful lap of forests. The Vedic rishis lived around groves of trees and invoked their blessings for prosperity. Indian literature is replete with instances of reverence and consideration, which our forefathers paid to trees. The *Padma Purana* assures: 'The man planting trees by the wayside enjoys bliss in heaven for as many years as there are fruits, flowers and leaves on the tree he plants.'" (*Full text appears elsewhere in this issue as a separate article.*)

Principal Chokkalingam of the Bhavan's Sardar Patel College of Engineering proposed a vote of thanks.

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BHAVAN'S INTERNATIONAL CLUB

UNDER the auspices of the Bhavan's International Club, Mr. Jack C. Miklos, Principal Economic Officer of the American Consulate, spoke on "American Economy and the Role of the Government" on July 30, 1964 at the Bhavan's Gita Mandir, Bombay.

Welcoming the honourable speaker, Smt. Lilavati Munshi, who presided, said that the American Economy was a self-generating economy based on the self-help and initiative resulting in prosperity all-round. Praising the United States for her generous help to the peoples of the world, she said that the Americans "not only want to share their prosperity with others but try to help other people in becoming prosperous themselves."

Dr. A. K. Majumdar was felicitated last month at Delhi on his transfer as Joint Director of the Bhavan, Bombay. Sri Jaisukhlal Hathi, Union Minister of State for Home Affairs and Vice-Chairman of our Delhi Kendra, is seen offering him a bouquet.

DRAMA

ON July 29, 1964, a drama "Navi Dharti Navi Akash" was staged in Bombay in aid of the World Union, founded by some members of the Aurobindo Ashram with a view to start a world movement on the basis of spiritual union of people.

Smt. Lilavati Munshi who presided, in her address, praised the noble activities of the Union and said that in spite of the constant strife among different races of men based on stark selfishness and desire to destroy in order to become prosperous to the exclusion of others, she was confident that the association, with its laudable aim to bring mankind into one union, would gather momentum and become a mighty stream. "Like the river sources, moments like these are small in the beginning but they may become a mighty torrent in the course of time," she said. She thanked the Union for inviting her to address them.

INDEPENDENCE DAY

THE Independence Day was celebrated at the Bharatiya Vidya Bhavan, Bombay, when Kulapati Munshiji unfurled the National Flag. Addressing a large gathering, Munshiji said that the past sixteen years were the years of many successes and many failures, but, he affirmed, on the whole, India had maintained a good pace of sustained national development. Maintaining that the Independence Day was the Day of Dedication, Munshiji called upon the members and friends of the Bhavan's family to dedicate themselves to the noble task of enhancing the glory of Mother India. The function ended with a delightful programme of *bhajans* and light music presented by the students of the Bhavan's Sangit Shikshapith.

CULTURAL VALUES OF INDIA

"SOMEBODY may ask, what is Culture? Very often civilization is mistakenly regarded as Culture. Is eating with one's own hand uncultured? Or people who eat with forks and knives are more cultured? Are those who travel by plane are more cultured than those villagers who travel by bullock carts? I do not think so. Material equipment may be a part of every civilisation, but Culture is different. It is how you look at life; how you behave with other people; how you react in a difficult situation. Do you respect human individuality whether it may be of a man or a woman or a child? Are you brave? Do you instinctively protect the weak or bully them? These are some of the questions, the answers

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to which will lead us to the definition of Culture,"—so said Smt. Lilavati Munshi who was delivering her address as the Chief Guest at a seminar on "Cultural Values of India" held in Bombay on July 25, under the auspices of the Maharashtra State Bharat Scouts and Guides.

Continuing, Smt. Munshi affirmed that there were four norms or stages prescribed for the human endeavour by the Indian civilisation—*Dharma, Artha, Kama* and *Moksha*. She described the meaning and significance of each of them. The ultimate aim of a true Indian, she said, was to reach the stage of calm contemplation which gave wisdom and detachment, untrammelled by fear or anger by concentrating on higher good and trying to reach a state of mind where desires were eliminated. In the end Smt. Munshi thanked Smt. Purnima Pakwasa, State Commissioner for Guides, for inviting her to the seminar.

TAGORE WEEK

UNDER the auspices of the Sugam Sangeet Unit of the Bharatiya Vidya Bhavan's Kala Kendra, the Tagore Week was celebrated in Bombay from August 15 to 23. The Week was inaugurated at the Bhavan by Sri Dilip Kumar Roy on the Independence Day, with a discourse on "Tagore and Aurobindo." Sri Roy also treated the audience to a few delightful renderings of Tagore's songs with his deep-moving voice.

Kulapati Munshiji, who presided, described Gurudev Tagore as the "Apostle of Beauty." Earlier, Sri Navin T. Khandwala, Hon. Gen. Secretary of

Pattabhishek Ceremony of the new Jagadguru Sri Sankaracharya Niranjandeva Tirtha of Govardhan Math, Puri, at the hands of Jagadguru Sri Sankaracharya of Dwarka, in July 1964

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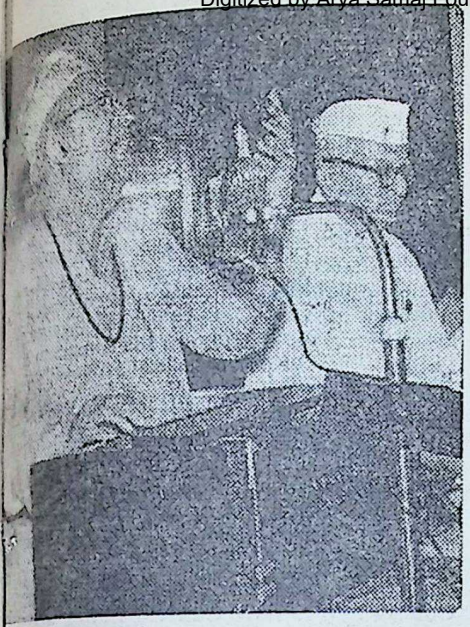

Sri Dilip Kumar Roy rendering some of Tagore's songs.

the Bhavan's Kala Kendra, welcomed the gathering and Sri Ajit Seth of the Sugam Sangeet Unit proposed a vote of thanks.

The programme for the Week included a lecture on "Tagore and Maharashtra" by Sri Gangadhar Khanolkar, on "Tagore and Modern India Music" by Sri Vishnu Das Shirali and another lecture on "Tagore and Gujarati Literature" by Prof. Chandrakant Mehta. On August 20, films on Vivekananda, Tagore and Sir Jagdish Chandra Bose were screened at the U.S.I.S. Auditorium. On August 21, Prof. Madhukar Randeria presented a programme of play-reading of Tagore's plays. On August 22, Sri Suresh Joshi presented 'Balaka'—a discourse in Gujarati. Satyajit Ray's "Teen Kanya" was screened at the Opera House on August 23. On the same day, the Week ended with eminent singers like Manna Dey and Laxmi Shankar presenting "Melodies of Tagore".

INTER-COLLEGIATE DRAMA COMPETITION

THE fourteenth Inter-Collegiate Drama Competition, conducted annually by the Bharatiya Vidya Bhavan's Kala Kendra, has started from August 27. 1964.

This year 91 entries in 12 languages including Sanskrit have been received. 36 colleges are participating in this one of the most significant annual cultural events in the life of the city of Bombay. The tremendous enthusiasm which this popular competition creates in the student world is, indeed, unique.

SRI PARAKALASWAMIJI

THE eightieth birthday of His Holiness Sri Parakalaswamiji of Sri Bramhatantra Parakala Mutt, Mysore, was celebrated on August 6, 1964.

The Mutt was founded by Sri Bramhatantra Swamiji (1286 to 1386 A.D.), who was the chief disciple of Sri Vedanta Desikar (1268-1370 A.D.) a great exponent of Vishistadvaita philosophy. The presiding deity of the Mutt is Sri Lakshmi Hayagriva, which was worshipped by Bagavad Ramanuja and Sri Vedanta Desikar.

During the time of H.H. Sri Periya Parakala Swamiji (1676-1737 A.D.) who was the 21st Acharya of the Mutt, the headquarters of the Mutt were shifted from Tirupati to Srirangapatna and subsequently to Mysore under the supervision of His Highness Sri Dodda Krishnaraja Wadiyar, the then Maharaja of Mysore. Since then, Yathivaryas have been the Kulagurus of the Royal Family of Mysore.

His Holiness Sri Parakalaswamiji became the thirty-third Yathivarya in 1925. Since then, he has guided the activities of the Mutt with great dignity and success. He has travelled all over India. Eminent men like the late Pandit Malaviyaji, Dr. Rajendra Prasad and the German Theologian Rudolf Otto had come to him for spiritual enlightenment. Swamiji is a profound scholar and author of many works like *Gudhartha Sangraha* and *Upanishat-*

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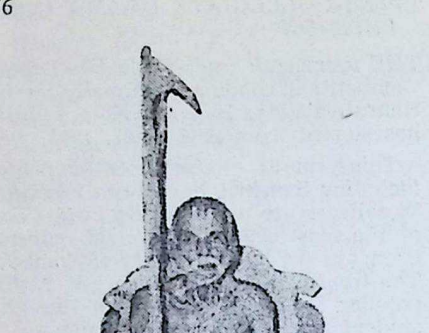

H. H. Sri Parakalaswamiji.

SANSKRIT SCHOLARS HONOURED

CERTIFICATES of Honour have been awarded to four Sanskrit scholars this year. They are: Sri Desika Tirumalai Tatacharya, Dr. Satkari Mookerjee, Sri Govindlal Hargovind Bhatt, Sri Parmeshwaranand Shastri. The Certificate of Honour is awarded every year by the Government of India on the Independence Day to such scholars as have attained pre-eminent positions on the realm of letters.

Sri Desika Tirumalai Tatacharya, M.O.L., is a Siromani in Nyaya-Mimamsa. After having worked in Oriental College, Tirupati, he did research in Sanskrit in the Oriental Research Institute for a long time. He has published commentaries on Bhamaha's *Kavyalankara* ('Udyana Vritti') and Dandin's *Kavyadarsa* ('Marjana'). His book *Rupaka Parisuddhi* is an independent work on *alankara*. He has been editing a Sanskrit Monthly *Udyana Patrika* since 1927.

Dr. Satkari Mookerjee, a distinguished scholar, has devoted his life to research work and literary pursuits in the sphere of Sanskrit. Research scholars working under his supervision have received recognition and distinction. He has contributed to learned oriental journals of India and other foreign countries. Notable among his important publications are: (1) *Buddhist Philosophy of Universal Flux;* (2) *The Jaina Philosophy of Non-absolutism;* and (3) English translation of *Pramana Mimamsa.*

He is at present the Director of Pali Institute, Nava Nalanda Mahabihar, Nalanda, Patna.

Sri Govindlal Hargovind Bhatt, 62, is an ex-Professor of Sanskrit, Baroda College and is now General Editor and Head of the Ramayana Department, Oriental Institute, M.S. University of Baroda. He made a critical study of Vedanta and the Shuddhadvaita System of Vedanta. He has edited or written a number of Sanskrit and Gujarati books like *Bhagwata Purana* with Vallabhacharya's commentary and *Rajyabhiseka Grantha* which is a history of coronation in India from the Vedic to the modern period. He is also the author of about 30 research papers in English on Vedanta, *Ramayana,* etc. He is a life-member of several research institutions.

Sri Parmeshwaranand, 71, is a retired Senior Pandit from the Punjab University, Sanskrit Department, Chandigarh and is Principal of the Sanskrit Vidyapeeth, Delhi, at present. He prepared a critical edition of the famous Sanskrit book on riddles *Vidagdha-Mukha-Mandana* and wrote Sanskrit commentaries on Sanskrit dramas *Pritama Natak* and *Nagananda.* He is also author of the books named *Alankar Kaumud, Chhandh Shiksha* and *Sahitya Kaumudi.*

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OUR BOOK SHELF

SANSKRIT

VAIDIKA VYAKARANA BHASKARA. By Govindlal Bansilal in collaboration with Rudra Mitra Shastri. Published by the Author, at 32, C. C. Chamber, D. Wacha Road, Bombay-1. Price: Ordinary Edition, Rs. 5; Special Edition, Rs. 6.

TO understand Sanskrit literature, the study of its grammar is indispensable. To understand the import of the Vedas a knowledge of its grammar is essential. This latter is quite voluminous and by its sheer size is likely to create the impression that the Vedic vocabulary has a grammar quite distinct from that of Sanskrit literature. But this is not the case even though there are special grammatical rules governing the use of Vedic words. But he who is conversant with Laukika Vyakarana can alone appreciate the import of the Vedas. Such grammatical works as the *Ashtadhyayi, Kasika, Mahabhashya, Pratisakya* and *Kaumudi* have served as the basis for the work under review. It also incorporates many Panini Sutras, a portion of the *Mahabhashya* and some Karikas.

There are 12 topics dealt with in this book and they cover a wide range such as the method of pronunciation of words, their combination, the nature and development of nouns, verbs, *karakas*, compounds and varieties of suffixes and affixes. These are followed by an enunciation of the accent of the Vaidika words and the rules thereon. The 12th topic is Vikriti Pattha, dealing with Samhita, Pada, Jata and Ghana etc., Illustrations of several obscure patthas are also given.

It is no exaggeration to say that it is a rare and valuable work. It is highly scientific and systematic in its treatment of the subject. It is quite a text by itself. It is a boon to the students of Vaidik studies.

—*Acharya C. A. V. Dikshitar*

SRI RAMAKRISHNA KARNAMRITAM. By Sri Ottur Unni Nambudiripad. Copies: Author, Tulasivanam, Mayannur P.O., via Ottappalam (Kerala). Price: Re: 1.25.

THIS fine eulogistic poem on the celebrated sage of Dakshineshvar in 280 verses arranged into 10 cantos is a fitting lyrical tribute in the language of the gods to one of the greatest personages of the saintly order that modern India has produced. Sri Nambudiripad handles Sanskrit poetry with an ease, grace and melody that recall some of the masterpieces in this *genre*. His work is a source of delight to *Sahridayas* by its charming cadence, of admiration to connoisseurs of Sanskrit by its scholarship and a boon to the devotees of Sri Ramakrishna for the ineffable ecstasy of devotion which it inspires and sustains throughout. The book is adorned with a fine photograph of Sri Ramakrishna in meditation.

—*Dr. B. N. K. Sharma*

ENGLISH

TEMPLES OF TAMILNAD. By R. K. Das. Published by Bharatiya Vidya Bhavan, Chowpatty, Bombay-7. Pages: 273. Price: Rs. 15.

SRI DAS approaches his subject with becoming humility and reverence. His book breathes, consequently, a spirit of holiness which places it in a class apart from travel or guide books so common in these days of tourism.

The author describes 68 shrines in Tamil Nad, from Kanyakumari to Tiruttani. He gives the legends associated with each temple and its Deity, the history of its development, special characteristics—wherever there are—in its architecture, sculpture and ritual, not failing to add a note of guidance on the precise location of each place and the means to reach it.

Sri Das has an eye for the unusual and the lesser-known detail e.g. his note on the phenomenon of exorcism of spirits in certain temples (P. 47) or his mention of a feature in the Gandhi Mantapam at the Cape: 'The particular spot where the ashes were first kept is indicated by a statue of Mahatma Gandhi and the great engi-

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neering skill in the construction of the hall is that at the top of the roof a hole has been made in such a way that, at midday on the 2nd October, the sun shines exactly on the forehead of the statue."

The art-plates included in the book are helpful and pleasing. We do hope a popular edition of this inviting book will soon be brought out so as to reach a wider public.

—*M. P. Pandit*

SIX SANSKRIT PLAYS. Edited by H. W. Wells. Published by Asia Publishing House, Bombay. Pp. 487 plus xxxi. Price: Rs. 40.

THIS work consists of English translations of six of the famous Sanskrit dramas: Bhasa's *Vasavadatta;* Sudraka's *Mricha-katika;* Kalidasa's *Shakuntala* and *Vikramorvacie;* Bhavabhuti's *Uttar Rama Charita;* and Harsha's *Nagananda.* The translations which are done by different people, have already been in existence and they are merely collected here. The editor who is a life-long student of dramaturgy has shown a discerning eye in the selection. In the general introduction, he has tried to bring about closer liaison between Western and Sanskrit plays, at least a better appreciation of the latter by Westerners. Dramatic technique and theatre too come in for due examination. One must say that the author has largely succeeded in his efforts.

Translations of Sanskrit dramas are at best substitutes; for, the nuances and cadences of the original language contribute much to their greatness. To readers who do not know Sanskrit, this volume will be an eye-opener. At all events, the efforts of the editor and translators will have achieved their full purpose, if the readers, at least some of them, are goaded into reading the Sanskrit originals themselves. The volume is magnificently produced and one hopes a cheaper edition will soon be made available to the larger public who would doubtless take advantage of this golden opportunity.

THE SPHINX SPEAKS. By Dr. J. P. Singhal. Published by Sadgyan Sadan, 7A, Pandara Road, New Delhi-11. 1963. Price: Rs. 4.50, 5s., $ 1.

THE author studies the story of the prehistoric nations and claims to have unriddled the riddle of the origins and migrations of pristine humanity. His main thesis is that the Aryans lived in Sapta-Sindhu, that the Kashmir lake flowed out, that the Aryans migrated to the Caucasus area and lived there for a very long time, that they returned to India during the *Ramayana* times and assimilated the Harappan culture, and that subsequently they migrated to Australia, Africa, America etc. Prof. Humayun Kabir says in his Foreword that "the main outline seems credible," though there must be more evidence for the identification of the different mythical tribes and lands and for the migration of peoples to distant continents. It is said that the *Rigveda* is not really a history but the Puranas, at least some of them, are "histories in the most-modern concept of history" (pp. 10-11). The views of Chamanlal on his *Hindu America* are considered (122-4). Chapter XIV is devoted to Sun and Moon Cultures: in the latter there is no human sacrifice; love, non-violence and mercy are emphasised (pp. 134-5). "The chief religions of today belong to the Moon Culture, which is a higher step in human evolution... With the progress of education in the world the forces representing Moon Culture are bound to become more effective and widespread" (p. 142). The last two chapters discuss Dravidians and Aryans. The Harappan culture is said to have spread to Bihar and Bengal (p. 149). The book contains two maps and an Index (called Appendix). There are numerous misprints. The word, invader, is misprinted on pp. vi, 153 and 154. The author welcomes the examination by scholars of his views and speculations.

—*M. R. Sathianathaier*

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BLISS DIVINE. By Swami Sivananda. Published by the Yoga-Vedanta Forest Academy, Sivananda Nagar, Dt. Tehri-Garhwal, U.P. Pp. 520 plus xxiv. Price: Rs. 15.

THIS is a book of spiritual essays by the late Swamiji. There are 66 of them on various topics bearing on the purpose and conduct of human life. Alphabetically arranged the range is from Ahimsa to Yoga including Bhakti, Japa, Kundalini, Om, Pranayama, Prayer, Sannyasa, Sex and Vedanta. Written in characteristically straight, dramatic and vivid manner of the author and produced magnificently, this is an ideal volume for all, to keep constantly by, peruse and benefit. A gift book for all occasions.

—*K. A. S.*

THE SKELETON. By Amrita Pritam. Rs. 2.

CHEMMEEN. By Thakazhi S. Pillai. Rs. 2.50.

Both published by Jaico Publishing House, Bombay-1.

HERE are two landmarks in the history of Indian writing in post-War India. The first is a collection of a short-novel, poems and short stories by a leading Punjabi writer who has won the Presidential award for her poems. The *Skeleton* which is in the lead is a moving story written with great understanding and exposition of human values. The translation is lucid. The short stories and poems are equally evocative.

The second is a famous Malayalam novel translated into English. The author shows himself as a very sensitive and observant writer who has immense possibilities. A story that will linger for a long time in our minds.

—*Sabita*

THE SANDS, SERENADE, THE SNOWS. By R. V. M. G. Ramarau. Published by Alpha-Beta Publication, Post Box 2539, Calcutta-1. Pp. 117. Price: Rs. 5.75.

STARTING with adultery, forced into rape, American heiress Yasmin, the heroine of this bizarre novel becomes a mystic (of the author's brand) only to be swallowed by the snows. The fundamental fact that the author forgets is that mental riotousness alone does not produce a 'daring' novel; it has to be disciplined and flavoured by aesthetic perception which alone clicks. Literature is farther still. The author, who is the ex-Yuvaraja of Pithapuram, wields a facile pen but his mental camera should be much more profound, if he wants serious attention from the *literati*. Perhaps he would do well to leave lower emotions to more experienced hands for the nonce and deal with life as it is lived in the average Indian home, where he is sure to strike gold.

—*Lynx*

KANNADA

ARYARA DINACHARYE. By Venkatadasa Achyuta Kamath. Published by the Author, "Yashoda Bhavan" Kajubhag, Karwar, N. K. Pages: 180. Price: Rs. 1.50.

THIS *Daily Manual of the Aryans* is much more than a guide to healthy life as its alternate title may suggest. It is a convincing refutation of the oft-repeated charge that the Indian tradition is preoccupied with the soul at the cost of the body. Drawing profusely from various texts—religious and secular—the writer shows how our ancients gave equal emphasis to the spiritual and the material progress of man, how the growth of the one was related to the growth of the other and how this happy balance was rudely disturbed by the advent of Buddhism.

The book is full of practical hints on all that pertains to health—e.g., diet, physical exercise, simple house-remedies for illnesses, spiritual and psychological aspects of the daily life and so on. Though the book is a translation of the *Aryanchi Dinacharya* by Sri D. V. Patwardhan in Marathi, the zealous translator, Sri Haridas Kamat, has added certain new features in this fourth edition of this manual and enhanced its utility.

—*M. P. Pandit*

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TELUGU

JAGADGURU BODHALU. (Discourses of H. H. Swami Sankaracharya of Kamakoti Peetham). Translated from Tamil into Telugu by Sri "Visaka". Published by Sadhana Grantha Mandali. Pages 228. Tenali. Price. Rs. 2.50.

DURING the years 1957-58 H. H. Swami Shankaracharya of Kamakoti Peetham who was camping in Madras used to give religious discourses on different topics in Tamil. These discourses were published in Tamil newspapers as they were delivered. The translator who is an ardent devotee of His Holiness has translated the Tamil version into Telugu for the benefit of Telugu-speaking Asthikas, and published them serially in the Telugu paper "Andhra Prabha." The book under review is a collection of those articles published already. This book contains twenty-two topics and all of them are vitally connected with our life in this world and life in the other-world also. As these discourses were intended for the laymen who flocked to the Acharya every day, His Holiness was at pains to drive home to the Asthikas, cardinal truths about religion in the simplest possible way. The translation is very easy and simple.

—*Prof. A. C. Kamakshi Rao*

BHASA NATAKA GUCCHAM: A Collection of five original one-act plays of Bhasa. Edited by Sri K. Ramagopala Krishnamoorthy. Published by Kalyani Grantha Mandali, Vijayawada-2. Price: Rs. 2.

THIS is a collection of five one-act plays of Bhasa in original. They are: (1) Karna Bhara, (2) Doota Vakya, (3) Doota Ghatotkacha, (4) Uru Bhanga, and (5) Madhyama Vyayoga. The Sanskrit plays have been printed in Telugu script for the benefit of Telugu-speaking people. The editor has given at the beginning of each play a short summary thereof in Telugu. We look forward for the proposed publication by the author of the translations of these works in Telugu and his elaborate critical appreciation of Bhasa's plays. This book is nothing more than a forerunner of his promised publication.

—*Prof. A. C. Kamakshi Rao*

TAMIL

NEHRU KANDA GANDHI. Published by Tamil Nad Gandhi Smarak Nidhi, Madurai-2. Pages 231. Price: Rs. 2.

THIS book is a picture of Nehru's life-long association with and reaction to Gandhi. And so it is a guide for others. It is a translation into Tamil of several talks of Nehru and Gandhi. It is also a brief and rapid survey of our struggle for freedom. The style of the translation is simple and engaging. With its short sentences, it is very much like Nehru, talking.

—*S. N. Srirama Desikan*

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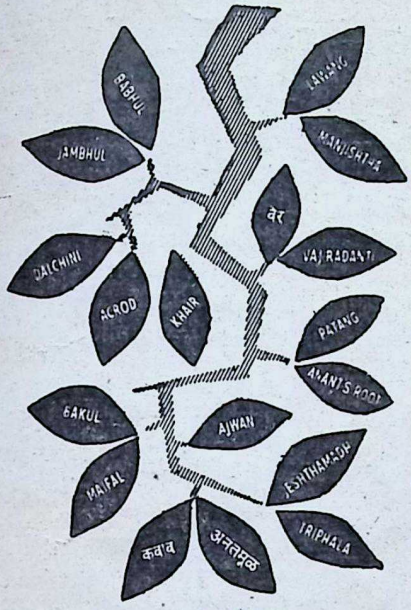

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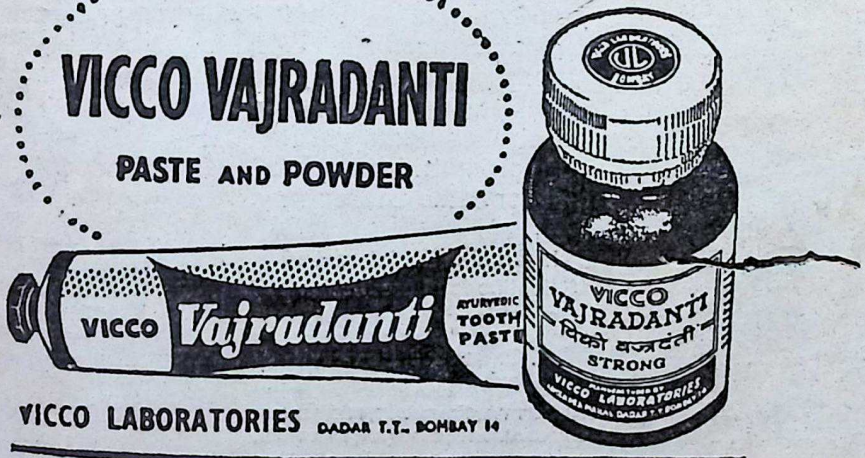

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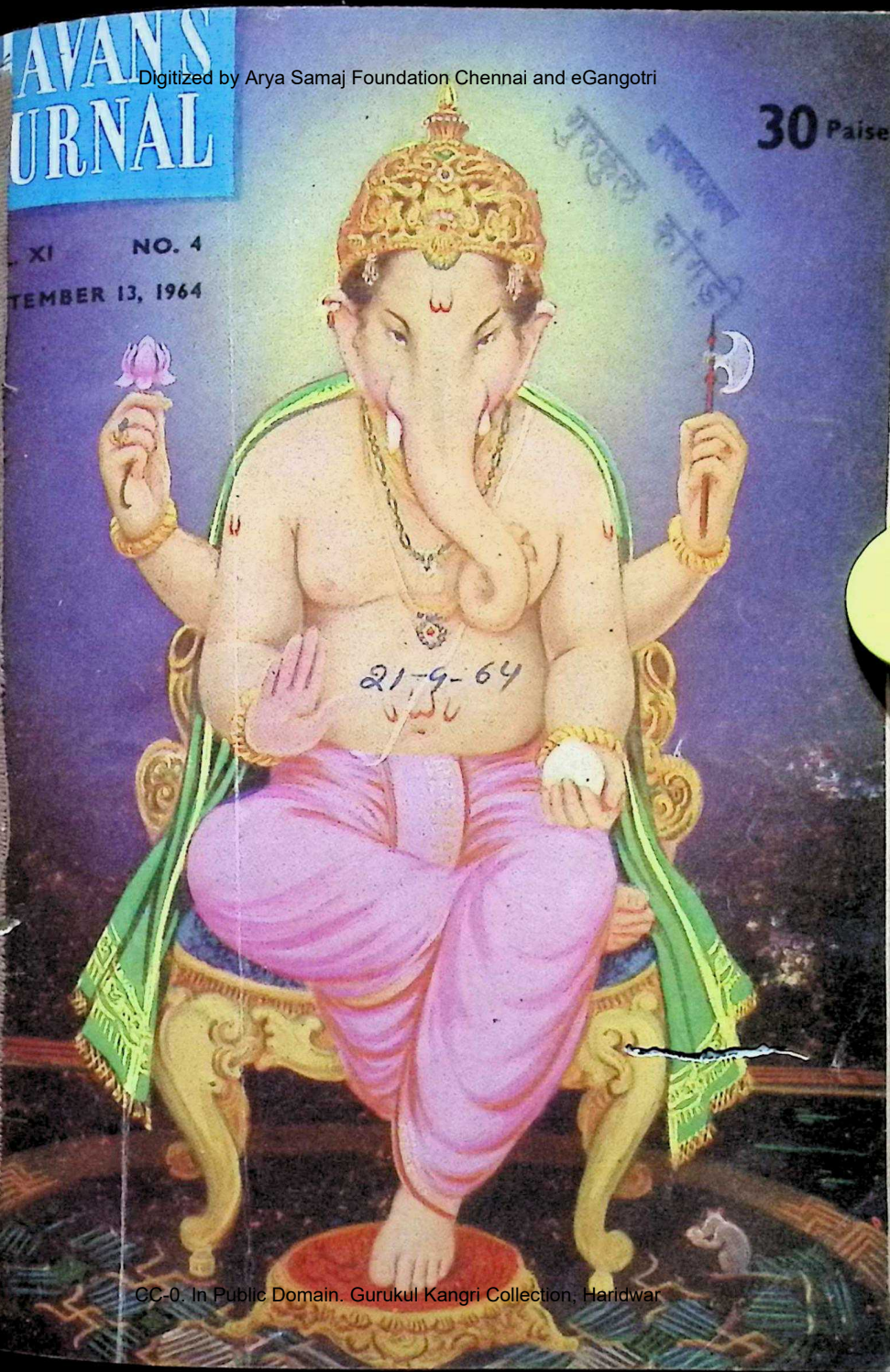

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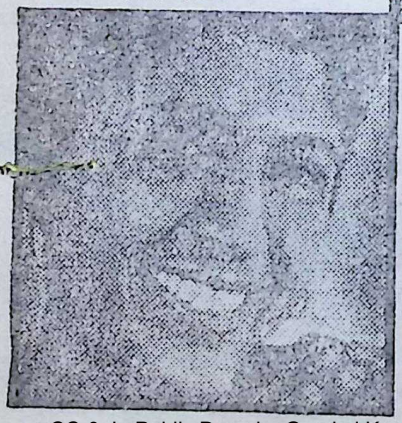

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BHAVAN'S JOURNAL

FORTNIGHTLY

Devoted to Life, Literature and Culture

contents

	Page
* Lord Ganesa (Prayer)	7
* Kulapati's Letter No. 318: Sadachar and an 'Ombudsman' ..	8
* My Religion—Mahatma Gandhi ..	11
* Sri Ganesa, The God of Intellect [Siva Purana]	12
* Vinayaka Worship Abroad —Sri S. Natarajan	15
* Rare Forms of Ganapati [Collected by "S.N."]	17
* My Political Philosophy —President Lyndon B. Johnson ..	19
* Krishnavatara (Part IV): Bheema Takes Over—Sri K. M. Munshi ..	28
* Random Thoughts on Small-scale Industries—Smt. Lilavati Munshi ..	35
* Dakshin Bharat Yatra—5 —A Yatrik	37
* Gautami Tells a Story —Sri Masti Venkatesa Iyengar ..	47
* Prithvi Vallabh: Vilas and Satyagraha —Sri K. M. Munshi	59
* And Now the Picturephone	66
* Notes and News	69
* Kanchi: Varadaraja Temple (Art Supplement. Illustrated by "Silpi")	70
* Our Bookshelf	75

FRONT COVER :

LORD GANESA

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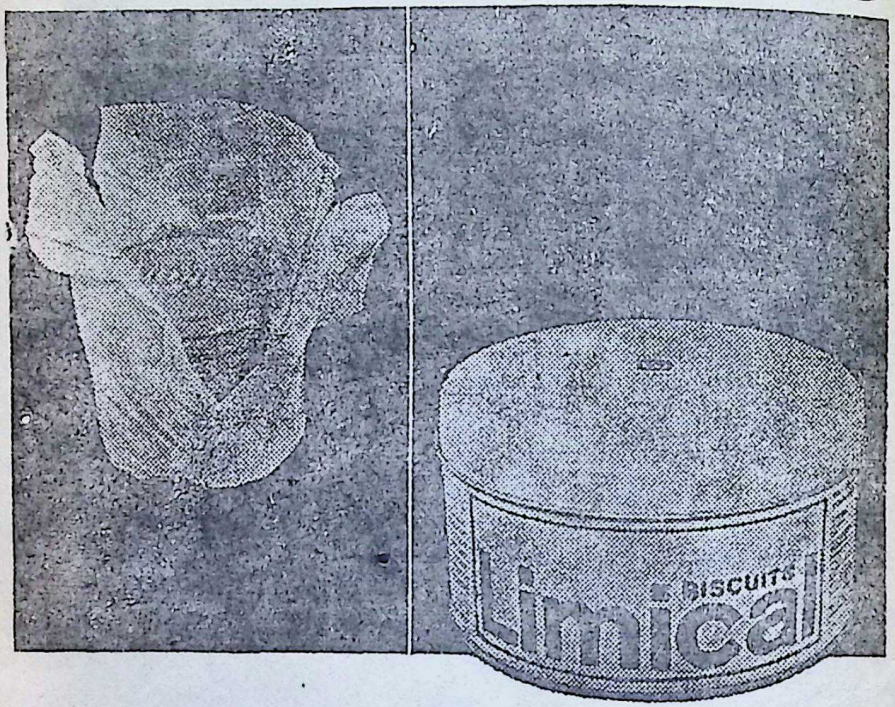

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Let noble thoughts come to us from every side
—Rigveda, I-89-i

BHAVAN'S JOURNAL

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LORD GANESA

चतुर्भुजं पाशधरं गणेशं तथाङ्कुशं दन्तयुतं तमेकम् ॥
त्रिणेत्रयुक्तं त्वभयङ्करं तं महोदरं चैकरदं गजास्यम् ॥
सर्पोपवीतं गजकर्णधारं विभूतिभिः सेवितपादपद्मम् ।
ध्याये गणेशं विविधप्रकारैः सुपूजितं शक्तियुतं परेशम् ।

Adore in myriad ways Ganesa who has four hands, who holds the noose and the goad, who is tusked, three-eyed, who destroys fear, who has a large belly, has one (unbroken) tusk, has the face of an elephant, wears the serpent as his sacred thread, has the ears of the elephant, at whose lotus feet fortunes serve, who is worshipped well, who is in the company of Shakti and who is the Lord of lords.

—*Maudgalya Purana*

Vol. XI, No. 4

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No. 318

KULAPATI'S LETTER
on Life, Literature & Culture

SADACHAR AND AN 'OMBUDSMAN'

BHARATIYA VIDYA BHAVAN,
BOMBAY.

SEPTEMBER 13, 1964.

MY YOUNG FRIEND,

SRI NANDA deserves to be congratulated for the active steps that he has been taking to trace and expose corruption. In spite of the unorthodox manner of appointing Sadachar Samitis, the general public feels that there is at least one Congress leader who will not put up with corruption, whatever the excuses and however highly placed the culprit.

At the same time, it must be realised that activities of this nature, depending upon the zeal and energy of a single individual, have a tendency to trail off, no sooner their novelty wears off.

Corruption of the kind we have in this country is the outcome on the one hand of excessive bureaucratic control and inflation on the other. Such corruption exists in different degrees in many countries of the world.

If corruption is to be brought under control, an agency for investigation should be institutionalised. A continuous pressure of investigation into complaints of corruption should be exerted by an appropriately constituted authority which, being quasi-independent, commands the respect of the government, the parliament and the people.

Under the conditions created by a democratic government, as in India, the executive and legislative powers fall into the same hands, that of the ruling political party. Under such a government, the freedom and security of the citizen needs to be guarded not only against the vagaries of legislatures but also against administrative misdeeds.

Our Constitution provides for the protection of Fundamental Rights of the citizen by the Judiciary. But the law Courts will not generally review the substance of an administrative decision. They would only say whether the decision is lawful or unlawful and not whether it is right or wrong. The judicial review also cannot operate as an effective redress to reverse a wrong

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decision. Thus, the administration is still left with a vast area of legislative and executive powers, shielded from judicial scrutiny.

In a limited way the citizen can find redress at the political level by calling the assistance of a Member of Parliament to put questions on the floor of the House. The question hour exercises considerable influence on the Executive by drawing attention to acts of injustice, but cannot right a wrong. This safeguard also becomes illusory in a vast country like ours where the contact between the member of the legislature and the ordinary citizen is not closely maintained. It does not necessarily result in an inquiry or verification of facts. It also does not touch the deeds or misdeeds of a minister, or the bureaucracy, which, as Professor Wade puts it, are "powerful engines of authority which constantly threaten to run amok".

Protection of the citizen, therefore, is superficial.

The increasing area of administrative interference has led to the growth of special bodies known as Tribunals. Generally, there is no right of appeal from a special Tribunal to a Court of Law and most of the Acts expressly deny recourse to law Court.

Under these circumstances, the only way to prevent the individual rights of the citizens being whittled away is the institution of 'Ombudsman'. Through him the ordinary citizen can successfully fight bureaucratic red tape.

Over 150 years ago, Sweden invented the office of the Ombudsman. Today, two Ombudsmen in Sweden are doing their best against the new ruler—the bureaucrat. With the growth of bureaucracy and the welfare state, Sweden's idea was copied by her neighbours—by Finland in 1920, Denmark in 1955, and Norway in 1962.

The function of the Ombudsman is to receive complaints from the people. If he decides that the complainant has got a case, he takes quick action. The Ombudsman has enormous powers. To quote from a recent article in the *Reader's Digest*:

"He can seize government files, call on the carpet anyone in the country—in Denmark even the Prime Minister—and prosecute to obtain punishment of any official. In Finland, over the years, four cabinet ministers have been penalized by the Ombudsman.

"Although he cannot reverse court decisions, the Ombudsman in Sweden and Finland can find fault with a Judge and may bring suit against him."

The latest democratic country to accept the idea is New Zealand, which set up the institution of Ombudsman by the Parliamentary Commissioner (Ombudsman) Act, 1962. The idea first appeared in the National Party's election platform in 1960.

In introducing the Bill, the Attorney-General of New Zealand said:

"The National Party's policy at the election had stated categorically that, to ensure that members of the public in dealing with departments of State and the right and opportunity to obtain an independent review of administrative decisions, the National Party proposed to establish a Citizen's Appeal Authority and that any person affected by an administrative decision would have the opportunity of having that decision reviewed. The introduction of the legislation would be an attempt to reverse a trend that had been going on for hundreds of years—the whittling

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away of the individual rights of citizens, and the State coming more and more into the picture in restricting the rights of individual citizens".

Lord Shawcross described the Whyatt Report on which the Act was based as a 'Charter for the little man.'

The complaints to the Ombudsman mostly fall under two categories: (a) complaints against administrative decisions, which really are appeals on the merits; and (b) complaints against administrative misconduct.

Under the New Zealand Act, the jurisdiction of the Ombudsman extends to matters administrative thus excluding matters concerning policy. The Statute also stops short at giving the Ombudsman authority to inquire into the decisions of Ministers themselves directly. But any recommendation made to a Minister by a Department or Agency, even if the Minister has already acted upon it, may be inquired into and if necessary reported upon by the Ombudsman.

The Attorney-General of New Zealand, during the debate on the Bill in the House, explained the position regarding the Ministers in the following way:

"If the Minister follows that recommendation then criticism of the recommendation will in effect be criticism of the decision. If he does not follow the recommendation then, that fact will doubtless be stated by the Commissioner. In either event the Minister in the light of the Commissioner's findings will eventually be called upon to justify his action in Parliament, and that is where the Minister should be called upon to account for his administrative acts".

The Act contains detailed provisions as to the duties and powers of the Ombudsman who has the power to make a recommendation, if in his opinion, the decision which was the subject-matter of investigation was wrong. If no action is taken on his recommendation, he can send a copy of his recommendation to the Prime Minister and thereafter make such report to the Parliament in the matter as he thinks fit. The Ombudsman submits an Annual Report to the Parliament on the exercise of its functions.

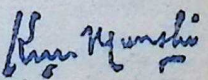
The two reports of Sir Guy Powles of New Zealand on the working of the Ombudsman, one for the period ended November 5, 1962 and the other for the period ended March 31, 1963, show that the citizens are best protected by the Ombudsman's activity, and such activity does not hinder administrative activity.

West Germany has already set up such an office to deal with military matters.

In Great Britain, a report was recently presented to the Parliament on the possibility of setting up a Parliamentary Commissioner's Office to serve on similar lines. Mr. Harold Wilson, leader of the Labour Party in Great Britain has supported the idea.

In India Vigilance Committees are being set up by the Government by administrative action, but such committees, in the absence of statutory authority, cannot function as a quasi-independent organ of the State. But what is needed in India is a parliamentary legislation on the lines of New Zealand.

Yours sincerely,



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"We are all children of the same Father whom the Hindu, the Mussalman and the Christian know by different names.... The Allah of the Islam is the same as the God of Christians and the Ishwara of Hindus.... Living faith in this one God means acceptance of the brotherhood of mankind. It also means equal respect for all religions."

MY RELIGION

Mahatma Gandhi

MY religion is Hinduism which, for me, is the Religion of Humanity and includes the best of all the religions known to me.

In spite of my being a staunch Hindu, I find room in my faith for Christian and Islamic and Zoroastrian teaching, and, therefore, my Hinduism seems to some to be a conglomeration and some have even dubbed me an eclectic.

Well, to call a man eclectic is to say that he has no faith, but mine is a broad faith which does not oppose Christians, not even the most fanatical Mussalman. It is a faith based on the broadest possible toleration.

We must not like the frog in the well, who imagines that the universe ends with the walls surrounding his well, think that our religion alone represents the whole Truth, and all the others are false. As reverent study of the other religions of the world would show that they are equally true as our own, though all are necessarily imperfect.

One must, therefore, entertain the same respect for the religious faiths of others as one accords to one's own.

I should love all the men,—not only in India but in the world—belonging to the different faiths, to become better people by contact with one another; and if that happens, the world will be a much better place to live in than it is today. I plead for the broadest toleration.

I do not expect the India of my dream to develop one religion i.e., to be wholly Hindu, or wholly Christian, or wholly Mussalman; but I want it to be wholly tolerant, with its religions working side by side with one another.

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Sri Ganesa the God of Intellect

[From Siva Purana]

WHEN Ganesa and Shanmukha attained marriageable age, the Divine Pair, Shankar-Parvati, started thinking how best to celebrate the marriages of their sons.

Shanmukha was of course the darling. But Ganesa too was equally beloved. Both of them should marry, if at all.

As they were musing in such delightful thoughts, the sons too got wind of the intentions of their parents and they started entertaining thoughts of marriage themselves.

They became so taken up with that thought that soon they began quarrelling between themselves, each claiming that he alone was eligible for marriage.

On seeing this, the Divine Pair began to worry even as mortals.

Deciding to settle the issue smoothly, the Siva Pair beckoned to their sons one day and said: "Children! We are announcing a test. Both of you should circumambulate the Earth fast and whoever returns to us first will become entitled to marry first."

On hearing this, Shanmukha chuckled to himself because he was light of build and had the advantage of an aerial vehicle in the peacock. Without waiting a second, he started on the flight round the Earth.

Ganesa, on the other hand, pondered over the proposition discomfitantly as he had the handicap of a huge and uncouth body and a mouse for transport.

Lamented he: "I cannot even travel a mile and return. How then can I fly over the Earth?"

After cogitating thus, he came to a conclusion. Accordingly he went to the river, took his holy bath and returning to his parents, requested them to be seated for worship.

Wondering at the strange request, the Siva Pair offered themselves for worship.

After performing Puja at the feet of both his parents, Ganesa went round both of them as they sat together, seven times and standing before them with folded hands, praised them with prayers.

In the end he said: "Dear Father and Mother! Let me get married first!"

The divine parents asked him quizzically: "What do you mean, child? You have not gone round this Earth,

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have you? Your brother Kumar is already far away on the job. You had better hurry up and overtake him if you want to get married first!"

Hearing this, Ganesa replied: "Oh my Father and Mother! You are the embodiment of *dharma*. Please believe my *dharmic* words. I have gone round the Earth not once, but seven times!"

Smiling between themselves, the Siva Pair asked: "When did you go round the huge Earth—with its seven islands, their oceans and their forests?"

Hearing this, Ganesa the clever, replied: "Lord! Inasmuch as I have worshipped both of You together, I have really completed the circumambulation of the Earth with my brain. The *shastras* enjoin that whoever worships his parents and goes round them, does indeed accomplish *prithvi-parikrama*, and he who, leaving his parents behind, goes about on pilgrimage, is verily a sinner. The father's feet are verily all the *tirthas* to his son. Outside *tirthas* are far away and difficult to reach, whereas this *tirtha* is not only near and easy to reach but in reality the sure bestower of blessings. For the son and the wife, *tirthas* are really at home. So say the Vedas and *sastras*. Unless the Vedas are proved false, the accomplishment of my circumambulation of the Earth is a fact and my marriage may now be expedited by You who are the embodiment of *dharma*."

Wonderstruck at the great erudition of their elder son, the Siva Pair praised him.

Said they: "Child! What you said was right. You have a clear brain. Those who keep their minds clear in times of difficulty hardly come to grief. Their difficulties will disappear like mist before the sun. We fully approve of your stand and accept your statement."

Saying this, they started making preparations for the marriage of their son Ganesa.

In the meantime, a Prajapati by name Viswaroopa came there.

He had two daughters. One was called Siddhi and the other Buddhi. They were beautiful and of marriageable age. The Siva Pair therefore, got both those girls married to their son Ganesa with great eclat.

All the gods attended the marriage. The Siva Pair were mightily happy.

Ganesa lived a happy married life with both of his wives and in due time became the father of two sons.

From Siddhi he got a son by name Kshema (health and happiness) and from Buddhi another son called Labha (gain).

He who reads this story or hears it recited will be cured of all ailments and will have prosperity here and liberation in after-life.

[*Note:* The lesson of the story is irresistible. Ganesa would appear to stand for clarity of mind. One who works with clarity of mind in all matters, invariably acquires the right intellect (Buddhi) and along with it success (Siddhi). When a person attains these two, he naturally becomes the recipient of happiness and gain.]

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VINAYAK WORSHIP ABROAD

S. Natarajan

Ganesa: Cambodia

THE fact that Vinayaka images and icons are found outside India is an ample proof to establish that Indian Culture has spread far and wide. Vinayaka is a very popular figure throughout Nepal, Chinese Turkistan, Tibet, Burma, Siam, Indo-China, Java, Bali, Borneo, China and Japan—practically in the whole of East Asia.

Buddhists and Jains also claim Vinayaka as their God. In Buddhist art in India, Nepal and Tibet he appears as not only a Buddhist God but as a demon also. He was known to the Chinese as well as to the Japanese under two forms—one similar to that obtaining in India and the other (double form) two elephant faced deities (male part and female counterpart) standing vis-a-vis interfaced which form is practically unknown outside China and Japan. Japanese associate them with romance besides good luck. They call him Kon-Kiten. In China he is seen on a rockcut temple of King-hsein 531 A.D.

In Nepal Vinayaka is seen with five faces all that of elephants. Two fine images of Vigneswara were discovered which suggests that Afghanistan in the past ages might have been a part and parcel of the land of the Hindus. These two images are now being worshipped by the Hindus going to Afghanistan.

Central Java was once the stronghold of Saivism, Vaishnavism and Buddhism but after the 13th century the people of Central Java gave up Hinduism for Islam. Yet Ganesa still rules the imagination of Javanese. The Javanese conception of Ganesa in his sitting position is: He is calm. His calmness represents a man in 'Samadhi'.

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Ganesa: Java

Some of the Javanese who have been brought up in their traditional culture, though they are reckoned as Muslims still have great faith in the Bhakti cult. They assert that it is much better to exercise the mind in religious contemplation than by external bodily action. They have absolute faith in meditation and the statue of Ganesa serves as a model for them. In the images of Ganesa one cannot see the 'pot belly' which is usually associated with Ganesa of India.

In India scores of His idols in various forms might be seen. Sometimes He dances, sometimes He has a consort, even two. He is seated on a Mushika, sometimes upon a lion. His size and uncouthness may make one laugh but you may laugh with him and not at him.

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RARE FORMS OF GANAPATI

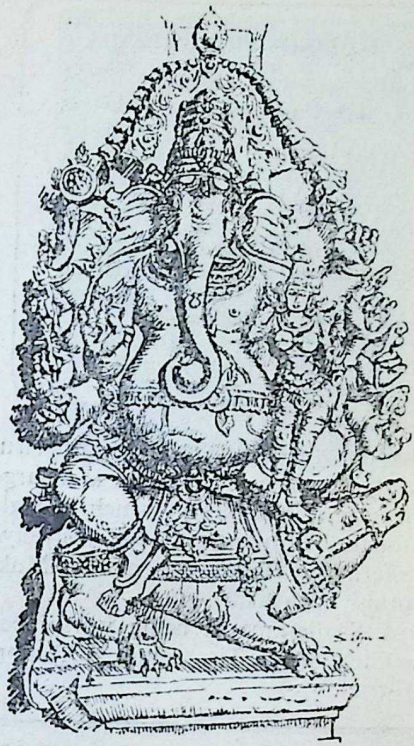
ONE can see scores of Ganapati idols in this Punyabhumi. The sculptors have enjoyed themselves while carving them out; as a result there are a few images—very rare and unique forms—of Him.

In Suchindram temple in the pillar just opposite to Amman Sannadhi one can easily fix Ganesani—Vinayaka in the female form! She can be seen seated in Sukhasana pose (that is, one leg folded and the other touching the ground). In two hands she is having the 'Pasa' and 'Ankusa' and the other two hands show Abaya and Varada mudras.

In Bhere Ghat (near Jabalpore) there is another Ganesani.

Vyagrapada Ganesani is another unique form of Ganapati, which can be seen only in Madurai Temple. Very near the Dwarapalaka guarding the main entrance to Sundereswarar Temple at the Kampattadi Mandapa there is this form only with two hands—having a lotus in one hand and keeping the other hand free just like Meenakshi.

If you want to see Ganapati as a child just like Navaneeta Krishna you will have to go to Jalagandeswarar Temple in Vellore fort. In the pillars of Kalyana Mandapa which is very richly carved, the sculptor has produced Ganapati as a child creeping on all fours.



Vallabh Ganapati, Madurai

Ganapati has five heads and is mounted on lion. In this also there are two varieties. In one, all the five heads are seen in a row, and in the other, four heads see the four directions and the fifth head can be seen on the top. The former icon can be seen in Tiruvottiyur Temple near Madras and the latter in Nagapattinam Temple in Tanjore District.

Ganapati in a very big size—Mukkuruni Vinayaka—can be seen in Madurai Meenakshi Temple, Tiru-

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TO LORD VIGNESHVARA

First among the Gods
O Thou, who art the symbol of success.
What an air of auspiciousness about Thy immaculate form!
Thou art the seed of every good deed,
Thou art the abode of wisdom.
Invoking Thee, all obstacles are removed.
Thou art the Path-finder
Of the true devotee! O Lord
Ganesa! We humbly bow to Thee.

chandur Murugan Temple and Tiruvanika Temple. Mukkuruni is a large measure of rice, out of which a single Modaka is prepared for *neivedya* (offering). Hence the name 'Mukkuruni Vinayakar'.

A Shaligrama is being worshipped as Ganapati in Tirunallore in Tanjore District.

Ganapati in a beautiful dancing form can be seen in Hoysaleswara temple, Halebid (Mysore State).

A very small figure of Ganapati in marble with the tusk turned in the opposite direction can be seen in Tiruvalanchuzi Temple near Swamimalai.

Sakti-Ganapati, also known as Uchchishta Ganapati, is in the Nanjangud Temple in Mysore State. The image is sculptured as laid down in the 'Mantra Maharnava'.

Generally Ganapati is enshrined in small temples and is given a prominent seat at the entrance of temples. But there is a very big temple mainly dedicated to him. It is in Pillaiarpatti near Karaikudi in Ramanathapuram District. He is seen with only two hands.

If you go to Srisailam in Andhra Pradesh, you can see Vinayaka playing a flute just like Krishna!

[Collected by "S. N."]

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MY POLITICAL PHILOSOPHY

PRESIDENT LYNDON B. JOHNSON

[President Lyndon B. Johnson has been unanimously nominated as the Presidential candidate by the Democratic National Convention at Atlantic City. Johnson now is no longer the leader of the world's most powerful nation merely by accident.

While the Kennedy era stood for youth, vigour and dynamism, the Johnson era is marked by responsibility, sobriety and quiet confidence.—Ed.]

I AM a free man, an American, a United States Senator, and a Democrat, in that order.

I am also a liberal, a conservative, a Texan, a taxpayer, a rancher, a businessman, a consumer, a parent, a voter, and not as young as I used to be nor as old as I expect to be—and I am all these things in no fixed order.

I am unaware of any descriptive word in the second paragraph which qualifies, modifies, amends, or is related by hyphenation to the terms listed in the first paragraph. In consequence, I am not able—nor even the least interested in trying—to define my political philosophy by the choice of a one-word or two-word label. This may be against the tide, but, if so, the choice is deliberate.

At the heart of my own beliefs is a rebellion against this very process of classifying, labelling, and filing Americans under headings: regional, economic, occupational, religious, racial, or otherwise. I bridle at the very casualness with which we have come to ask each other, "What is your political philosophy?"

I resent the question most often not because I suspect it of guile and cunning, but for its innocence, the innocence that confuses dogma with philosophy and presumes that the answer can be given in a word or two. Our political philosophies, I have found, are the sum of our life's experience. God made no man so simple, or his life so sterile that such experience can be summarized in an

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adjective. Yet we seem bent today on reducing every man's philosophy to a mere vital statistic, to the next question asked—of professors, students, public officials, job applicants, business executives, labour leaders, and many more—after age, weight, height, and colour of eyes and hair.

Inquiries of men's philosophies do not fit this context.

It is a part of my own philosophy to regard individuality of political philosophy as a corner-stone of American freedom and, more specifically, as a right expressly implied in our nation's basic law and indispensable to the proper functioning of our system.

Our basic law—the Constitution—is distinctive among the basic law of all nations, even the free nations of the West, in that it prescribes no national dogma: economic, social, or religious.

Free enterprise, for example, is not mentioned. Nor are our parties or the party system. Nor is there any provision to require allegiance to any dogma or doctrine.

Yet government is an expression of philosophy, and active governments are inevitably guided by philosophers. As I see it, the mandate of our system—and, perhaps, the ultimate genius of it—is that the American people should be the true philosophers of the American government within the limits upon governmental powers set by our Constitution.

This is an ennobling concept, yet like many things noble and beautiful, it has certain frailties and we seem quick now to crush it. We crush out the individuality of our political beliefs and, by this process of high-speed sorting and classifying of Americans, automate our choice of courses and sterilize our explorations of the reasons why.

Some might suggest that my rebellion against this process is a show of the provincial Texan in me. I would disagree. Texans are independent and individual, but not the monopolists of these virtues that we sometimes suppose ourselves to be. The traits are American in origin and, fortunately for the Republic, are deposited quite widely, not part of certain regional hordes. Thus, I believe it is the American in me—even more than the Texan—that now reacts so strongly against the merging of the individual American into the mass in the name of dogma.

> **"The true course of this nuclear age lies in the quest for peace. I promise no easy answers, but I do promise this. I pledge the firmness to defend freedom, the strength to support that firmness and a constant, patient effort to move the world towards peace.**
>
> **"Weapons do not make peace. Men make peace. Peace comes not through strength alone but through wisdom and patience and restraint. We cannot act rashly with the nuclear weapons that could destroy us all. The only course is to press with all our mind and all our will to make sure that these weapons are never used at all."**
>
> **—President Lyndon Johnson.**

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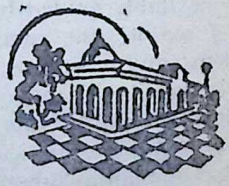

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I realize, as I say this, that others might point to the Senate where I serve—and where I am in fact, a designated leader of the majority party—and suggest that the example there of a two-party, two-philosophy system contradicts or is in conflict with this thesis. The opposite is so. Had I not been privileged to serve in Congress, I might never have come to hold the respect for individuality of philosophy that I do.

The very purpose of Congress, in our governmental form, is to arrive at national decisions by bringing together some 531 individuals, representing 170 million individuals, to achieve a consent on the way the nation should go. Were we bound by rigid dogmas, whatever their name, there would be no more cause for assembling Congress than for bringing the Soviet Presidium together. We are not so bound, and it is part —a great part—of my own philosophy that the Congress reaches a very dubious decision when its choices are made solely by head counts of the partisan division.

This leads to a listing of the tenets of my own beliefs, the specific tenets of my own philosophy. I would set them down this way:

First, I believe every American has something to say and, under our system, a right to an audience.

Second, I believe there is always a national answer to each national problem, and, believing this, I do not believe that there are necessarily two sides to every question.

Third, I regard achievement of the full potential of our resources—physical, human, and otherwise—to be the highest purpose of governmental policies next to the protection of those rights we regard as inalienable.

Fourth, I regard waste as the continuing enemy of our society and the prevention of waste—waste of resources, waste of lives, or waste of opportunity—to be the most dynamic of the responsibilities of our government.

These tenets, I concede, are simple. They are certainly personal. For these are not tenets I have embraced or adopted but, rather, beliefs I have—over 50 years—developed and come

> "We can keep the peace only if we remain vigilant and strong. Only if we keep our eyes open and keep our guard up can we prevent war.
>
> "I do not intend to let peace or freedom be torn from our grasp because of lack of strength or lack of will. That I promise you.
>
> "Extremism in the defence of liberty is no vice . . . and moderation in pursuit of justice is no virtue.
>
> "Our nation's leadership must be judged by the stand it takes towards communism. That stand must be victory for freedom. There can be no peace, there can be no security until this goal is won.
>
> "American tax revenues derived from free enterprise sources must never be employed in support of socialism."
>
> —Senator Barry Goldwater,
> Republican candidate for the
> American Presidential Election.

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to follow from my own experience.

In the instance of the first listed, I realise that—in these times—the notion that each American has something to say and the right to an audience may seem excessively idealistic. I do not believe that is so, either in principle or in practice.

I am reminded always in my work at Washington of my own origins. I was born to the Hill Country of Texas, a remote region then, still remote today although less so. My neighbours, friends, and relatives there live independently, self-contained if not self-sufficient.

They are distant from many national issues, yet neither their distance nor their limited information on any given subject makes them any less a party to the national decisions we reach in the halls of Congress. Knowing the folks at Johnson City and Blanco and Stonewall and Hye as I do, I know that it would be much more difficult for me to secure a unanimous agreement among them than among the Senators in Washington. Yet, in this individuality, my neighbours—or the constituency of all of Texas—are not different from Americans everywhere. There is likely to be merit in the views of the minority, quite as much as there is wisdom in the views of the majority. We have, as I see it, an obligation to seek out that merit, if it is there, and not merely to content ourselves with obliging the majority, for the majority's wisdom—however wise—is never the sum of all wisdom.

What we do, too often now, is oblige our patience with expedients. To grant audiences to 170 million Americans would be exhausting. So we make our divisions, our classifications, and our cross-classifications which permit us to forego the listening and the searching we ought to do. Trouble compounds when, having made our divisions on one basis, we extend the application to other issues and other decisions. Here we adopt in our American political philosophy the pattern not of philosophy but of cults devoted to dogma, and we construct false equations which produce false answers.

This equation process is much a part of our party systems, and contributes to the myth of the concept that there are two sides to every

> **Is there a madman or a clever man who could tell what would happen after a nuclear war? It's stupid, stupid, stupid . . . And there are people among Communists who believe that war is good for revolution. Those who call for revolution now should go to see a psychiatrist. . .**
>
> —Premier Nikita Khrushchev, June 12, 1963.
>
> **Suffice it to say that the explosion of only one thermonuclear bomb surpasses the explosive force of all ammunition used during all previous wars, including World Wars I and II. And many thousands of such bombs have been accumulated! . . . We ourselves produce the thermonuclear weapon and have manufactured it in sufficient quantity. We know its destructive force quite well.**
>
> —Russian Communist Party in its reply dated July 13, 1963 to the Chinese Communist Party.

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question." True, there are two parties. That is not the same as two sides. But, by maintaining the two-side concept, we satisfy our consciences—again as a matter of convenience—that when a partisan majority has prevailed there is no need to examine either the majority's side or the minority's side again. Our reasoning is that since there are two sides, either side would have been acceptable, and hence the answer decided by political strength does not require closer scrutiny.

I think otherwise. This popular view is, I feel, very much counter to our American philosophy based on the thinking of men like Jefferson and Madison. I do not believe we have arrived at an answer until we have found the national answer, the answer all reasonable men can agree upon, and our work is not done until that answer is found—even if the process requires years of our lives.

Here fits the third tenet of my philosophy—and the fourth. Had America been bound by the Constitutional Convention to the philosophies of the eighteenth century—and by the limits of the wisdom and vision of those times—we would not have the nation that is ours today. Our rising greatness through more than 180 years has come from our freedom to apply our processes of our self-government. Or, to state it another way, this has come because America's course has been left to the living. Thus the eighteenth-century philosophy of our Constitution has allowed for growth so that it is still strong, still good for our twentieth century.

Our nation, like all nations, is

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possessed of certain resources for government, but one to which we sources of nature, resources of position, and resources of the human mind. Without conquest or aggrandizement, we cannot add to these basics. Thus whatever we are to be we must build from those things at our disposal and to content ourselves with less than the ultimate potential is to deny our heritage and our duty.

Obviously, having come from a land like Texas, I feel this strongly. Of all endeavours on which I have worked in public life, I am proudest of the accomplishments in developing the Lower Colorado River during the 1930's and 1940's. It is not the damming of the stream or the harnessing of the floods in which I take pride, but, rather, in the ending of the waste of the region.

The region—so unproductive and insignificant in capacity in my youth —is now a vital part of the national economy and potential. More important, the wastage of human resources in the whole region has been reduced. New horizons have been opened for the fulfilment of young minds, if by nothing more than the advent of electricity into rural homes. Men and women have been released from the waste of drudgery and toil against the unyielding rock of the Texas hills. This is fulfilment of the true responsibility of government.

Conversely, the elimination of waste of this sort carries with it a continuing obligation for government —at all levels—not to create waste itself by extracting from the people the fruits of their new opportunities through improvident excesses in spending and taxing. This is an increasingly critical area for American sometimes apply false standards.

Government can waste the people's resources by inertia, quite as much as by vigour. Government can, for example, fall into a state of complacency over the relative positions of strength between nations in the world. An international stalemate with Communism would, I believe, be the greatest of waste of American resources and the resources of freedom, even though stalemate produced no war. A vital government cannot accept stalemate in any area—foreign or domestic. It must seek the national interest solution, vigorously and courageously and confidently.

These tenets are the tenets of my political philosophy.

Some who equate personal philosophies with popular dogmas might enquire, endlessly, as to my 'position' on this issue or that issue or some other. Philosophies, as I conceive them at least, are not made of answers to issues, but of approaches more enduring and encompassing than that. By these approaches I have set down, I can seek, and, I believe, find answers to the issues of 1958 or 1978, as they arise.

By personal choice, I am a Democrat, for I can in that party best apply and express my beliefs.

As for being anything else, the definitions of what I am will have to be applied by others as they see fit for I make no such distinctions myself.

I am, as I said in the beginning, a free man, an American, a United States Senator, and a Democrat, in that order, and there, for me, the classifying stops.

[Courtesy: *The Texas Quarterly*]

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KRISHNAVATARA

The Righteous War

THE BOOK OF BHEEMA

Chapter 2

Bheema Takes Over

THE next morning, when Draupadi joined her mother-in-law Kunti in the *antahpur,* the women's apartments, she felt herself floating in sheer happiness.

What added to her happiness was that at her father's pressing request, Krishna, his elder brother Balaraama and his inseparable friend Saatyaki had moved to the royal palace next to where her husbands had their temporary residence. This enabled her to steal a few moments to meet Krishna.

However, it was difficult to find him alone. His coming to live with her father had turned the palace into a popular shrine.

Kings, princes and far-famed chariot warriors of the highest rank, *atirathis,* who had come for the *swayamvara* and stayed over for her marriage, continually came in batches or singly to pay respects to him or to take his advice. Rishis and Munis, hermits and ascetics, from all parts of Panchala, also came to bless him.

The common people too—men, women and children—gatecrashed into the palace courtyard; there was no keeping them back. And as they waited for Krishna's *darshan,* they talked incessantly of him: what a god-like man he was; how he had got the King, her father, to hold the *swayamvara;* how, by his magic, he had driven away Jaraasandha, the wicked Emperor of Magadha, who had come to kidnap her; how he had brought the Five Brothers to life and got her married to all of them. In

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the very process of exchanging such talks, his exploits assumed miraculous proportions in the popular mind, making him an object of awesome reverence.

The crowds continued to sit in the courtyard, sometimes for the whole day and half the night, occasionally shouting *Jayatu Jayatu Krishna Vaasudeva*—'Victory unto Krishna Vaasudeva.' Sometimes they would clamour for his coming in their midst, and when he did so, they would touch his feet, and when he smiled at them, they would be filled with joy.

Draupadi was also amazed at the way Krishna had fascinated the members of the two families which had now been allied by her marriage. Her father Drupad, stern and rough at all times, spoke of him with respect. Dhristadyumna, her brother, temperamentally so bold and self-confident, felt humble in his presence. Satyaajit, her younger brother, worshipped the very ground he trod.

Her mother-in-law Kunti, full of maternal affection for all who came to her, spoke of him as if he was her own son and the dearest. Yudhishthira, who himself was looked upon by his brothers as the godliest of men, invariably deferred to his opinion. Bheema, even in his most expansive moods, treated him with deference, though in his unceremonious way he never failed to crack a joke at his expense. Arjuna followed him wherever he went. Even Nakula, who by nature was gay, and Sahadeva, the silent and wise, had developed a worshipful attitude towards him.

This was not surprising. She had seen him as he was and wanted to be, at that memorable self-revealing moment when he induced her to go through the *swayamvara* as part of her *Dharma*.[1] Since then she had felt that she was bound to him by spiritual affinity. His approbation had become a touchstone on which she had learnt to test all her thoughts and actions.

She left the women's apartments, crossed a small garden and entered the corridor which led to the verandah where Krishna generally sat. Softly she stepped near the half-closed door and peeped through it. Krishna was not alone. Her husband Bheema and King Virat of Matsya were with him.

Her admiration for Krishna had not abated by closer contact; if at all, it had increased. There he sat at ease, almost boyish-looking, graceful in every limb, his brilliant eyes coruscating varying moods.

He sat, half-reclining on the pillow, his long curly hair swept down to his shoulders, his garland shifted on account of his position, exposing the birth-mark on his chest. His skin—was it dark or blue or cloud-coloured?—glowed as no one else's did.

She listened; Krishna was requesting King Virat to take an interest in the future of the Five Brothers. There was a sweet smile on his lips. His tone was confidential.

Bheema, the giant of her husband, a sturdy rock of humanity, with bulg-

1. *Vide* Krishnavatara Part III, The Five Brothers, Chapter No. 42. *Bhavan's Journal*, Vol. X. No. 17 dated 15-3-'64.

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ing muscles and bold eyes, was caressing his luxuriant beard which was now trimmed and glossy.

When King Virat left, Bheema showed no sign of being in a hurry to depart, and after the vow that she had induced Yudhishthira to take, she did not like to face him. Often during the last few days, he had put his tongue out meaningfully whenever he came across her.

However, before she could withdraw, Bheema saw her, stood up with a loud explosive burst of laughter, and throwing the door wide open, caught her by the wrist, and laughing with boyish glee, dragged her to the verandah.

Brought up in royal dignity, Draupadi was not accustomed to be roughly handled. She felt humiliated to be treated thus, but did not know how to handle a naughty husband that Bheema was. She looked at Krishna. With a mischievous smile, he was enjoying her discomfiture.

Bheema almost flung her to the ground, but before she fell, drew her up into a sitting posture. Her habitual dignity left her. She felt like a little girl. It was all fun. It would be stupid not to enter into it.

With mock ferocity, the giant upbraided Krishna. 'Look at the kind of wife you have forced on me, Krishna. She was hiding behind the door like a thief,' he said. And the walls echoed with his laughter.

Her ornaments were out of place; the flowers on her head had fallen off. She did not know what to make of a husband who made love this way.

Suddenly Bheema shot a protective smile at her. 'Don't get frightened, Draupadi,' he said in a very cheery voice. 'I don't blame you for hiding behind the door. All women are thieves. Don't you think so, Krishna? First they steal our hearts, then our youth, and then whatever we have.'

Draupadi looked at Bheema indignantly.

'Don't worry, Draupadi. Krishna knows all about women,' added Bheema.

Krishna laughed and said: 'Bheema, you will frighten Krishn*aa*.'

'Frighten the Princess of Panchala!' protested Bheema. Then he gave her a sly wink. 'On the contrary, she has been frightening us all. Do you know, Krishna, last night she frightened the Eldest into giving her a wicked pledge. Oh, Great God, what a terrible woman to have for a wife!' Having unburdened himself, he turned to Krishna. 'Will you believe it, Krishna, she made us, brothers, to quarrel, as we never did before?' And his laughter echoed again.

Draupadi blushed in confusion. She wanted to keep the vow a secret between herself and her husbands, but here was Bheema announcing it in a voice loud enough to be heard even by her father in the throne room.

'Draupadi, you seem to be very terrible, if what Bheema says is true!' exclaimed Krishna, his eyes full of mischief.

She pretended to look down bashfully, though smiling all the time.

'You know, Krishna, what she has done?' went on Bheema. 'She has extracted a vow from Yudhishthira.

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Cunning woman!' he added and pinched Draupadi's cheek.

Draupadi looked down with outraged modesty.

'Don't feel shy. Krishna is my baby brother. His presence does not count. Some day you will have to mother him,' said Bheema and chuckled at his own joke. 'He may be the great Vaasudeva to everybody else, but he has to prostrate himself before me every morning. Isn't it so, Krishna?'

Krishna laughed and said: 'Of course, it is true. If I do not prostrate myself before him, he would embrace me, and then, even the Great God cannot save my bones from being broken. But what is this vow about?'

'This wife that you have given me, Krishna, took a promise from Yudhishthira that she would be the wife to each of us for one year by turns,' Bheema explained and then looked at the sky in despair. 'For every four years, one or the other of us will have to remain wifeless, as good as dead.' Then, tapping his forehead, he added: 'King Vrikodara is thinking hard. He will now send for Hidambaa. She would never deny him anything any day.' He laughed heartily.

By now Draupadi had got over her confusion. She tidied her hair, took the flowers which had fallen on the floor and pointed them at Bheema threateningly. 'All right, all right, do your worst,' she said. 'I am going to complain to Mother. You have dragged me by hand, thrown me on the ground, flung away my braid of flowers.'

'Look at the kind of wife you have forced on me, Krishna. . . .'

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'Don't you worry. Mother knows my ways of bringing a wife under control,' said Bheema. 'The first time I met Hidamb*aa*, I lifted her, flung her high up in the air and caught her in my arms as she fell. That made her my slave for ever. Oh, what a heavy woman she was!'

Krishna burst out laughing. 'Bheema, you only know how to make love to a Rakshasi. But Draupadi is a sensitive Arya princess.'

'Sensitive! You call her sensitive!' exclaimed Bheema again in mock indignation. 'She is the most hard-hearted woman alive. She is not going to keep company with me for four long years. Think of that. How am I going to live?' Then he made a face as if he was going to burst into tears. The others laughed.

'What put the idea into you, Krishn*aa*, of getting Yudhishthira to take a vow like this?' asked Krishna.

'It was not my idea. The divine Sage Narada came in a dream and told me that it was the only way to keep the Brothers from quarrelling with each other for my sake,' said Draupadi.

'Oh, I see. You could always rely upon Sage Narada to solve problems the wrong way!' said Bheema.

'Krishn*aa*, don't you worry. I will tell you how to make Bheema your slave,' said Krishna. 'He has the hunger of a wolf; that is why he was called King Vrikodara—one with the belly of a wolf—in the Land of the Demons. You feed him well and sumptuously, and he will be your slave all his days.'

'Ah,' said Bheema with ostentatious satisfaction, rubbing his hand over his ample stomach. 'If you feed me well—and of course, sumptuously—I will forgive many of your sins.'

Draupadi was now her competent, self-confident self. She turned to Krishna with complaining eyes. 'Govind, you are a witness to *Arya-putra* handling me. Under the vow that he has taken, this year I belong to the Eldest. He has broken the vow.'

'Don't talk nonsense,' said Bheema, brushing aside the objection. 'I know all about the vow. It begins to work at midday. Still there are several *ghatikas* before the sun reaches the meridian. Till then I can do anything that I like with you.' Then he assumed a sanctimonious air. 'After I perform my midday *sandhya*, the vow will begin its operation. Then I will not even look at you for a year. When the next year comes round, I will take revenge. You will have to fall at my feet and cry and cry and cry till your eyes grow dim before I look at you'. Then his mood suddenly changed and he became serious. 'But, now, for the moment, be a good wife. Do what I tell you. Tell this Govind of yours to come with us to Hastinapur.'

'Be sensible, Bheema.' said Krishna persuasively. 'What is the use of my coming there? It is best that you all should be left to adjust your differences with Duryodhana. And I am sure, Bheeshma, the Grandfather and Satyavati, the venerable Grandmother, will be on your side.'

'I don't care who sides with me,' said Bheema. 'I am more than a match for anyone in the world. But, look here, Krishna. We do not want

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to enter Hastinapur as cadets of the royal house of the Kurus. We want to do it as the sons of Pandu, brought to life by the great Vaasudeva, the Protector of Dharma.'

'But, have you consulted Yudhishthira about it?' asked Krishna. 'I am sure he will see the unwisdom of taking me with you.'

'He has left it to four of us, and we have decided that you have to come with us. Mother also thinks so. The only other member of the family left to be consulted was Draupadi. Now she is here.' Then he turned towards her. 'Now, you tell him, royal daughter of Panchala, that he should come with us.' Then in a threatening voice and with a mischievous twink, he added: 'And if you don't do it, take care. Next year I shall break your bones.' He said it in a gentle tone that everyone laughed.

Bheema then turned to Krishna. 'What are you laughing at? You, hard-hearted cowherd. How can you be so cruel as to leave Draupadi to the tender mercies of Duryodhana and his brothers, and Shakuni, Karna, Aswatthaama—one worse than the other? How can you betray this poor young woman? You got her father to hold the *swayamvara*. You fished us out of the Rakshasavrat and forced her on us. Now how can you leave her alone in Hastinapur?'

Then Bheema turned to Draupadi. Draupadi laughed irrepressibly at this mock appeal. 'Drupad's daughter, don't sit there looking at me as if I am a fool. Shed a few tears. Make your eyes red. Sob, if you can. There is always a soft corner for a crying woman in his heart and it will melt.'

'Bheema, listen to me,' said Krishna. 'You know what will happen if I go to Hastinapur. People will forget you and follow me wherever I go. I don't want you to lose this occasion where you, Five Brothers, should only evoke the affection of the people.'

'Don't worry about me,' said Bheema. 'I can always take care of myself. If necessary, I will get my elephant to pick up Duryodhana and crush him under its feet.' Then, with mock pomposity, he added: 'No Brother, Krishna, that would not do. King Vrikodara hereby commands: Wherever we go, there you shall be, son of Vasudeva.'

'Or rather—,' interjected Draupadi, looking at Krishna with devotion. 'Wherever there is Krishna, there we shall be.'

'It is the same thing—only you put it the wrong way about,' said Bheema, slapping her on the back till she winced. 'Don't look at me like that. I have not yet performed my midday *sandhya*'. Then he turned to Krishna. 'Krishna, I hope you are now convinced that Draupadi is an obedient wife. If you persist in saying "no", I will order her to shed tears again.'

'It seems both of you have conspired to drag me to Hastinapur,' said Krishna.

'If you do not accept my proposal, I shall tie you up and carry you on my shoulders,' said Bheema.

Krishna, for a moment, looked at the two, so affectionate and devoted. His face dissolved into a charming smile. 'Bheema, wherever you are, there I shall be.'

Bheema looked triumphantly at Draupadi. 'Didn't I tell you that the baby brother is afraid of me? He agreed no sooner I threatened to carry him on my shoulders.'

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'Now I have obeyed your commands, King Vrikodara, do me a favour,' said Krishna pleasantly. 'Go to Big Brother, Balaraama. You were once his favourite pupil. Tell him that I will come only if he comes.'

'Oh, I am sure he will agree to come with us,' said Bheema.

'Then, if the Big Brother agrees,—I am also sure he will—go and tell the Yadava *atirathis* as well as the kings and the princes who are preparing to go home, to come with us,' said Krishna.

'I will do so. But I will go and pay my respects to Drupad first. One way to make your wife happy is to flatter her father to his face and curse him when his back is turned,' said Bheema.

'One more thing, Bheema,' said Krishna. 'On your way to Hastinapur, there will be thousands anxious to meet me. Tell Saatyaki and Prince Manimaan to go in advance and announce to the people on the way that I am coming to meet them.'

'What do you want to meet such wretched crowds of people for?' asked Bheema.

'You never can understand, Bheema, what they mean to me,' said Krishna. Then a far-off look came to his eyes. 'Do you know when they come to meet me, their hearts are filled with hope, and when they see me, their empty lives are filled with joy. Then I also feel that though a cowherd, I have not lived in vain.' There was a strange emotion in Krishna's voice and the heart of Draupadi thrilled with delight, as her eyes were filled with tears of devotion.

[*To be continued*]

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random thoughts on small-scale industries

LILAVATI MUNSHI

THE difficulties from which the Small-scale Industries are suffering are two or three. First, the shortage of raw material; secondly, shortage of finance; thirdly, there are too many authorities to deal with and the Board has no authority to finalise things. The Ministry must have been aware of these difficulties.

It seems our planners were too much in a hurry as they were in many other matters. It was a laudable object for them to plan. But they should have foreseen that it was a developing thing where increasingly more money, more persons, more facilities, more know-hows would be required. It also seems there is no proper co-ordination between the Central Small-scale Industries organisation, State Directorate of Industries and Small Industries Corporation. It is a case of so many cooks cooking the broth.

American investment companies and American laws in the report* are mentioned. For that country they are very helpful, no doubt, but it is a question of a giant and a dwarf. Our resources are too small and at times it is difficult to do everything that is being done in America.

There is one thing which occurs to me, not only for Small-scale Industries, but for every commercial enterprise. There are too many forms to be filled up, too much paper work to be done. The report itself mentions rigidity in that direction. Can the procedure be not simplified?

There is another drawback. Most of the expenditure in the Government is to be finished by the 31st of March. Very often the money comes in the hands of the receiver by the beginning of March or even by 25th of March. I have an experience of a grant being received by the 29th of March. The money which came in our hands on the 29th of March we were expected to spend it by the 31st March. Under such circumstances it is difficult to spend money properly or wisely. There is a tendency that somehow the money must be spent, otherwise it will lapse. If no lapse is imposed, it could be spent honestly in the course of time and I believe there can be a great deal of saving as well.

The dearth of technical personnel sometimes brings a great setback in any industry or enterprise. As the industries are planned, there should be a plan for the technical personnel beforehand and the money part

* Report of the Small-scale Industries Board.

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of it also to be secured in a reasonable time. This will obviate much of the difficulty. Instead of time-consuming procedure, it could be made time-saving procedure.

When one plans for any new industry in a country like ours, we should plan for the utility articles. The luxury articles can wait. For instance, iron and steel are not yet plentiful, but the luxury houses must have the steel windows. More industrial estates are situated in the big cities and in a cluster. Instead each industry could be planted railway stationwise—the station where the proper railway facilities are available. That way work can be provided to the different parts of the country. Many more people will get work staying at home. They will not rush to the cities and there will not be so much industrial unrest.

Besides, Government should try women associations and social workers. Many of them give work to the poorer women. If any small tools could be given to them and machines for soap-making and things like that are made available, probably they will be able to supply work to a number of women. Most of the women's associations are giving work to poorer women for tailoring, embroidery and fancy work. They also should be helped to produce other utility articles as well.

Another thought occurs to me that nobody has thought of—the industry of perfumes. The Agricultural Minister of Maharashtra once had said that in Bombay alone 4 crores of flowers were sold per year and he suggested that perfume could be a very lucrative industry. If this suggestion is found worthwhile it will encourage growing of flowers which will beautify the countryside as well as manufacture of indigenous perfumes which are needed in many products and used by many people.

We should plan small-scale industries village-wise. If every household has a Sunder Charkha—mind you, not the Amber Charkha—which produces better yarn, if weaving facilities for the yarn that they produce are provided for, if every village can produce its own materials for building houses, if every village utilises its cow-dung by putting gas plants which can be useful for fuel as well as which can produce manure, our economy could look up much earlier than we expect. I think the time has come when every Panchayat at least should have one model collective village where all the materials necessary for the village itself are produced by collective efforts, much of the railway transport could be saved and the exodus to the city could be checked. If people are busy, they have no time for mischief. Our small industries should have a new orientation. Side by side with all the sophisticated articles that are being produced, this should generate a feeling of self-fulfilment and well-being.

The first and surest means to enter into communion with the divine is by sincerity. If you pray with sincerity, you will surely feel the divine presence.

—Senge-Takatomi

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DAKSHIN BHARAT YATRA—5

a travel diary

by a yatrik

[*Continued from last issue*]

WE reached Olavakkote on 31st May. This is the junction for Palghat, the renowned Brahmin settlement, consisting of 18 villages. The well-known fortress of the valiant and mighty Tipu Sultan is only 3 miles away from this junction. It extends over an area of two square miles. A number of Kerala Government offices occupy the fort.

The huge Malampuzha dam with capacity to supply water for irrigation to forty thousand acres of land is situated at five miles from Olavakkote. It was built in 1952 at a cost of over five crores. There are several trim gardens in the vicinity.

We reached Coimbatore on 1st June. Being a centre of textile industry it is called the Ahmedabad of South India. There are about four thousand Gujaratis, many of them engaged in commerce and industry. The climate of Coimbatore is refreshing.

Next day, in the early hours of morning, we started for Ootacamund in a bus covering a distance of 53 miles. After a smooth ride of about forty miles, our bus entered the famous Blue Mountains or the Nilgiris. We at once realised that we had come into the charming, green kingdom of vegetation. And as the bus ran up on the serpentine roadway, the small green plains down below looked like green velvet carpets.

On the way, we visited Coonoor which is situated at a height of about 5000 feet on the Nilgiris. Nearby, the Sim's park is a beautiful place with silver oaks and eucalyptus trees.

As soon as our bus entered Ootacamund, we understood why it is called the "Queen of Hill stations." Here the enchanting climate and lovely scenery combine to create a heavenly abode for the mortals on earth. The renowned botanical gardens of Ootacamund is the best place of visit for tourists. The *adivasis* or the "Toda" communities here have their small huts of clay and grass on the mountain-ranges. The winds of change have slowly but surely begun to blow here too and these tribal people are getting increasingly familiar with modern ways of living. Three miles ahead of Ootacamund is Kodaputta which is situated at over 8,600 feet, the highest place in Madras State.

While returning from Ootacamund, we visited the hydro-electric plant at Kunda. There are five of them erected in collaboration with a Canadian Company.

On the 3rd June, we went to see the Siva temple of Perur. It is a rich temple and its entrance and Gopura are full of beautiful pictures and scul-

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ptural masterpieces. Nearby there is a separate temple of Nataraja and one of Parvati.

We also visited the Cement Factory of the A.C.C. at Madukkarai. The yatriks were greatly impressed by the automatic process of cement manufacture and the degree of modernisation achieved in this unit. In the evening, we went to see the Agricultural College. It is more like a University. We were shown round the exhibition hall where different varieties of agricultural produce were exhibited.

On our way to Mysore from Coimbatore, we visited Srirangapatna and went to see the fortress built by Hyder Ali and the small but extremely elegant summer palace of Tipu Sultan. The distinct feature of this palace is its beautiful paintings on the walls.

The temple of Srirangaswami here is a very ancient. A stone pillar stands near the entrance. The idol of Bhagavan Srirangaswami is carved out of black stone and is ten feet tall.

Our next stop was at Mysore. This town is situated at 2500 feet above sea level and has population of a 150 thousand. Being the seat of the benevolent ancient ruling family and being fortunate in having had progressive-minded able administraters as its Diwans (like Sri Visvesverayya and Sri Mirza Ismail), Mysore has gathered round it much dignity, splendour and charm generally associated with a capital. There are some fine examples of modern architecture. Among the many buildings in the city, the palace of the Maharaja is the most outstanding. One of the biggest of its kind in India, it is an entirely modern structure in which the best elements of the Hindu and Saracenic styles have been synthesized.

The Lokaranyam Mahal, the Lalita Mahal, the Central Food Technological Research Institute, the Exhibition Buildings, the Administrative Offices are all magnificent buildings.

The famous Chamundeswari temple is located on the Chamundi Hill which has been developed into one of the beauty spots in the city, with an elegant park on its top and its long winding drive to a length of six miles to the temple. As we climbed up the hill, the town below presented a beautiful sight; and enjoying the nature in one of its pleasing moods, we reached the top. The temple is relatively small but sparkls with rare charm. The five feet idol of Devi is made out of metal. There are also idols of Ganapati, Nataraja, Laxmi, etc. We also saw Nandeeswara, the renowned huge reclining bull, carved out of an enormous Monolithic stone.

The Zoological Gardens of Mysore, reputed to be one of the best in India, have a fine selection of birds, beasts and reptiles. The Chamarajendra Technical Institute here is the oldest institution of its kind in the state where the finest traditions in classical art of this region are preserved and fostered. We then went to see the world famous Brindaban Gardens situated under the Krishnaraja Sagar dam. While charming flowers of varying hue, swinging gently in the breeze, did produce an irresistible atmosphere of gaiety and romance, we were disappointed to miss the opportunity of seeing the grand spectacle of illumination. Owing

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to State mourning over the passing away of Sri Jawaharlal Nehru, the illuminations had been abandoned.

We returned to Bangalore on the same night. This city of Bangalore with its large parks and gardens, long avenues, beautiful public buildings and a salubrious climate, provides the wholesome features of a health-resort with all the comforts and conveniences of a moderan metropolis.

On the 7th we arrived at the Arkonam station and immediately went to see the temple of Tiruttani—eight miles away. The temple is on top of a hill. At the foot of the hill there is a lake known as Kumara Tirtha. There are more than two hundred steps leading to the temple. First is a small temple of Ganapati. The Temple of Karttikeya is on the left. Outside the Garbhagriha there are separate temples of Valli and Devayani—the two consorts of Lord Karttikeya. There are also tiny temples of Dattatreya, Siva and Parvati.

We offered our prayers here and as our *yatra* was coming to its close we thanked the Almighty for making it a success. We began our *yatra* with offering of prayers at the temple of Lord Venkateswara of Tirupati which was the first holy place we visited. And it was in the fitness of things that we concluded it here at the temple of Karttikeya at Tiruttani.

It was a unique kind of *yatra* for all of us. The thrill, the excitement and the joy which came to us in abundant measure throughout the journey shall indeed remain in our hearts for a long time.

[CONCLUDED]

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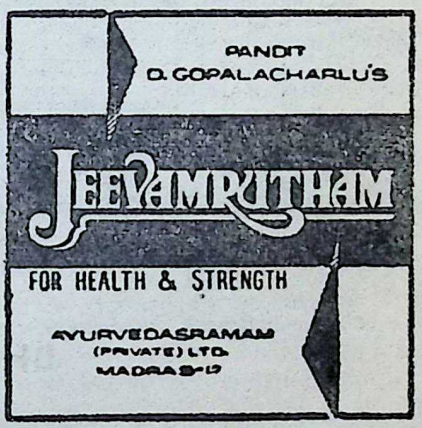

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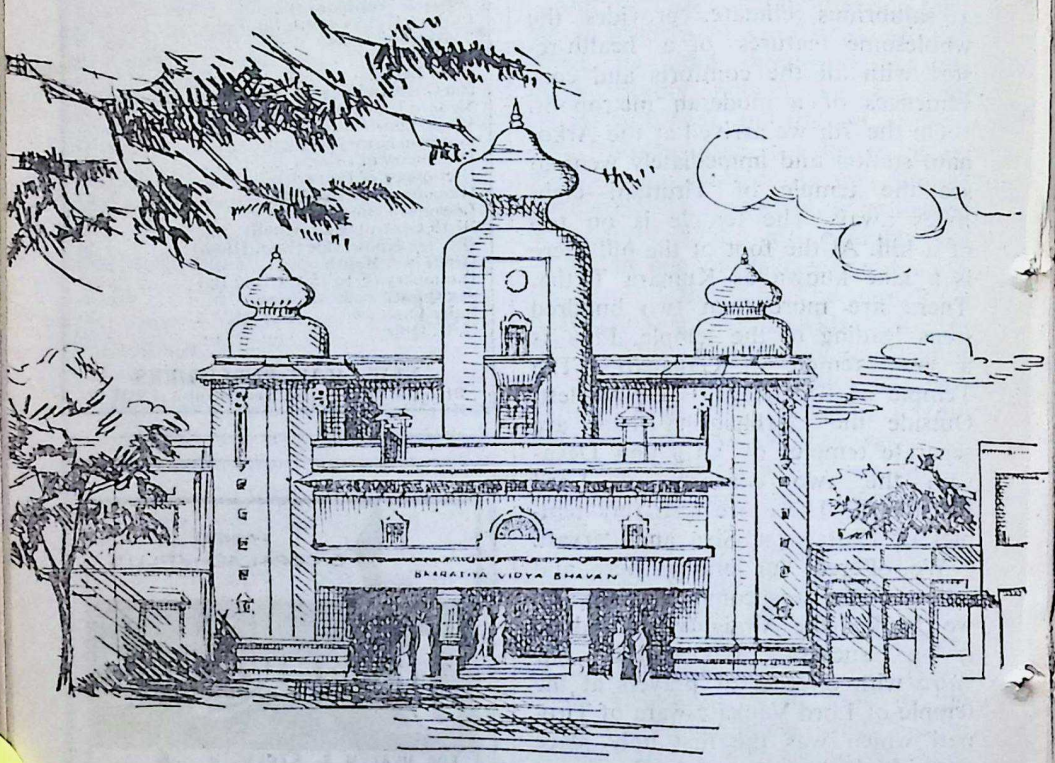

Perspective of new premises of

BHARATIYA VIDYA BHAVAN

MADRAS CENTRE

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APPEAL

Over the years a feeling had grown that India's ageless culture and her great spiritual, moral and intellectual heritage have been allowed to dry up.

At a time when this feeling was becoming widespread, the idea of establishing the Bharatiya Vidya Bhavan was conceived by Dr. K. M. Munshi. Founded by him in Bombay in 1938, the Bhavan has now grown into an all-India movement, having for its object the re-integration of Indian culture so as to suit modern conditions and restoring to it, in some measure, the vitality of the three fundamental values of Truth, Love and Beauty—**Satyam, Sivam, Sundaram.**

The Bhavan has now ten branches in India. There is also a branch in Germany; another in the United States of America. Its membership is drawn from all over India and stands at 550.

THE WORK OF THE BHAVAN

Through its branches and 22 constituent institutions; through its low-priced paper-back Book University Series of now over 120 volumes in English, some in Bengali, Gujarati, Kannada, Marathi and Tamil; through other publications and journals in several languages; through the 11-volume series of THE HISTORY AND CULTURE OF THE INDIAN PEOPLE; through dance, drama and music, the Bhavan has been striving to serve the cause of Indian Culture and to re-integrate it to suit modern conditions.

The Bhavan has also been promoting the cause of Samskrit through advanced study of it on traditional lines and through Indological research, by the holding of country-wide examinations and by promoting the study of the BHAGAVAD GITA. Associated with it, is the Samskrit Vishva Parishad which has several hundred branches throughout India and also a good number in foreign countries.

THE BHAVAN IN MADRAS

The present activities of the MADRAS CENTRE comprise the Gita Classes, the teaching of Easy Samskrit, celebrations of days of religious and cultural importance, Inter-Collegiate drama competitions and the publication of books of literary, religious and cultural interest in Tamil. An edition of the "Bhavan's Journal" in Tamil is also being planned. In addition to these, it is proposed to start an Academy of Foreign Languages and Courses in Indian Culture, Journalism, Advertising and Printing.

HOME FOR THE MADRAS CENTRE

The MADRAS CENTRE acquired in 1963 a property of its own measuring 6½ grounds in East Mada Street, Mylapore, with a built-up area of 2,252 sq. yds. and a big open plot of land in the rear. It is proposed

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to thoroughly renovate these premises and make the necessary additions and alterations to the structure as also to construct a multi-purpose hall in the open space behind. The cost of the additions and the new construction is estimated at Rs. 5 lakhs.

Towards this project, the Madras Government has been pleased to give a building grant of Rs. 25,000 and a few friends have very generously made donations aggregating Rs. 75,000.

The renovation and construction work have already been undertaken and it is intended to complete them by October 1964 in time for the inauguration ceremony.

To raise the balance of Rs. 4 lakhs, we have planned two series of benefit performances—one in Bombay and the other in Madras—by talented artistes as part of the inaugural celebrations, as per programme infra. We also propose to bring out a souvenir to mark this new milestone in our service to the cause of Indian Culture and education.

Individuals, Firms and Trusts contributing Rs. 1,000 and over will be enrolled as Life Members of the Bhavan. There is only one Central Membership of the Bhavan and a Member from any of the branches of the Bhavan is entitled to all the privileges of the Central Membership, viz. :

(A) Free supply of one of the Bhavan's Periodicals—"The Bhavan's Journal" (English Fortnightly); or "Bharati" (Hindi Fortnightly); or "Samarpan" (Gujarati Fortnightly);

(B) 25 per cent rebate on the purchase of Bhavan's publications; and

(C) Accommodation facilities at the premises of each branch for Visiting Members.

All donations, big and small, will be gratefully accepted and those Contributing Rs. 11 and above will be supplied a gift copy of the Bhavan's Silver Jubilee Commemoration Volume **"Immortal Words".**

The Bhavan is a Charitable Public Trust solely devoted to the promotion of Education, Art and Culture and is an approved institution for the purposes of Sections 88 and 100 of the Indian Income Tax Act.

We seek your active co-operation, in the form of donations, contributions or advertising space utilisation, to make the worthy cause a success in Madras, which is a great bastion of India's hoary culture and religion.

A. L. Mudaliar.

Chairman, Madras Centre.

C. P. Ramaswami Aiyar.
A. Ramaswami Mudaliar.
M. Bhaktavatsalam.
S. Nijalingappa.

Kulapati K. M. Munshi

President.

K. Kamaraj.
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C. Subramaniam.
R. R. Diwakar.

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August 15, 1964.

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BOMBAY PROGRAMME

Venue : BHAVAN'S THEATRE, CHAUPATTY, BOMBAY-7

2—10—64	6-30 P.M.	:	Sugam Sangeet *Chief Guest* : Smt. Vijayalakshmi Pandit, Governor of Maharashtra
3—10—64	7-00 P.M.	:	Garba (Usha Parinayam or Okha Haran—Ballet) *Chief Guest* : Sri Balwantrai Mehta, Chief Minister of Gujarat
4—10—64	9-30 A.M.	:	Rukmini Swayamvaram (Marathi Drama) *Chief Guest* : Sri V. P. Naik, Chief Minister of Maharashtra
	6-30 P.M.	:	Concert by Smt. M. S. Subbalakshmi *Chief Guest* : Sri C. Subramaniam, Union Minister for Food and Agriculture.

Rates Daily : Rs. 50, 25, 10.50, 7.50, 3.50, 2 50, 1.25.

MADRAS PROGRAMME

Venue : BHAVAN'S PREMISES, EAST MADA ST., MADRAS-4.

25—10—64	Morning	:	Navagraha Homa
	4-00—6-00 P.M.	:	Inaugural Function
	8-00 P.M.	:	Sitar Recital by Messrs. Ustad Vilayat Khan and Brother *Chief Guest* : Dr. P. V. Rajamannar, Retd. Chief Justice of Madras
26—10—64	7-00 P.M.	:	Concert by Sri Semmangudi Srinivasa Iyer and Party *Chief Guest* : Sri K. S. Venkatraman, Judge, Madras High Court
27—10—64	7-00 P.M.	:	"SACRIFICE"—Tamil Drama by M/s. T. K. S. Bros. : *Chief Guest* : Sri M. Bhaktavatsalam, Chief Minister of Madras.
28—10—64	7-00 P.M.	:	"MRICCHAKATIKAM"—Sanskrit Drama By Brahman Sabha, Bombay : *Chief Guest* : Dr. C. P. Ramaswami Aiyar, Vice-Chancellor, Annamalai University.
29—10—64	7-00 P.M.	:	"RANI—NO—BAGH" Gujarati Drama by Bhavan's Kala Kendra.
30—10—64	7-30 P.M.	:	Bharata Natyam Dances by Kalakshetra Artistes *Chief Guest* : Sri S. Nijalingappa, Chief Minister of Mysore.
31—10—64	5-00 P.M.	:	Symposium on PLACE OF RELIGION IN THE REBUILDING OF INDIA : *Speakers* : Sri C. Rajagopalachari—Dr. K. M. Munshi Dr. C. P. Ramaswami Aiyar—Dr. A. Lakshmanaswami Mudaliar—Sri K. Balasubramania Aiyar
..	8-00 P.M.	:	"FULCHANDBHAI GAYA FASAI"—Gujarati Drama by Bhavan's Kala Kendra. *Chief Guest* : Sri Punamchand R. Shah, Director, S. I. Flour Mills Ltd., Madras.
1—11—64	9-00 A.M.	:	"USHA PARINAYAM"—Garba—Gujarati Ballet by Bhavan's Kala Kendra. *Chief Guest* : Sri S. L. Silam, Lt. Governor of Pondicherry.

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RASHTRAPATI S. RADHAKRISHNAN

[Born September 5, 1888]

Described by world's great thinkers as a master-mind, compared to Bosanquet and recognised as the 'liaison officer between East and West,' Dr. Radhakrishnan is truly heir to the great Indian tradition represented by ancient kings like Janaka. Says he: "Religion must establish itself as a rational way of living. If ever the spirit is to be at home in this world and not merely a prisoner or fugitive, secular foundation must be laid deep and preserved worthily. Religion must express itself in reasonable thought, fruitful action, and right social institutions."

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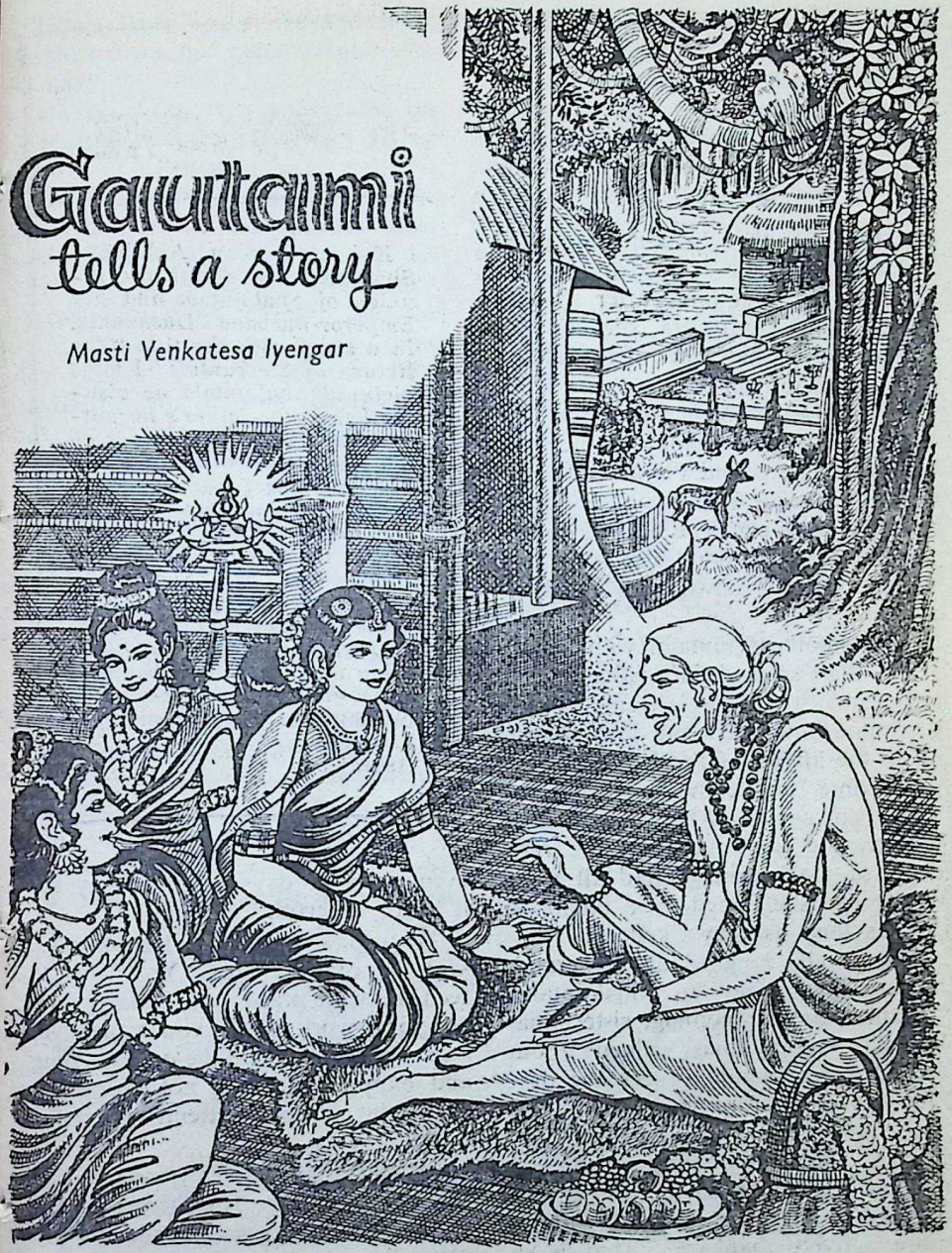
Gautami tells a story

Masti Venkatesa Iyengar



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Kalidasa's play Abhijnāna Shākuntala *ends with the reunion of Shakuntala and her Emperor-husband Dushyanta. In a story with the title "The Return of Shakuntala" I have pictured Shakuntala as visiting her foster-father's hermitage sometime after returning to Hastinavati, the capital. She and her friends Priyamvada and Anasuya—who on account of Gautami's pressure had in the meanwhile married Sharngarava and Sharadvata—had some happy time together during that visit. The present story describes something that took place between them and their foster-mother Gautami on the first night of Shakuntala's visit to the Ashram.*

1

THE day that Shakuntala visited the hermitage of Kanva with her son for the first time after she rejoined King Dushyanta, she and her friends spent half the night talking of all sorts of things.

In the joy of their old companion having returned as happy mother and queen, Anasuya and Priyamvada forgot the affairs of their own little households, leaving even the task of swinging the children's cradles to their husbands, and sat down with Shakuntala.

Grandmother Gautami with an activity that seemed inconsistent with her years, sat with these young women for some time, went out and attended to the affairs of the hermitage for some time, and came back and sat with them again. When the work of the evening was over and the residents of the hermitage had all retired for rest she joined them finally to talk as long as they liked.

Priyamvada laughed at the grandmother and said to Shakuntala: "Thanks to your coming, sister Shakuntala, Granny has walked about enough for a month on this one day. She was old before you came. She has now become a girl!"

"Who said that Granny was an old woman?" said Anasuya. "It is not only today that Granny moves about more actively than we. That is so even on other days. Only today she is more cheerful."

"You girls are clever, I must say," said the old woman. "You wish to feed me with praise and make me do all your work while you yourselves attend on your friend the queen, idling and happy. If I did not become a girl who would attend to your work?"

"Anyhow," said Priyamvada, "I and Anasuya have together discovered a drug that makes old people young."

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"That's true," said the old lady, but the drug is not exactly that which you have in mind."

Talking in this way, they came on to the topic of the old woman giving Anasuya and Priyamvada no rest until the two were married when she came back from the capital after leaving Shakuntala there. Why did the old woman insist so strongly that the two girls must marry? Did she fear that they might make with some other persons the mistake that Shakuntala had made with Dushyanta? Shakuntala was the daughter of a celestial Nymph. She had grown up in the expectation of marrying some royal person. Anasuya and Priyamvada on the contrary were girls of the hermitage. Their minds had not grown up in the direction of marriage. There was no reason to fear that these girls would give way to love as Shakuntala had done. So on and so forth the young women spoke.

The old woman said in reply: "You are too young. You do not understand these things. Even children brought up to celibacy may suffer from desire sometimes. Listen while I tell you the experience of a young woman I knew when I was young. You will then agree that what I did in your case was necessary and proper." The three friends loved to hear a tale from this grandmother and sat close together in front of her and heard her story.

2

"THE GIRL I am telling you of," said Gautami, "was one of the children growing up in the hermitage. She came from one of these villages in the woodlands surrounding us. She grew here then as you grew later on. Children who have lost their mother and have become a burden to their father, or who have lost their father and are unwanted in the household, come to stay in the hermitage, either sent by their elders for the service of religion, or themselves desirous of the peace of the life here. This girl was one such. Her name was Malini, the same as the name of our river.

"Malini was eight or nine years old when she joined the hermitage. As the days passed she grew to be a well-built upstanding girl. It happened at the time that the other girls in the hermitage were all either several years older or several years younger than Malini. The consequence was that almost from the day of her arrival Malini was forced to find companions among the boys of the hermitage. She joined them in their tasks, gathering flowers, bringing in grass, tending the cattle, attending to visitors, *et cetera*.

"Among the boys who thus became Malini's companions were two who were just a few years older than she was. One of them was of the Bharadwaja sept; the other was adopted into the Kashyapa sept. At the time I am speaking of, Bharadwaja was nearly sixteen years old; Datta-Kashyapa a year or so younger. Malini was a year or so younger than Datta.

"Growing from nine years up as the companion of these two boys Malini seemed unaware even at fifteen that she was not a boy herself. The young men too seemed not to know that she was different and moved with her as,

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if she were another boy, without any hesitation; with, in fact, perfect ease.

"This was nothing new in the hermitage of the Kanvas. The elders there always desired that men and women should be able to move with one another without an over-sensitive sex sense of which excessive shrinking was as undesirable a result as attraction. All of us grew in this atmosphere. So this girl and these boys could without any effort live together as they did, untroubled by thought of sex.

"Going about with the young men Malini became an adept in swimming. The finest swimmer in the hermitage in those days was Bharadwaja. Datta-Kashyap was nearly his equal. He was not quite Bharadwaja's equal but could not be considered very inferior. Competing with these Malini became a rare swimmer for a woman. I do not suppose that there could be many women at any time who could swim as well as she did.

"As she went about with Bharadwaja and Datta-Kashyap even after she was grown up, some people in the Ashram one day asked her in jest, which of the two she was going to marry. She had not till that day thought of that matter. She gave no answer. When, however, she went out with the young men again the question naturally occurred to her and without any effort, her mind said, "Bharadwaja." Not that she did not like Kashyap. In truth she liked the two equally well. Yet if it was a question of marrying, she felt she preferred Bharadwaja.

"One of those days the then head of the hermitage—he was the immediate predecessor of our present Chief—called Bharadwaja to his presence, and said, 'You and Datta have been moving with Malini for a long time and become familiar with her. She is grown up. It is now good for you to marry her and become a householder.'

"Bharadwaja did not refuse. He folded his hands to the Chief and went out. When the girl came to him a little later, he looked at her in the manner of a man who was troubled by a problem. It must have been because the person who had been only a companion till then appeared to him for the first time as a woman to be married. That being so he had to be wary in his conduct with her. He however said nothing.

"The girl however continued to go about with both the young men with the same ease as before. Yet it was clear that her mind turned more and more in the direction of Bharadwaja.

"Bharadwaja's mind also should have slowly turned towards her. One day as they were swimming side by side in the river he asked the girl whether she would like to marry him. She said, 'Yes'. When they reached the bank Bharadwaja told Datta of this. Just a shade of dissatisfaction appeared on Datta's face as he received the information. But only for a moment. Returning to the hermitage Datta communicated the news to others. When it reached the head of the Ashram he said, 'That is good.'

"But for being affianced to each other, Bharadwaja and Malini treated each other exactly as before. The only small difference was that, now

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the two would occasionally go out by themselves without waiting for Datta to join them. After some time they wandered together in the moonlit night often. Malini loved the moonlight. She longed to view the woods in deep moonlight. The world, she would say, wears one kind of clothing during the day and quite another in the moonlight. Tree, wood and creeper seemed to her, each one of them, to wear a mysterious charm in the light of the moon. On many a moonlit night she would call both the young men for a stroll in the woods. If Datta did not turn up, she would go out with Bharadwaja.

"There is without doubt, some spell in the light of the moon. I say there is no doubt about this. They know it who have been caught in it. Malini had been caught in it and had lost her heart to it. Datta went with her and Bharadwaja twice or thrice and then refused to go with them. Walking with Malini, Bharadwaja also was caught in the spell and he lost his heart to it and learnt to desire Malini deeply. As to her the moonlight seemed beautiful clothing for the world, to him it seemed to be beautiful clothing for her. He would sometimes stand still looking at her figure as she stood bathed in moonlight. He would feel at such times that the very deity of physical charm stood before him clothed in moonlight.

"On many a moonlit night when the river level was low they would go and sit together on the Swans' sand-dune in the river. So seated, they would sink into a joy that transcended the limits of the body and was yet as real as the joy of physical union. They would no doubt have become husband and wife in a little while thereafter.

3

"THE RAINS came. You know how our river Malini fills with the fresh water and flows. It was play for Bharadwaja to cross the river when it was in full flood one day in the year. As Bharadwaja wished to do this, Datta also would enter the river and cross it. This year, as in previous years when the floods came, Bharadwaja talked of the feat. For some reason the girl disliked the idea. She did not know why she disliked it. She told Bharadwaja so. He laughed and made a joke of it. 'Without marriage you have become as timid as a married woman! I have not become old since I swam the river last year,' he said.

"On the night before the full moon, when the moon shone for some time unhindered by clouds, Bharadwaja and Malini went together to the Sahakara tree on the bank of the river and sat on a boulder in the moonlight and spent a lot of time looking at the river and talking. Bharadwaja had not so far touched Malini with any feeling of desire. That night suddenly he held her face in his hands and gave her a kiss. Malini felt rather queer when he did this. As the flood in the river pulls trees on the bank and carries them away, love for the youth flooded her nature that moment, removed all hesitations and pushed her into his arms.

"They did not yield to desire.

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Yet that night spiritually the pair became husband and wife.

"The next morning had been fixed for the swimming bout. About the hour fixed, practically all the young people of the hermitage gathered on the bank of the river.

"Bharadwaja and Datta sprang ino the water. The river was in full flood. You have seen it; when the water touches the top stairs, the river seems to have ceased to move. The middle of the river, even more than the edges. You could see it was running, because the grass and stick and branches floating in the water were moving off. In this still-looking water Bharadwaja and Datta swam shoulder to shoulder to almost the middle of the river. At the very centre they could not keep together in this manner. Each had to cross that middle as quickly as he could, without being carried too far down. Bharadwaja gained a lead in doing this and Datta fell behind. After crossing the middle of the stream also Bharadwaja maintained the lead and reached the farther shore first. Datta joined him a little later. The two walked a few hundred steps up and down and then dropped into the water again.

"The way across lay to the left of our great boulder Yogasaila. Our river has changed its course in the last few decades and the boulder now stands nearer to one side. In those days it was exactly in the middle of the river. The swimmer would have to make a special effort to leave the boulder on his right when he reached the middle of the stream. Without such effort he would be carried down and would have to come on the other side of the boulder having it on his left. That day it looked as if Bharadwaja was tired by the effort to keep the boulder on his right. Besides, just as he and Datta reached that point in the river, a tree came floating down. Datta saw this tree. It looked as if it would bear down on Bharadwaja and he shouted to him. The people on the near shore who were watching the swimmers also shouted a warning to Bharadwaja. It looked as if he could hear the warnings but did not realise what it was for. As they were pointing to some spot higher up the river, he turned that way. In fact we could see that he turned his head in that direction; but alas! it was too late. That very moment the tree bore down on him. The youth who had been swimming on his chest was caught under a branch of the tree and sank. He was not seen again later."

Bringing the story to this stage, Gautami stopped and said, "Who was it that called?" and got up and went out.

"Nobody called," said Priyamwada; "Why did Granny say that anybody called?"

Anasuya looked at Shakuntala. Shakuntala nodded her head a little to indicate assent. The old woman returned a few minutes later and began the story.

4

"IT IS DIFFICULT to say what happened. The tree was caught between two boulders. The youth must have been caught in the middle of the branches and kept down in the water. Each

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moment was to us like an hour. Datta swam with tremendous speed towards Bharadwaja. The people on the bank would have to swim a thousand feet to reach the Yogasaila. Some offered to do this. Others told them not to. Others again said: 'How can Bharadwaja come to harm? There is no swimmer like him.'

"Yet after a few minutes two people dropped into the river and swam to the Yogasaila. Before that, Datta had pledged his life to death thrice in an attempt to save Bharadwaja and succeeded in bringing his body on to the rock.

"Bharadwaja was not there. If he was there, he was a mere spirit and stood in the sky. The hermitage retained only his corpse.

"Datta and the two people who swam for the rescue together brought the body of Bharadwaja to the river stairs. The Kulapati heard of this and grieved terribly. 'How much experience the youngster had to gain through this body! He has lost it all,' he said and got the funeral obsequies performed. On account of this calamity he interdicted swimming bouts being held when the river was in flood.

"In fact, there were no further swimming bouts. That however, did not bring Bharadwaja back. The hermitage had suffered a calamity and the young fellow was gone.

"Malini had cried out the warning to Bharadwaja along with the others when danger threatened him. The previous night when they had sat together on the river bank he had said: 'When I am in the water I shall be looking at you all the time. What strength will come to me from the desire to join you! How should a girl know this? I shall win the river tomorrow, then I shall win you; then life, then austerity.' The youth had desired four conquests. He had failed in attempting the first. Malini the river had played rival to Malini the girl and had taken the girl's lover to itself.

5

"THE STORY of the young fellow was over; there were no problems for him. What of the girl whom dying he had left behind? Nobody seemed to think of it at all. The fact is, it could not occur to anybody that there was any reason to think about it. Why? They had not married; even if they had married and Bharadwaja had been Malini's husband, too much sorrow would have seemed improper in the environment of the hermitage. Control of emotion and not indulgence in it, was the proper course in the place. What would have been unbecoming even in a wife was not even imagined in the fiancee. One or two of the inmates said a few words of consolation to Malini. Most others thought that there was no occasion for consoling her specially.

"While thus the people did not know that anything serious had happened to Malini, the girl herself felt as if her life had ended with Bharadwaja. He and she could have married four years earlier. They had not done so. Without becoming husband and wife they had developed the pure love of ideal marriage. You girls hold a flower in your hand before wearing it, and find

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joy in looking at it. Child Bharata this evening, when we gave him a fruit, played his hand over it, held it to his nose and caressed it before eating it. So, this youth and this girl, before tasting life, had heightened its savour by restraining their longing. Alas for them! As a lizard drops on your plate of food when you are about to begin eating, and you have to stop eating and throw away the food, the life these people had planned for themselves had closed before it was begun! What the young man might be feeling, where he was, the people here below did not know. There must be some feeling even in heaven or perhaps there is not. That there was feeling here was, however, perfectly clear. It was not noticed but it was there. Malini was a hapless creature. People might laugh at her if she cried; this fear prevented her even from crying. In fact also she could not really cry at the time: sorrow choked her soul so that it was not possible for her to cry.

"The unfortunate creature had lost Bharadwaja but her loss did not end there. It looked as if she had lost Datta too. As boys and girl, the three had grown together. When she and Bharadwaja became affianced, Datta had moved away some distance. Not that he and Malini loved each other less, but they could not be to each other what they were before. Now Bharadwaja had died and disappeared from Malini's life. Yet Datta remained at a distance. He who had gone about with her previously could not do it now. He was a brother, yet no brother.

"So, the unfortunate girl became utterly alone. For some time in the beginning, she spent the minutes thinking of Bharadwaja the livelong day and night. She remembered that broad chest, that bright eye, that brave gait of his, the beauty of that waist. The figure of the lover stood in front of her, moved in front of her, again and again. She remembered again and again the last occasion when they had sat together, and wore away with that memory. The male voice is ever sweet to the female ear. All women know; but when that voice is expressing love its tone gains a new temper. Malini remembered that voice and the words of Bharadwaja's love to her on that night. As youth and maiden who were going to marry, they had sat close together touching each other. What joy it was to feel the other body touching her! Remembering that joy, the girl swelled in happiness. When her lover said that he would get the strength to cross the river because he would be looking at her, she could feel that he stated a fact. Standing on the bank and looking at him, she had noticed the face that was floating towards her on the water and felt that the eyes which were shining in it were looking at her and fixed on her. We say love is deathless. But when we say so, we think we are using a figure of speech. Truth is, it is a simple fact. Yet as truly as Bharadwaja's love was deathless, Malini's loss seemed deathless. She became half-mad to think that love so true had become a mere fable. Unbalanced emotion like this was not proper in this abode of austerities.

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But why did not this abode of austerities prevent her sorrow from overwhelming her? It did not merely fail to prevent it from overwhelming her. This abode of austerities seemed by every one of its details to incite her emotional imbalance. There was the same Swans' sand-dune, and on it, as before, the swan couples came and sat. Like them, she had sat there with her lover when he lived. Now he was gone. Between the streams of water running on the sides of the dune the girl could even now feel she saw two shadows moving together. They were now shadows; they were fact once. What kind of life in the wilderness was this and why should she live?

6

"Overborne by the flood of her grief one day, she went to the river in despair and fell into the water to die. She knew how to swim and it was not easy for her to die in the water. The stream took her down some distance. Datta happened to be on the shore collecting flowers and sacred leaf. He noticed that the water was carrying some one down and swam into the water and picked her up and took her to the bank. Malini revived and said to Datta: 'Why did you rescue me? You ought to have let me die.' Datta said: 'Obviously, your destiny wished you to live.'

"The girl began a new stage in life seeming to feel interested in the life for which just previously she had ceased to care. Days passed; months passed. Two years, three years passed. The violence of the poor creature's sorrow abated and the memory of the loss softened to something like peace. Malini mingled with the other inmates of the hermitage as she had not done previously, and behaved like any one else and began to conduct herself even with Datta without any awkwardness.

"In these same years Datta had grown in his austerities. The Kulapati's regard for him had also grown. All people of the hermitage had begun to show him special respect as to the successor to the Kulapati.

"It was the season of Spring. The cuckoo called and our mango tree had flowered; the jasmine creeper by its side had grown around it and climbed towards the fork and sprouted. That season brought Malini desires which she only half-understood. But she felt them and saw that she was yielding to them. One day, she became aware that she felt inclined to go to Datta for no particular reason. 'Why am I feeling this desire?' she asked herself. She controlled it and turned her mind to something else.

"She no doubt turned the mind to something else but the mind did not remain turned. As soon as she realised the nature of the desire that had sprouted in her, it began to rule her thought. She fought with it for several days, refusing to yield, but did not succeed. After much wrestling of the spirit she came to this stand. Bharadwaja had to be her husband. Destiny came in the way. Why should not Datta be her husband? Why! Indeed, he could be her husband; he should be her husband.

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"She had tried to die. He had saved her and brought her out of the water. Having saved this life, why could he not look after it?

"A few days later, she went to him when he was alone. He turned to her and said: 'Well, sister?' There was a little surprise in the tone in which he said those words.

"Malini without hesitation asked him to marry her. Datta said, 'Sister, let us not think of this.'

"They exchanged some words:

" 'When we went out together in those years, supposing the Kulapati had asked you instead of Bharadwaja to marry me, would you not have married me?'

" 'It is possible, I would. My brother agreed. If he had not been asked, I might have agreed. But what is the use of that now? You became his wife and to me a sister-in-law whom I should honour. I have grown these years thinking of you as sister-in-law. I am unable to think of you as a possible wife.'

" 'Is not this just an idea? This relationship of elder brother and his wife?'

" 'Oh! yes. It is only an idea,' said Datta. But that idea had sunk into the depths of his being How could he escape from it now? Every moment when he saw Malini, standing beside her he saw Bharadwaja. Bharadwaja was not a mere idea. That day when it was decided that Bharadwaja should marry Malini, Datta had realised that it was his destiny to find realisation in celibacy. 'The Lord of my life is telling me that the householder's life is not for me,' he had thought, and he decided to carry out the direction. Now he told Malini: 'This is my view of it and you, as my sister-in-law, have to help me to realise my destiny.'

" 'When fate took away one of two people whom I could marry, did it not tell the other man that I was his?' said Malini. Datta replied: 'It is possible that is so, but there is always the difficulty of understanding what destiny does say. There is great danger of our blundering by imagining that it is saying what is our wish to do. Destiny must be understood as saying that which our inside says is right.'

" 'What then is destiny telling me, do you think?'

" 'As it told me that day that marriage was not for me; so now it is telling you that married life is not the life for you. The day that Bharadwaja died, destiny told you that renunciation was your way in life. I thought till this moment that you had realised this and were acting in accordance with it.'

" 'Then what about this desire? Is not this given by destiny?'

" 'Have you not heard the teachers say that desire is a serpent? Our spirit has to be careful in this body, knowing that it is a hut in which a serpent is moving about.'

" 'Place a serpent and a mouse in one basket and tell the mouse to be careful? What is the use of this advice?'

"Datta did not reply. Malini also left things there at that time and turned her mind again towards renunciation.

[*To be continued*]

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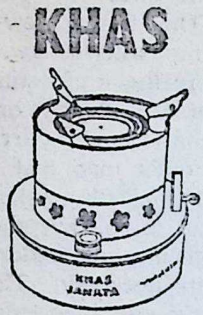

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Translated from Gujarati by H. M. Patel, I.C.S. (Retd.)

THE STORY SO FAR : Munja, the great Paramara conqueror of Malva who had routed Tailap, the king of Telengana, eighteen times, was finally vanquished by Bhillam, Tailap's Commander-in-Chief. He was taken prisoner and brought to Manyakhet, the capital of Telengana.

Bhillam who was also called the 'Protector of Poets', got released two young poets, Rasnidhi and Dhananjay, among the prisoners and entertained them as guests in his palace and introduced them to his daughter Vilasvati.

Chapter 8

VILAS AND SATYASHRAY

VILAS felt a pleasant change coming over her. It seemed to her that the sun had never shone brighter, that the trees had never looked greener. And, amazingly, she felt like playing truant to her meditation!

Dhananjay and Rasnidhi were the kind of men she had never met before. They laughed without reserve, there was no solemnity in their speech, and their words were not measured. Although they appeared to her like sinners, yet there was something attractive in their behaviour. Her training, her concept of character, and her consequent thinking had made her look upon men in general as puny, characterless and irresponsible. There was, nevertheless, something compelling about these two that made her want to meet them again, to listen to their conversation and to watch their lively faces.

Times there were when, in her innermost heart, there would well up a warm feeling for Laxmidevi. Although outwardly she had showed indifference, she had often felt a peculiar, indescribable sensation when she met Laxmidevi or talked to her or listened to her words of praise. She felt much the same feeling in the company of these men.

She pitied Rasnidhi. Poor deluded fellow, he equated pleasure with spiritual peace! What queer understanding! What a blindness! Wasn't it a pity that such a talented man should become a victim of

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illusory ideas? Yet, the astonishing fact was that he did not at all look unhappy! In his gay laughter, in his discerning words, in his lively eyes, one could see only joy and peace. Indeed, such peace was not to be seen even on the face of Mrinalba who had so complete a detachment from the normal pleasures and joys of this world. How could these men be so?

To what could be attributed Rasnidhi's undoubted charm? The world of pleasure, of culture or of art was totally outside her ken. She was in no position to judge any one who belonged to that kind of world. Was that the path that led to eternal happiness and peace?

She thought of Munj. Mrinalba called him a sinful man, but he looked the very image of joy and peace! Could so sinful a person enjoy such perfect peace of mind?

She sat down to meditate, but concentration eluded her. Her thoughts kept returning to Rasnidhi and Dhananjay.

Was it not strange that even though her mother was fond of reading and listening to poetry, she had not taught or recited any to her? Laxmidevi was above reproach, yet she had attended poetic recitals. What crime had the poets committed that Mrinalba should banish them from Telengana?

She thought the answer to her last question was easy. If such tainted men were left in the country, they would lead the people astray from their straight path of detachment.

It struck her suddenly that her mind itself was being polluted by such thoughts. She felt she was slipping from the rarified atmosphere of self-control into the stifling atmosphere of a low life! Was she not the empress-to-be of Telengana, the wife of a pure and powerful warrior like Satyashray and, through the strength of her own character, out to make the whole world perfect? Such foolish thoughts ill-behoved her. Her feelings subsided, and before long she fell into meditation.

She had barely closed her eyes to pray, when there came Satyashray, the future ruler of Telengana. There was determination in his dignified face. He had come there in obedience to his father's command for persuading his future wife to agree to marry him early. But nothing in the manner of his talk or walk indicated that he was at all excited about it. All that his face did indicate was devotion to duty.

Vilas felt shy and confused. She had been taught to respect and obey him. Every word that he uttered was to be a command for her. She was glad to see her lord come to see her; but at the same instant Rasnidhi's image flitted past her mind's eye which made her feel inexplicably uneasy.

Satyashray and Rasnidhi were poles apart. Physically Satyashray was the stronger of the two. There was dignity on his face. But that was all. He did not possess the air and grace of Rasnidhi nor his liveliness of step, nor the ebullience of his nature. Even to look at the poet was to experience joy, but to look at the prince was to experience fear. The one won his viewer's heart, the other dominated one's mind.

Vilas did not consciously compare the two and she was not even aware

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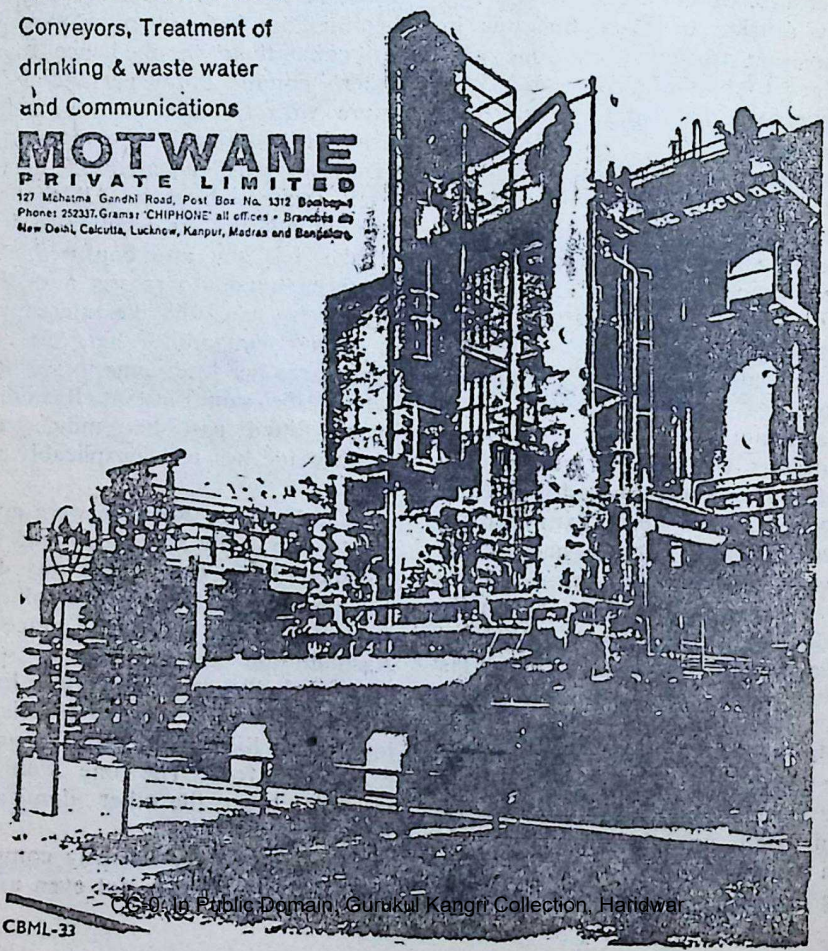

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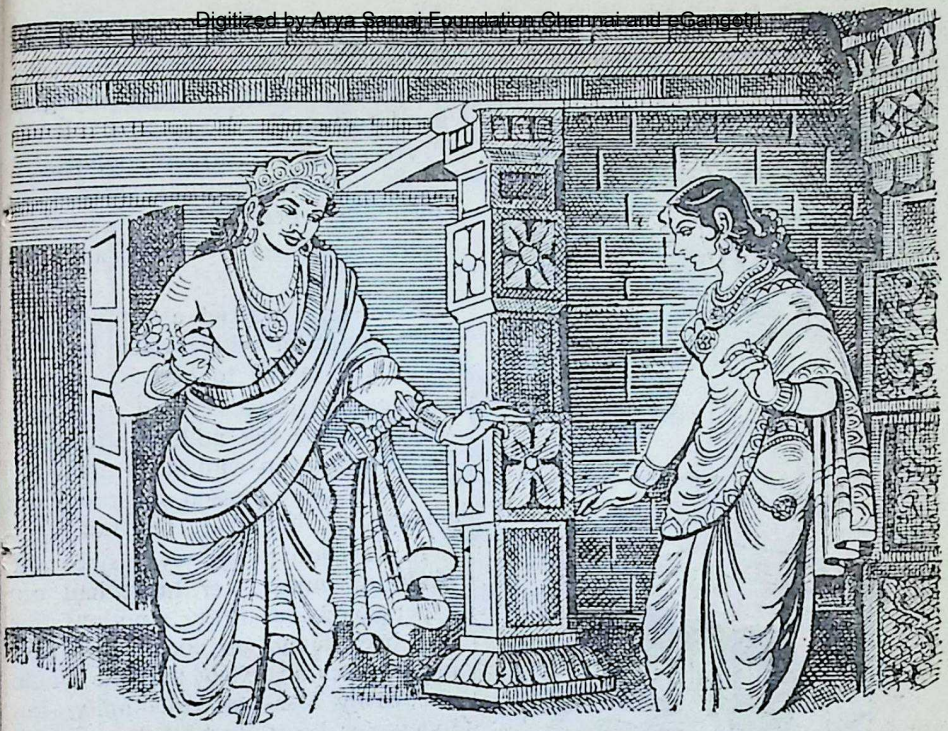

"God willing, we shall soon be married."

that the comparison was causing her pain ; all that she did feel was a vague disturbance in her heart.

Prince Satyashray had come to Vilas after offering worship to God Shankar, and now he bowed to Vilas as if he were bowing before a goddess! "Vilasvati, good-day to you."

"Greetings, noble Prince. So you have come back a conqueror!" Vilas said shyly.

"Thanks to God Pinakpani, Father was victorious and the King of Malva was defeated. It was the victory of truth."

"Are you well?" asked Vilas with perfect formality. She contrasted how freely she could talk to Rasnidhi.

"Yes. I have come to convey a pleasant message to you!"

"What is that?"

"God willing, we shall soon be married."

"Really?" asked Vilas in a voice which could scarcely conceal her joy.

"Yes," answered Satyashray unemotionally. "That is Father's wish."

Vilas looked down shyly. "What does Mrinalba say?"

"She has already consulted the astrologers and fixed the day and time for the event."

Vilas remained silent. Satyashray continued: "Vilasvati, you have passed all Mrinalba's tests. She is satisfied that you are fit to be the daughter-in-law of Tailapraj."

"I consider myself indeed most fortunate."

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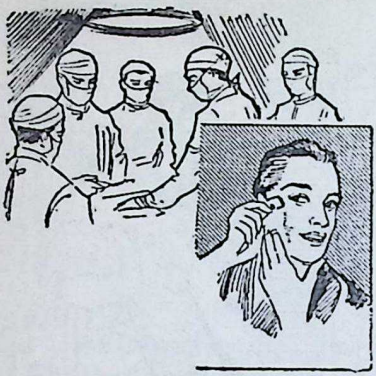

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"I also consider it to be my great good fortune."

Vilas had no further comment to make and so Satyashray asked if he might leave her.

"As you wish" was Vilas's response.

Satyashray walked away with the same restraint with which he had come and talked to her.

Vilas was accustomed to such ways and she felt nothing strange in her conversation with Satyashray, but today for some reason she could not understand, her heart felt sad.

In her young age, ever since she could remember, her heart had not experienced such strong emotions. She had been taught to control her feelings to such an extent that she would not easily lose her equanimity—but today her heart was filled with sadness. She had gone through so many new experiences that day that she decided not to think about them any more.

Her mind now turned to the event which was soon to be. What would the marriage be like? She knew that there was frequent mention of marriage, but she had no idea what marriage meant or how people got married.

Until that day she had considered both poetry and poets to be unworthy of serious thought. Now she was curious to know what others thought of marriage. She tried hard to overcome her curiosity, but failed. In the end she gave in and decided to see Rasnidhi and find that out from him.

[*To be continued*]

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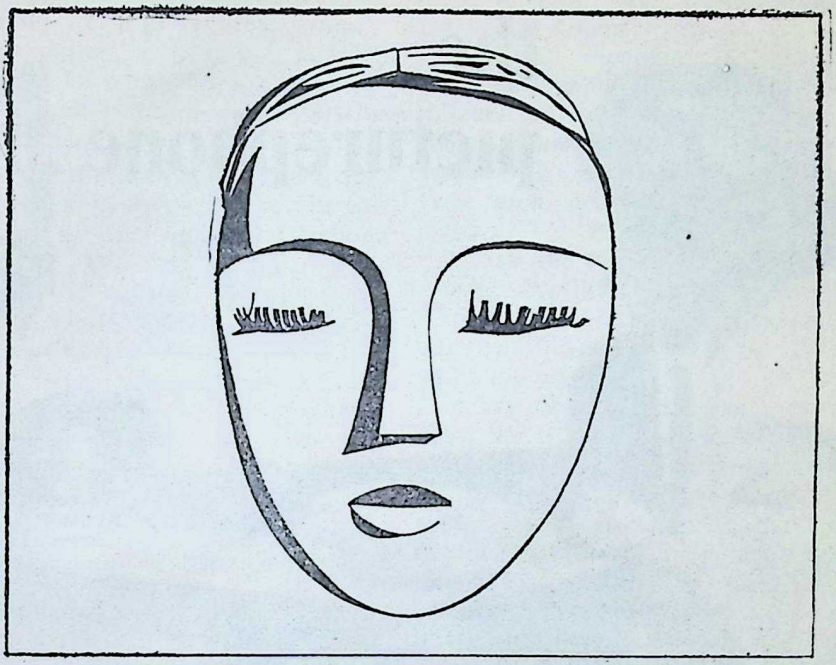

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and now the picturephone . . .

Mrs. Lyndon B. Johnson inaugurating the Picturephone service in June last.

SEE-WHILE-YOU-TALK telephone service is currently being tested in the United States. Known as "Picturephone," the desk-top instrument permits callers to see each other.

In addition to the telephone, the instrument includes a unit resembling a small television set, but which includes camera as well as screen. The camera automatically picks up the image of the caller, which is projected on the screen at the receiving end.

The instrument is compact and takes up only a small portion of an average-size desk top.

The first public demonstration of the Picturephone was a long-distance call last April at the New York World's Fair.

Since then, eight Picturephones have been installed at the Fair and three at Disneyland. All of these phones can be connected with each other, but present facilities permit only one call at a time.

Each Picturephone consists of three major parts: a picture tube unit con-

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taining the screen and camera ; a control unit ; and a power supply unit.

The power supply unit is small enough to be fastened to the underside of a desk, or placed in some other inconspicuous location.

The control unit is placed on a desk or table within easy reach of the caller, just as an ordinary telephone would be. This unit includes a conventional telephone handset for listening and speaking. It is also equipped with a Speakerphone that permits hands-free talking and listening through a built-in microphone-loudspeaker system. A caller may choose either system.

Dialling on the control unit is accomplished by "Touch-Tone" pushbuttons instead of the conventional dial. Experiments show dialling by pushbuttons is faster and more convenient.

The picture-tube unit is oval-shaped and measures 12 inches across, seven inches high and 13 inches deep. It rests on an adjustable pedestal stand. The screen is $4\frac{3}{8}$ inches wide and $5\frac{3}{4}$ inches high.

In use, this unit is about three feet from the caller's face. At that distance his full face will appear on the screen at the receiving end, and he can view with ease the image of his conversation partner.

Transmission of television images over telephone lines has long been achieved, but television telephones in the past have required equipment of considerable size and weight. It has not been possible until now to achieve an adequately clear picture with a reasonably compact set.

The new Picturephone, however, encompassing the latest techniques of miniaturization, makes see-while-you-talk telephones for the first time practical in normal telephone situations while delivering a high-quality picture.

To use the Picturephone, the caller presses the "on" button, and the viewing button, and then pushes the numbered Touch-Tone buttons to make his call.

A key on the control unit allows the caller to view his own picture on the screen. If he then elects not to be seen, touching another button will cancel picture transmission, and the instrument becomes an ordinary telephone.

Normal room illumination is adequate for a clear picture, and the set automatically adjusts for a wide range of light intensity.

Each Picturephone has three pairs of wires—one for the sound transmission, and two for the picture.

To what extent and for what purposes the Picturephone will eventually be used is still unknown. But it is not unreasonable to predict that it will become a part of modern living, as the telephone and television have done.

To see a relative, friend or business acquaintance while talking to him from a distance is a wish that has often been expressed and its realization may add a new dimension to long-distance telephone calls of the future.

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Governor Vijayalakshmi Pandit inaugurating the new building of Bharatiya Stree Seva Sangh.

NOTES & NEWS

NEW PREMISES FOR STREE SEVA SANGH

SMT. VIJAYALAKSHMI PANDIT, Governor of Maharashtra, inaugurated on the 1st of this month the Rs. 1.25-lakh new premises of the Bharatiya Stree Seva Sangh—Smt. Sarayubala Khandwalla Sadan—named after the late social worker Smt. Sarayubala N. Khandwalla, daughter of Dr. & Smt. K. M. Munshi and wife of Sri Navin T. Khandwalla. The Stree Seva Sangh is an affiliated institution of the Bhavan.

The Sadan gives training to more than 150 women in different vocations for a nominal fee and proposes to widen its activities by starting Kindergarten classes, providing free legal and medical advice to women and opening an employment bureau. The Governor said that the Sadan was a fitting memorial to the social worker whose example was bound to inspire many more women. The measure of a country's progress was its society, and the strength of the society depended on the progress of the women.

Smt. Lilavati Munshi, President of the Sadan, said that it was the dream of Sarayubala that the Sadan should have its own premises—a dream which was now being fulfilled by her friends and co-workers.

Smt. Sumitra Vakil, General Secretary of the Sadan, recalled the dedicated life of Sarayubala who was the honorary treasurer of the Sadan.

Kulapati Munshiji also spoke at the function. Smt. Flora Vakil read the messages and Smt. Tarulata Dave proposed a vote of thanks.

BHAVAN'S COLLEGE OF JOURNALISM

ADDRESSING the Bhavan's College of Journalism on Aug. 28, Prof. C. N. Vakil, noted economist, said that inflation, reckless governmental expenditure and deficit financing are the main factors leading to a spiral of rising prices.

He gave several causes which influenced the price levels. "The 'unaccounted money'." he said, "are 'unrecorded gains'. Large sums of this money cannot only be in cash but also in the form of other assets."

JANMASHTAMI

JANMASHTAMI was celebrated at the Gita Mandir of the Bhavan on Sunday the 30th of last month from 9.30 p.m. to 12.30 a.m. Acharya Bhaishanker Purohit and students of Bhavan's Sanskrit Mahavidyalaya recited *stotras* from the *Bhagavata* and performed the Pooja. Devotional songs and *bhajans* on Lord Krishna by Principal Nagarkar and students of the Sangeet Shikshapith were a major feature of the night.

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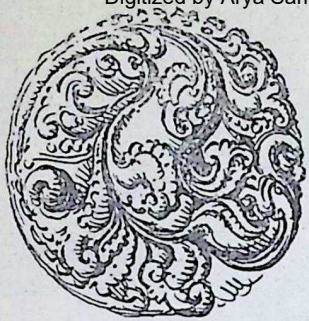

Varadaraja Temple

(*continued*)

To the right is seen the 100-pillared Mantap which contains exquisite carvings and images. In front of this mantap are the statues of Rati and Manmatha. Note the stone-chain hanging. There are four such. The promontory and the chains are made from a single slab of stone. It is a marvel of monolithic sculpture of the Vijayanagar period.

AS one proceeds to Hastigiri in the Varadaraja Temple, there comes first a high-pedestalled *mantapa* which projects out of the hill. After that, there are 24 steps, at the commencement of which loud instrumental music has to stop and only soft music can play. These 24 steps are identified with the 24 letters of the sacred Gayatri. After ascending these steps we arrive at the "hill that bestows boons."

On the top of these steps starts a *prakara* and to its south-western side is a small doorway which leads to the shrine of Lord Varadaraja, flanked by two copper images of Dwarapa-

Tirumutraveli or courtyard. The Panch parva utsavas, Kalyana Utsavas etc. are celebrated here. The deities are stationed in the two four-pillared mantaps. To the left is seen the 100-pillared mantap. The entrance is called Thondaradipodi. To the right is seen Sri Desikan's and Sri Tata Desikar's shrines are situated.

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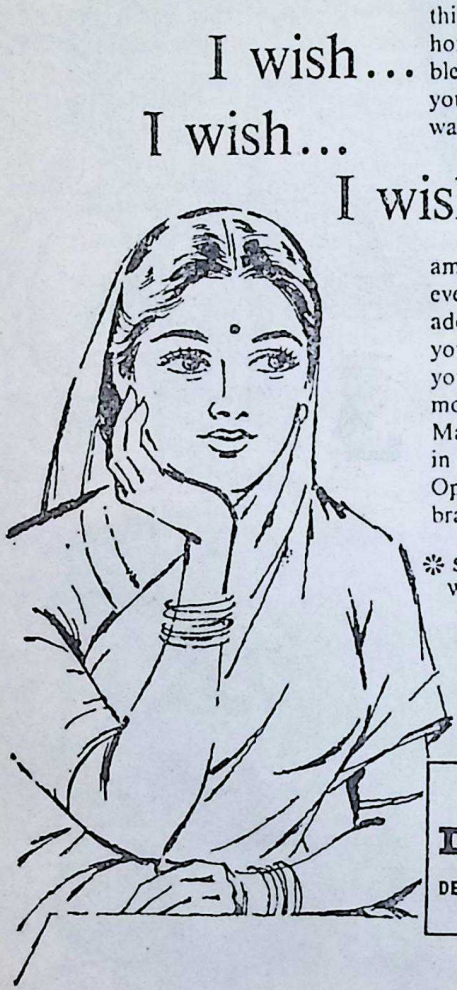
I wish...
I wish...
I wish....



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lakas. Six more steps lead to the sanctum sanctorum where stands the Lord in a majestic pose. (A colour portrait of Lord Varadaraja drawn by "Silpi" will appear in the Diwali issue of this Journal, and also another colour portrait of Mother Kamakshi by him.)

To the south-west of Azhwar-pradakshina is the sacred shrine Sri Maha Devi or Perundevi, the Consort of the presiding deity Sri Varadaraja. The *mula-murti* of Mahadevi has a dignified look, full of sympathy and grace. As mentioned earlier, Mahadevi faces east, while Varadaraja faces west. Sri Mahadevi is held in such esteem that it is customary for devotees to worship at this temple first before going to the shrine of the principal deity. The idea is that the Mother will give a good chit about the devotee to Her Lord! Another reason is that whoever has the grace of Mahadevi (who is none other than Mahalakshmi) can look forward to success in all their efforts including success in their prayer to Lord Varadaraja.

There are many other sacred shrines inside this large temple of Sri Varadaraja. For instance, we have those of Sri Nammalwar, Sri Tirimangai, Sri Manawala Mamuni, Sri Tirumazhisai, Sri Ramanujar, the first three Azhwars, Sri Vedanta Desika, Sri Tata-Desika and others.

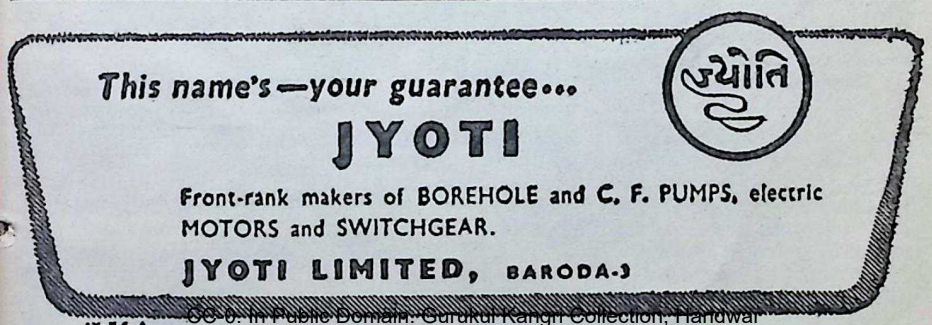
Speaking of Tata-Desika, it is said that he was responsible for the gilding of the Punyakoti Vimana and building the 10-pillar *mantap*. All round the *prakaras* of the main deity and His consort, there are many inscriptions in praise of this Tata-Desika and his services to the temple. Indeed he has been held in so much esteem that a separate shrine has been dedicated to him and his consort and the presiding deities make an annual visit to this devotee's shrine!

In the second *pradakshina* are to be seen the shrines of Sri Narasimha, Sri Andal, Sri Vishwakarma, Sri Dhanvantri, Sri Malayala Nachiar, Gajanana and others.

[*To be continued*]

Sri Perundevi or Mahadevi, consort of Sri Varadaraja. The Utsava-murti too is seen beneath. »»——»

(See overleaf)



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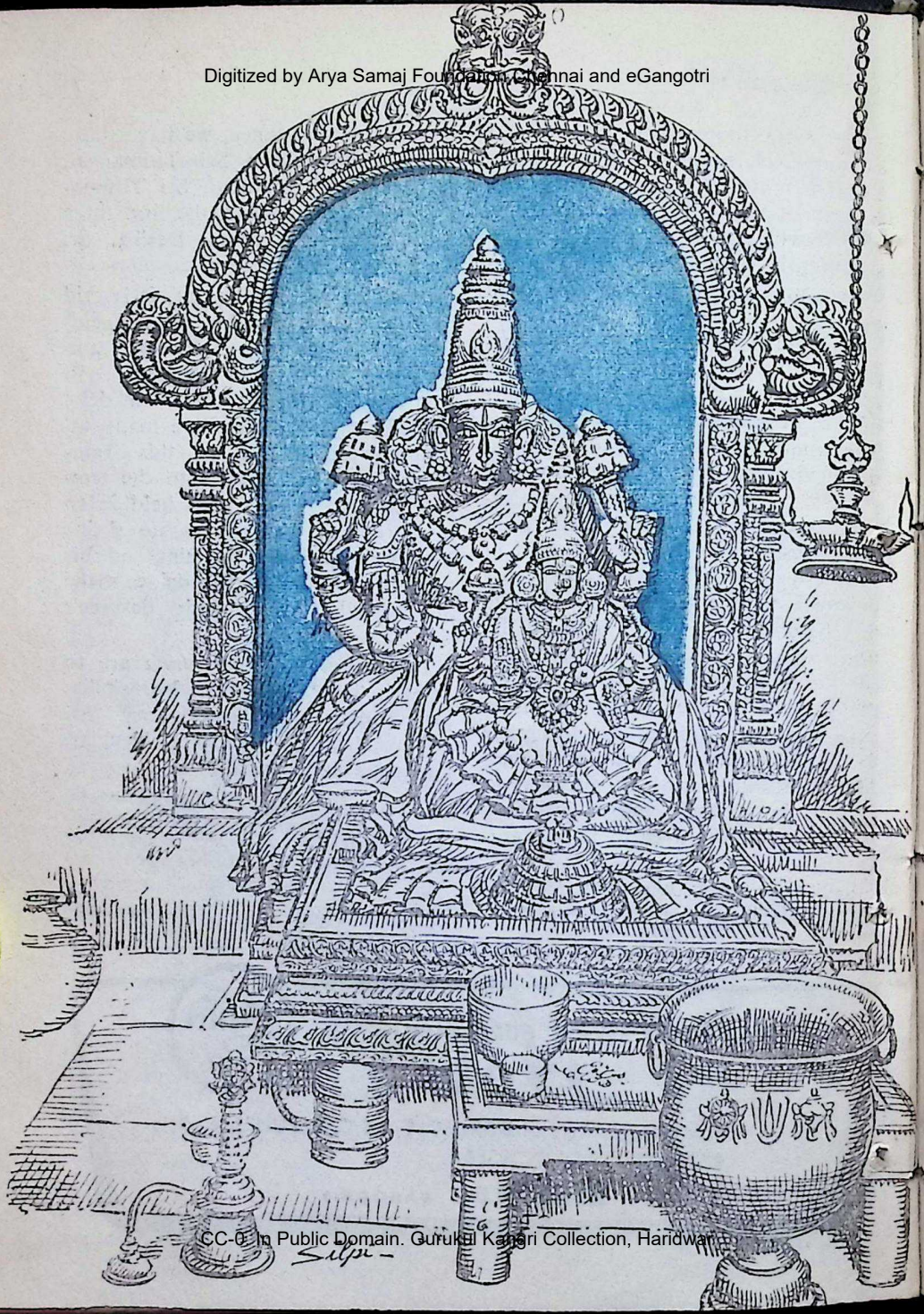

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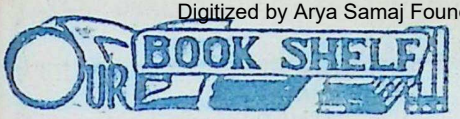

SANSKRIT-ENGLISH

ATMA BODHA OF BHAGWAN ADI SANKARACHARYA with a Sanskrit Commentary, Translation and Notes by Vidyaratna P. N. Menon, B.A., B.L. Published by the Educational Supplies Depot, Palghat (Kerala). Price: Rs. 4.50.

ATMA BODHA of Sri Sankaracharya is a well-known classic, setting forth the quintessence of Advaita. Very justifiably, many scholars have essayed the task of making available to the public the sublime truths embodied therein. The work under review, however, does not stop with being merely one more addition to such attempts. It contains a faithful translation of the stanzas, helpful Notes and an exhaustive Introduction. Besides, it has a very lucid commentary in Sanskrit, called 'Pradipika', by Krishnananda Yati. The latter is very illuminating and serves to dispel all doubts. It enables the reader to understand the true import of the *slokas*. Indeed, in some places the commentator ventures on independent discussion which is highly instructive and thought-provoking.

The introduction occupies a large part of the book. It is arresting, scholarly and thought-provoking. The reviewer feels that a note of warning must be struck even at the outset. The reader should study the entire length of the introduction running to about seventy-eight pages and should not form conclusions reading it only in places.

Writing under the caption, "Hinduism before Sankara", the author speaks on the different aspects of Hinduism, but to conclude from this that Sankara originated a new system altogether would be most unjust to the genius of the great master-mind who has bequeathed to humanity the pristine message of the Upanishads. Reading the introduction would convince one that the author also is not unaware of this.

Paying his tribute to Adi Sankara as a great reconciler, the author in one place speaks of his harmonising the hard inconsistencies of the Upanishads but concludes his survey by referring to these rightly as apparent. Such inconsistencies as are discernible in the Upanishadic passages, as the Bhagwan himself shows, are only apparent; they are neither real nor hard.

The author speaks of Brahmaloka as the product of Karma blended with Jnyana. In point of fact, however, it is the combination of Upasana or Concentration and Karma which, the Acharya says, produces this consummation. The combination of Jnyana (realisation) and Karma is not the means for final liberation, for these two can never join together. This is the gist of his message in his commentary on the *Gita* and other scriptures as well.

Finally, it is rather difficult to follow the learned author's arguments about the defects of the Advaita system. Once it is granted that this system makes due allowance for the aspirants of different mental and spiritual make-up, it would be very easy to see that it suffers from no defects at all.

It should be noted that in an original work of this nature, the instances as pointed above are far few. Insofar as the work provokes thought and argument, it is a very welcome contribution and would certainly help in an understanding of the Truth.

—*Acharya T. A. V. Dikshitar*

SANSKRIT-TAMIL

SRI VAISHNAVI-ALAYA PUJA-KALPA (Sanskrit-Tamil) Published by Sanmarga-Sangham, Sri Vaishnavi Shrine, Thirumullaivayil, via Avadi. pp. 112 + 29. Price: Rs. 2.

THIS is a useful collection of *stotras* and *archanas* relating to Devi-worship. In the Sanskrit section are given *archanas* of all popular deities like Lakshmi, Lalita, Minakshi, and Saraswati and other Devi Suktas, besides those of Ganesa, Karttikeya and Dakshinamurti. Saint Ramana's *stotras* too find a place. In the Tamil section some popular

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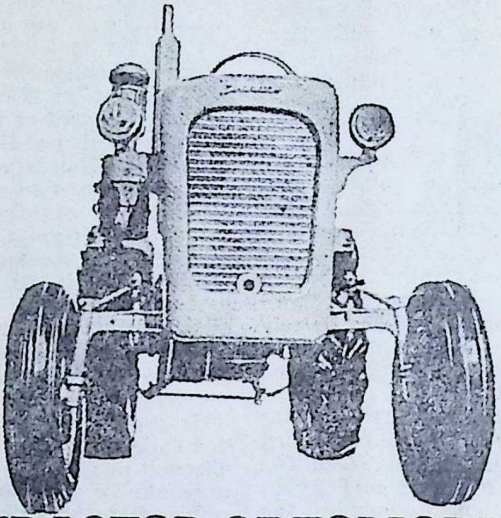

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hymns are included. The mixing of classical *stotras* with modern ones is an innovation of doubtful merit, because *archanas* like *Lalita Sahasranama* are said to be *mantras* in effect and this cannot be said of modern ones. Secondly, in some of the hymns, their authors are not given. Finally in works of this kind, great care needs to be taken to ensure correctness of spellings.

—*Initiate*

ENGLISH

FREEDOM AND CULTURE. By John Dewey. Published by Bharatiya Vidya Bhavan, Chowpatty, Bombay-7. Pages 136. Price: Rs. 2.50.

JOHN DEWEY, who founded Dewey Laboratory School to put into practice his theory of "learning by doing" and who influenced educational practices and contemporary thought in most parts of the world for more than two generations, discusses about the Problem of Freedom, Culture and Human Nature, The American Background, Totalitarian Economics and Democracy etc.

To define Culture he says that "It is no longer easy to entertain the hope that given political freedom as the one thing necessary all other things will in time be added to it—and so to us... It is true that the political and legal react to shape the other things, it is even more true that political institutions are an effect, not a cause. It is this knowledge that sets the theme to be discussed. For this complex of conditions which taxes the terms upon which human beings associate and live together is summed up in the word Culture. The problem is to know what kind of culture is so free in itself that it conceives and begets political freedom as its accompaniment and consequence..." And stressing the importance of democratic methods, he concludes that "if there is one conclusion to which human experience unmistakably points it is that democratic ends demand democratic methods for their realisation...And American democracy can serve the world only as it demonstrates an ever-increasing release of the powers of human nature, in service of freedom which is co-operative and a co-operation which is voluntary."

—*M. P. Pandit*

STUDIES IN MODERN INDIAN POLITICAL THOUGHT. By O. P. Goyal. Published by Kitab Mahal, Delhi-6. 1964. Price: Rs. 8, $ 2, 10s.

THIS informative, analytical and interesting book discusses the political ideas of seven modern Indian leaders, moderate and extremist: Ram Mohun Roy, Dadabhai Navroji, Ranade, Tilak, B. C. Pal, Aurobindo and Lajpat Rai. One chapter is devoted to each thinker. The first chapter is introductory and the last and ninth chapter is a comparative study of the two types of thinkers. "There has been more of Political Thought in Modern India than Political Philosophy or Political theory." (p. 11). The reformists and the revivalists were influenced by Western thought and Indian traditions; they differed in degree, not in kind (pp. 15-16). "The Extremists took more from the Indian heritage as the Moderates took more from the Western heritage (p. 95)...The Moderates and Extremists in India had divergent but not contradictory views" (p. 98). In Appendix A (there is no other Appendix) is elucidated the idea of the Nation in extremist political thought, transcending the Nation and embracing the whole world: It is this ideal of human unity or that of universal brotherhood which is implicit in their Idea of the Nation, that separates the Indian Extremists leaders from Hegel and keeps them apart" (p. 102). The Bibliography is extensive. There are some misprints in the Index; p. 77 (line 3, column 2, p. 112) is a mistake for p. 72. We cordially welcome these short studies, comparative and critical, on great subjects.

—*Prof. R. Sathianathaier*

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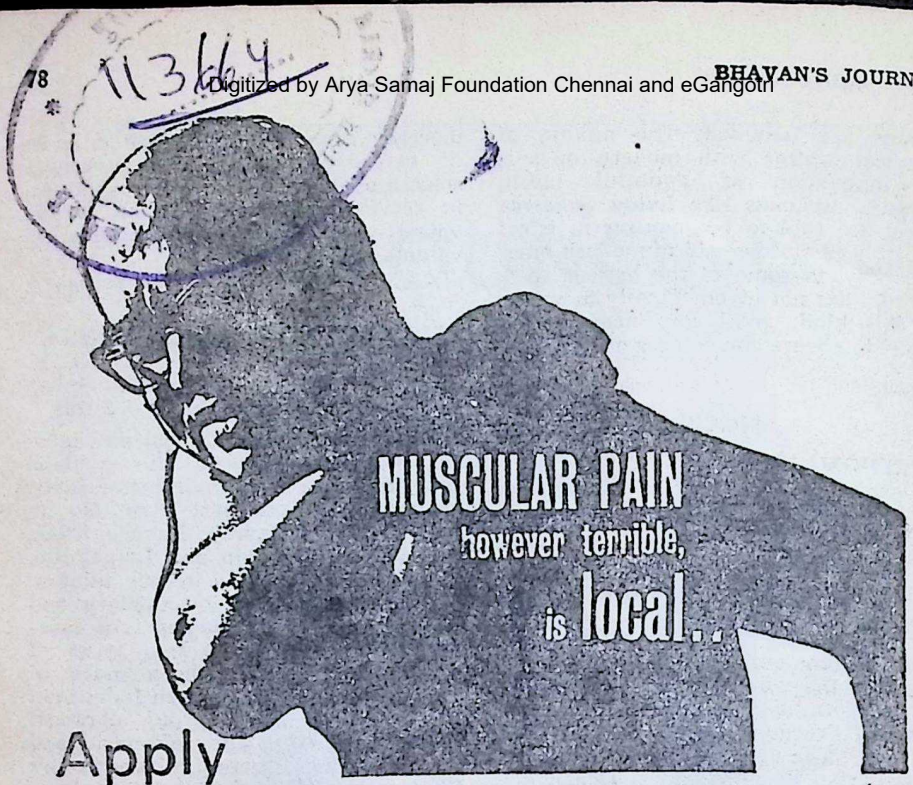

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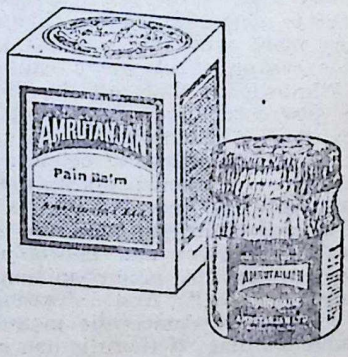

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THE ECONOMICS OF CAPITAL UTILISATION. By R. Marris. Published by Cambridge University Press. 1964. pp. xviii + 267. Price: 45s.

THE author, in this book, has questioned the conventional approach of planning for a large plant for a given output as the only way towards higher production. The author initially felt that planning for a smaller plant designed to work on multiple shifts would give the same output by higher rate of utilisation, improve economic efficiency and promote a faster growth.

Working on this hypothesis the author has put in tremendous amount of labour in collecting empirical data and has brought out "irrational" factors such as transport barriers, trade union policies, female labour and managerial inertia. His findings about the last factor are really revealing. Managers, when questioned as to why they did not construct a factory of half the size, designed to run on shifts and thus produce the same output for half the capital cost, were at a loss to reply.

Elimination of these "irrational factors", the author rightly believes, would increase relative productivity, permit a faster rate of capital replacement and induce faster technical progress and growth. "If the economic system were a single person he could trade off between growth and shift work."

In working out this thesis the author has made use of the latest mathematical tools and in the second part tested his conclusions. In the last chapter the author has probed into the implications of his findings for policy purposes and concludes "Unfortunately, government and public opinion in western countries display highly conventional views—means are confused with ends, production with utility, travel with arrival—measures which might improve the welfare associated with a given level of production are regarded as academic."

To the young developing countries this book gives really a new basis for planning.

—Prof. B. V. Godbole

THE AVADI SOCIALISTS (Sotto Voce: Third Series). By "Vighneswara" (N. Raghunathan). Published by B. G. Paul & Co., 3 Francis Joseph Street, Madras-1. pages 392. Price: Rs. 5 (popular edition); Rs. 6 (Library edition).

HAS a weekly commentary on current affairs any permanent value? Most of the columns do not even attract ephemeral notice and that is why Hilaire Belloc versified:

"When I am dead, I hope it will be said:
His sins were scarlet but his column was read."

N. Raghunathan who used to write under the pen-name of "Vighneswara" a weekly column under the caption "Sotto Voce" in the *Swatantra* and its successor *Swarajya* need not have any fears on that score. His column was read with avidity because it was in the nature of an intellectual stimulant. It was a happy idea to collect these articles together in book form. *The Avadi Socialists* is the third in the series and covers the period from August 1952 to April 1956. The Congress had won the first general election under the new Constitution and was in power in all the States and at the Centre. Though the Avadi resolution on the Socialistic pattern of Society was passed only in January 1955, Raghunathan could sense the changing political climate much earlier. Week after week, he warned the nation of the dangers of Statism and pointed out that it would curdle the creative energy of the people. What attracted the readers to his column was his spicy style. Wisely and widely read in the classics and the moderns, Raghunathan hits on the apt and appropriate phrase every time. Though his intellectual armoury is well provided, he prefers the rapier of satire to the sledge-hammer of invective. He has no use for the crude hangers-on of Congress politics, the underbred and the overfed, and his wit like Ithuriel's spear pierces their pompous pretensions. He can be ruthless against the culture merchants whom he

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pillories without mercy. Possibly he feels:

I shoot the hippopotamus
With bullets made of platinum;
Because if I use leaden ones
His hide is sure to flatten 'em!

But the book is not confined to politics alone and ranges over the entire area of the people's interests and activities. It is when he writes about music or dancing that the idealist in him comes to the fore. One quotation at random will give an idea of the style of this master craftsman: "Aeneas carrying his old father on his back and the Latin tongue in his heart won the splendour of Rome out of the ruin of Troy."

Apart from its scintillating prose and brilliant polemics the book has a permanent value; in these weekly causeries, the author emphasises the immortal longings and the endless promise of a great people. It is a book to be read and treasured. The production values leave nothing to be desired.

—*R. P. Aiyar*

THE ICE SAINTS (A Novel). By Frank Tuohy. Published by Macmillan & Co. Ltd., London. 1964. pp. 214. Price: 21s.

THIS novel answers more the classic description of a short-story than a full-fledged novel. It provides just a window on Gomulka's Poland. The narration is brisk and austere, almost in straight jacket. An English girl arrives in a provincial town of post-war Poland ostensibly on a visit to her sister who had married a party man. In reality she went to convey to her sister news of the legacy which an aunt had unexpectedly left to the latter's son. The story is a remarkable portrayal of the reaction to her mission etched against the background of the uncertainties of the present communist regime in Poland and the wishful thinking on the part of the democratic west. As one finishes reading the book, one sighs that there are n loose ends to the novel, which a leads to the classification referred t the opening sentence.

—*Sa*

THE STORY OF THE TESTS, Vol. By S. K. Gurunathan. Published *Sport and Pastime*, Madras. pp. 126. Price: Rs. 5.

IN this volume the author contir the story he had related of the cri tests and writes on the last few y particularly in regard to India's with Pakistan, New Zealand and land's both series. In doing so successfully recaptures for us the m of the plays in all their aspects. In the matches appear before us as tho in a cinema show. The many illus tions aid that effect. Perhaps wha of great importance to cricket fans the statistics relating to these mat given at the end of the book. Altoget an invaluable reference book on cric

—*S.*

Edited by S. Ramakrishnan and printed and published by him for the Bharatiya Vidya Bhav at Associated Ads. & Prs., Bombay-34. Mg. Ed.: J. H. Dave; Associate Ed.: V. A. K. A

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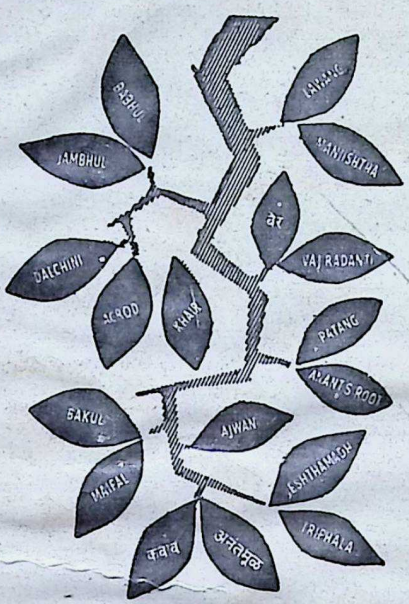

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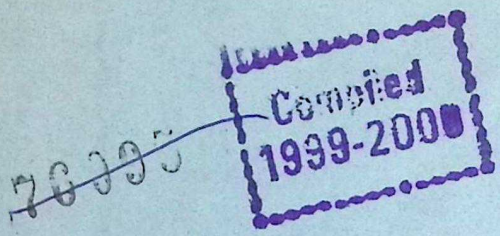

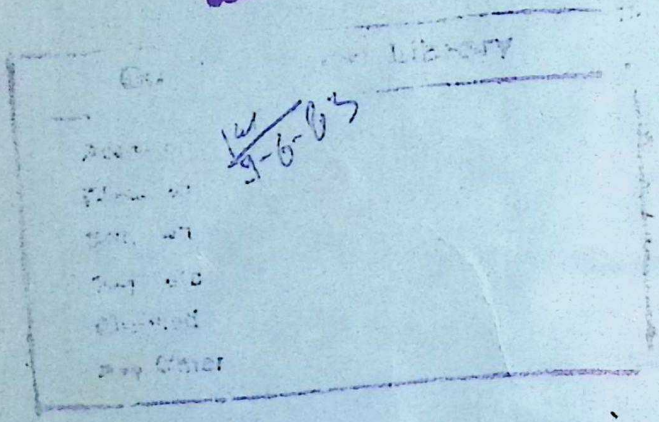

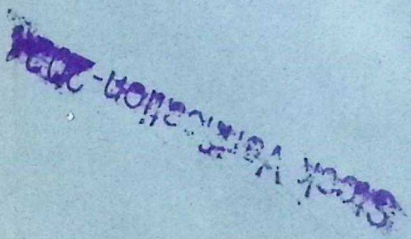

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